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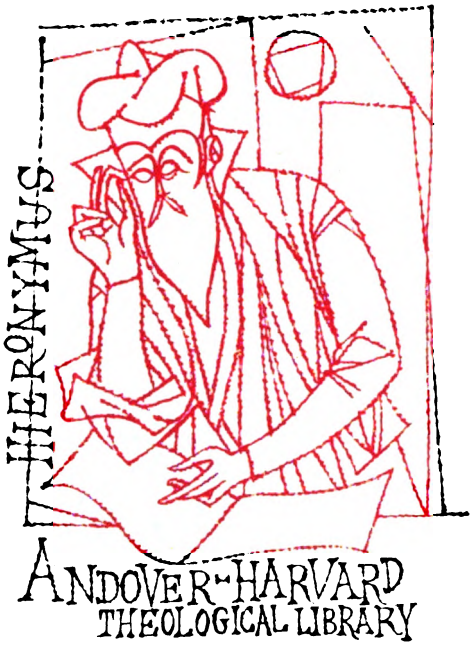
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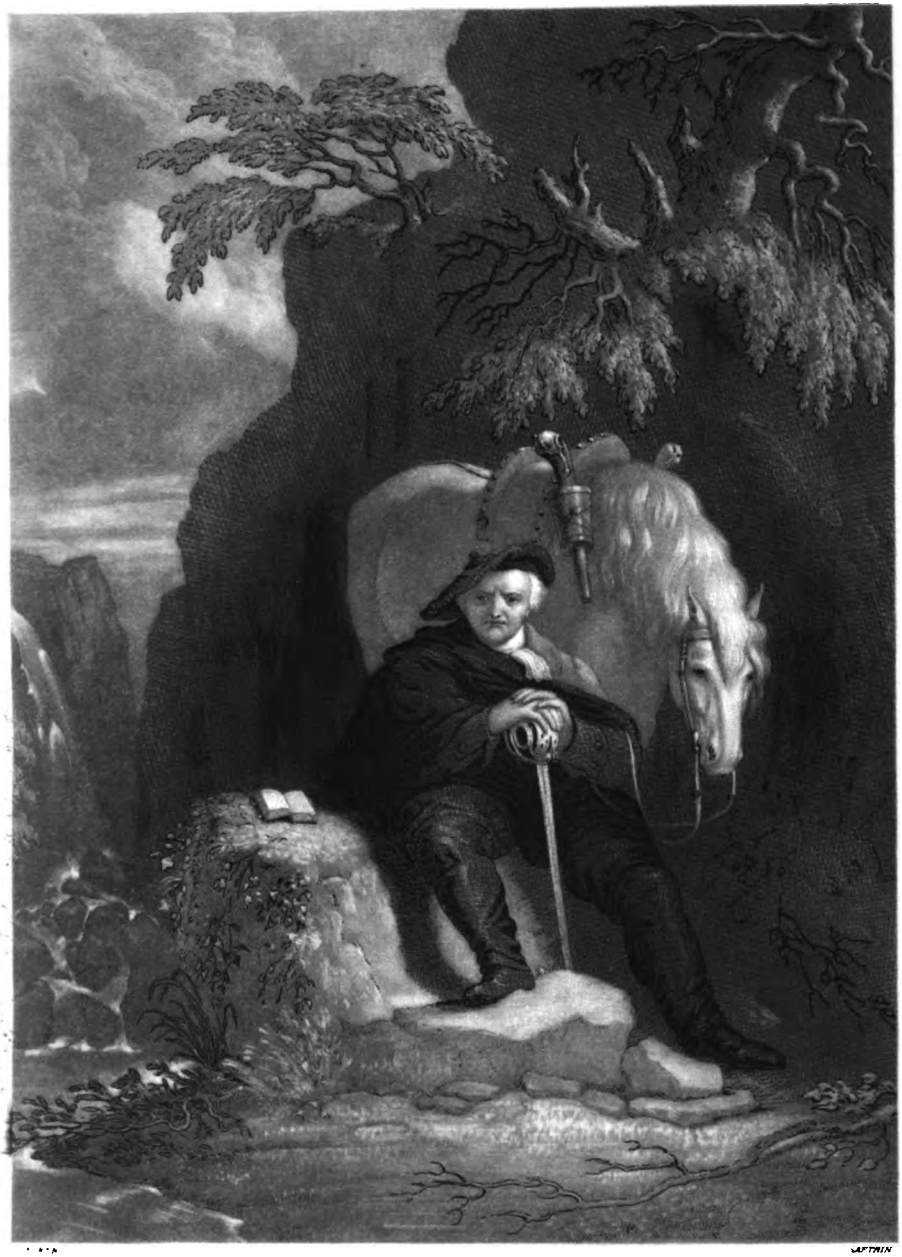
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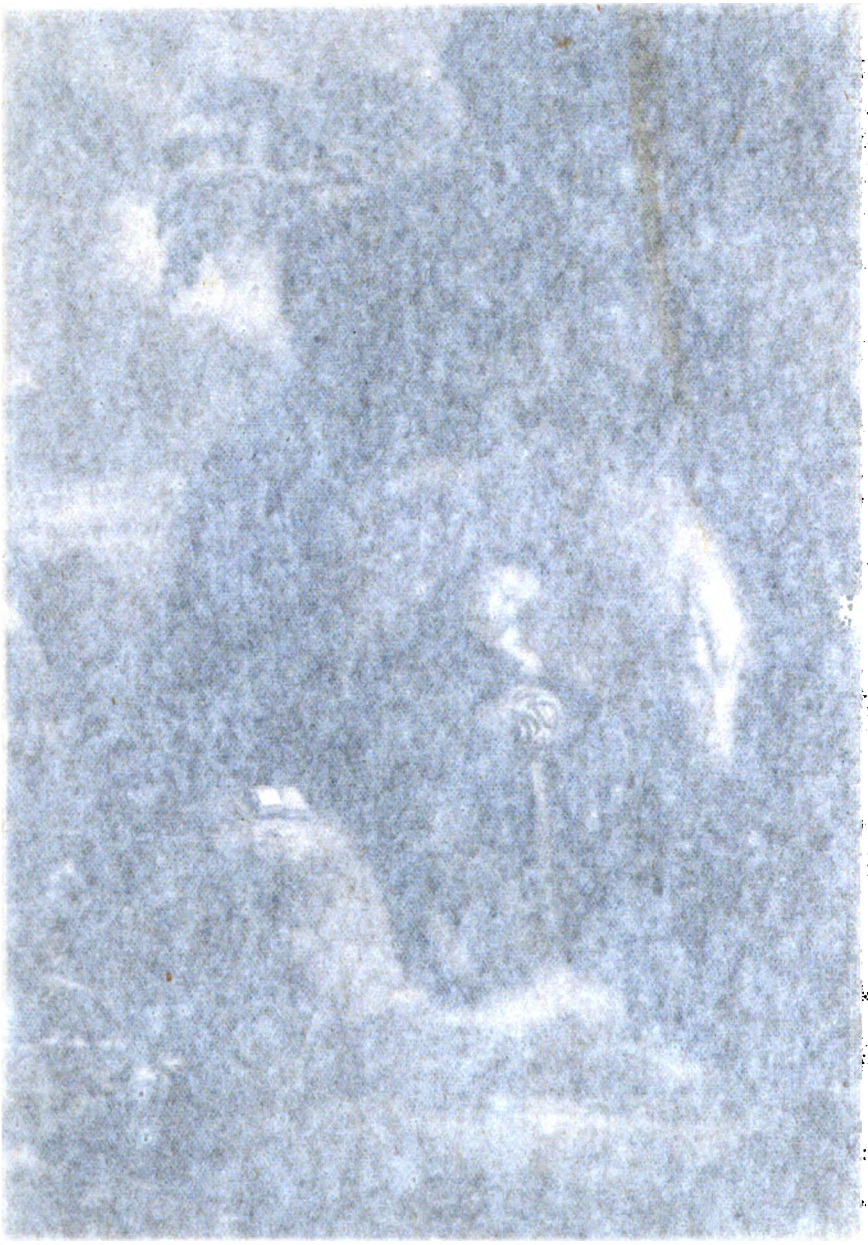


Yet rust of rust nor wau nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,
Shall wail to quench or wanblow the spark of soul within thee!

IMMORTALITY P. 292

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Shall mad'ning passion quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee!

IMMORTALITY P. 298.

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THE

GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS, OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Edited by HENRY HARBAUGH, D.D.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—JANUARY, 1866.—No. 1.

A FREE EDITORIAL TALK.

With this first number of our seventeenth volume, we greet our readers, and wish them a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Though all know it, yet we feel like telling them anew, that they may hear it for the hundredth time, that the war is over, and sweet blessed peace again reigns throughout the borders of the land. Let the people praise God, yea let all the people praise Him! What a change since January 1865, when our noble army, over a million strong, was gathering around the rebellion for the last victorious stroke. The brave myriads have done their work, and are now enjoying the sweets of home, receiving—as they deserve—the gratitude and honor of a nation delivered from disintegration and ruin. May they long live to enjoy the laurels they have so nobly won, and prove as useful in peace as they have been brave in war.

There is no danger that, in the minds of men, the return of peace might mean the introduction of a reign of inactivity. Everybody and every thing seems moving. There is intense stir in every department of life. Never before, perhaps, has the country witnessed the same unwearied activity. The only danger is that, in the midst of this bustle and business, men may suffer themselves to be too deeply immersed in the mere material interests of life. The Bible warns us against making haste to be rich. It is to be hoped that this wisdom may not be held in too low estimation, at a time when the tendency is so all-absorbing in that direction.

There is another feature of the times calculated to awaken concern. There never has been a time when money was so freely spent as it is now. To be generous is certainly a noble trait; but we fear that the lavish expenditures of the day are rather taking the form of prodigality. We fear the young especially are handling money too freely. The heap must be very large, if it can endure such rate of dispersion, till the young of this generation become the old men and women of the land. At the risk of being put down as old-fashioned, the GUARDIAN fears not to recommend a little more economy.

Money is plenty, and that is taken by many as a sure argument in favor

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of spending it freely. Our thinking, as well as our experience, has taught us, that just the reverse is the wise and the true view to be taken. Financial affairs are a little like travelling on a turnpike road; when you go up a hill, you will soon find yourself invited to go down again. It is said of the German wit, Idelspiegel, that he always laughed when he went up hill, because he knew he would soon be allowed to go down; and wept when he went down, because he knew that he would soon have to go up again. We venture to say, that underneath his folly there lies a deep wisdom. The time to be careful, is, when money flows so freely, because it will surely get scarce again. We could easily give reasons for our old-fashioned views, but we wish rather to suggest than to argue.

This is also a time when there are many ways to error, and consequently also to ruin. Let our young people act thoughtfully and sensibly. There is only one period of youth allowed to each of us. If we fail in it, we make a fatal failure! No one need err in this respect. There are certain principles which have stood the proof of ages, and there is a course of life which has conducted thousands to usefulness, happiness and honor. Let men act upon these venerable and fixed principles, and their lives will prove a success. Piety, honesty, earnestness, industry—these are old-fashioned, well-tried elements of success in life. We will go security for every young person, who will put them to a full and fair trial.

But we are growing rather didactic. Our only apology is, that, as the GUARDIAN grows older, he feels a deeper interest in the young, and is conscious of an increasing desire to see the young fulfil the hopes of their parents, the hopes of the Church, as well as the hopes of their own better hours in regard to the great and solemn mission of life.

With an "eye single" to this end has the GUARDIAN labored from its infancy up to this time; nor is it now weary of the glorious work. To the same interest does it now sacredly devote its seventeenth year, and asks only to be kindly received and earnestly heard.

First to God, and then to all the friends of our humble Magazine, do we return our hearty thanks for the favor vouchsafed our editorial labors. With the history and the labors associated with the GUARDIAN, as well as with the many who have befriended and encouraged it, are associated some of the pleasantest memories of our life; and now still, in its monthly preparation, we find more of pleasure than of toil. For what else of earthly good should we be thankful if not for a field of useful labor, and a cheerful and hopeful heart to change labor into happiness. All these things are from the good Father above!

Nor ought we, in view of all this, to be blamed for having a desire that the friends of the GUARDIAN might be multiplied many fold. Though the number who receive it has never been larger than now, we earnestly ask for thousands more; and this we do without being conscious of the least selfishness or unholy ambition. We only ask for our contributors and ourselves a larger audience, and for our Publishers reasonable remuneration at this time of unparalleled prices in the line of paper and printing.

Give us a little help, kind friends, in your several localities; and when the aggregate returns come it will reveal the pleasant fact, that our GUARDIAN is invited to visit a thousand more families than he has ever had the privilege of entering before. Our thanks in advance, and—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

From the German.

BY ELIA.

The Christian church-year in general, and the Christmas festival in particular, have their history—a history of their origin, development, and spread, which opens up an interesting view from the present into the past. The History of the Christmas festival can be followed back into the middle of the Fourth century, but its first traces are concealed in a mysterious obscurity. The Church did not begin to seek and inquire about the birth-day of its Lord and Head, until the witnesses and cotemporaries of this event, which at first was known to only a small circle, had long since left the stage. The first notice of the Christmas festival, in the Apostolic Constitutions (v. 13), is acknowledged to be an interpolation of a later age. Origen († 254), in his book, Contra Celsum (viii. 22), makes mention of neither Christmas nor the Ascension, among the Christian holy days.

It was on the 25th of December, 360, that Liberius, Bishop of Rome, consecrated Marcella, the sister of Ambrosius, the Bishop of Milan, as a nun; this occurred in the Church of St. Peter in Rome. On this occasion he said: "Vides, quantus populus ad sponsi tui natalem convenerit." (You see how great a concourse of people has assembled on the birth-day of thy Bridegroom.) These words, found in the work of Ambrose, de Virginitate, lib. III. c. 1, constitute the oldest, genuine, and probably documentary evidence of the celebration of the 25th of December as the natal festival of Jesus in *Occidental* Christendom.

The earliest reliable trace of the festival of Christmas in the Orient, is furnished by St. Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople († 407). He expressly says, in a sermon preached on December 25th, 386, "This festival has not been known among us ten years yet." But in the same sermon he estimates the Christmas festival so highly, that he adds: "It is the mother of all other sacred days, as all others pre-suppose the birth of Christ." It does indeed seem to us right strange, that the churches of the East and West agreed so quickly and firmly on the celebration of the 25th of December; for the decision of James of Edessa (circa 700) remains true to this very hour: "*No man knows the day of Christ's birth,*" and already even earlier, Clement of Alexandria had denounced the search for Christ's birth-day as a fruitless endeavor. On the other hand, how difficult was the introduction of a common Easter festival among Christians! What quarrels arose in the Second century in reference to this day, whose determination, according to the Jewish Passover, (on 14th Nisan or Abib), must have been so much easier!

It is a universally acknowledged fact, that the ecclesiastical distinction

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of the natal day of Jesus arose in the West, and wandered thence into the East, although the history of the Holy life of the Redeemer, thus also the glad news of the story of his birth, was brought from the East to the West. The Church of the Orient and its members justly placed the *man* Jesus with his deeds and death every where in the foreground; but the *child* Jesus, as to whose history the sources of the gospels flow so sparingly, was less regarded, or at least less celebrated. But when, in the West, the baptism of children found entrance and extension, arose an interest, to keep a festival which, as Neander says, had reference to the sanctification of human nature from its first germs on, by means of a participation in the Divine Life. The first festival in the miraculous life of Christ, observed by the oriental churches, was the festival of the baptism of the Redeemer, which was kept on the 6th of January. For did not the public career of the Prophet, mighty in word and in deed, begin with his baptism? The churches at Jerusalem and at Alexandria connected the festival of the birth of Christ with that of His baptism, because they thought Christ had been baptized just on his birth-day. It was thought that this followed from Luke 3: 23, where, directly after the baptism, we are informed,—"*Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age.*" The celebration of the 6th of January is first noticed among the Gnostic sect of the Basilidians in Egypt; so Clement of Alexandria informs us, (Stromata I. 407.)

Even to this day—at least in the Evangelical Churches—the 6th of January is called the festival of the *Epiphany*. Even the Greek name which this day bears, points plainly enough to its oriental origin. In the designation of the Romish Church, "*Festival of the three holy kings,*" which departs from the simple report of the gospels in all three words, all trace of its Eastern birth is effaced. The celebration of the 6th of January, as the day of the festival of the Epiphany, was received by the Occident from the Orient, which received in return the celebration of Christmas for the 25th of December.

Now the question arises: "How did they come to choose the 25th of December for the birth-day of Jesus?"

St. Chrysostom, above-mentioned Bishop of Constantinople, is the only Christian writer who seeks to attribute to the 25th of December an historical accuracy and reliability. He seeks to prove the 25th of December to have been the birth-day of Jesus by appealing to the determination of the time, certified and recorded in the Roman archives, when the census of the Governor P. Sulpitius Quirinus (Cyrenius, in the Bible,) was made. Unfortunately the documents have been lost, at least are named and known by no later Doctor and writer of the Church. It is just that "taxing," mentioned by Luke (*ἀπογραφέ* enrolment, not *ἀποτίμησις*, appraisement of estate), which gives so much trouble to commentators, chronologists and historians. Luke, who wrote with historical consciousness, says of this "taxation" expressly: "*αὕτη ἡ ἀπογραφὴ πρώτη ἐγένετο ἡγεμονεύοντος τῆς Συρίας Κυρηνίου,*" Luke 2: 2. The English version translates this quite simply, thus: "This taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria." But it is more correct either to take *πρώτα* in the sense of *πρότερα*—this taxing was made before Cyrenius was Governor,—or, to take *ἡγεμονεύειν*, not in its political, but in its military or general meaning: when Cyrenius was commander of the Roman legions in Syria.

Cassiodorus alone, of all the historians, makes mention of a universal en-

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rolment. But we have no other satisfactory sources in regard to the Golden Age of Augustus. Luke, according to the correct translation, seems to mean that we are not to understand the well-known "taxation." Some have objected that Cyrenius did not attain to the Proconsulate in Syria till ten years after the birth of Christ, till Judea had become a Roman province, after the deposition of Archelaus (Matt. 2 : 22). But we know from the histories of Josephus, that already, during Herod's reign, Augustus had claimed royal homage, that the Jews at this time were so-called confederates of the Roman people. Nor does Luke, according to the translation above, maintain that Cyrenius was already Pro-consul at the time of the "taxing," which was the occasion of Jesus' being born just in Bethlehem Ephrata. He says just the reverse. Later, after the banishment of Archelaus, and Judea had become a Roman Province, Cyrenius made a second "taxation," as was Roman custom, and this—as a sign of complete subjection to the dominion of Rome—excited a dreadful insurrection, especially among the orthodox Pharisees, at whose head stood Judas of Galilee.

Thus, from want of direct and certain historical information, they soon ceased in the Church to attempt to identify, with anxious precision, the 25th of December as the real birth-day of Christ. They the rather held fast to the sense and meaning which occasioned the choice of this day, for the fact is far above all doubt, that the historical Christ had a real birth-day.

Only the speculative unbelief of ancient and modern ages, seeking to reduce all to mythology, and to transform every thing to suit its own systems, has made isolated and, of course, unsuccessful attempts to question the historical fact. But history has already given its decision on all such endeavors.

V

DER BELZNICKLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

O kennscht du den wüschte, den gaschtige Mann?
Hui!—derf m'r den Kerl e Mensch häsa?
Ya, das er en Mensch is mag glaba wer kann,
Er gukt mir zu fiel wie der Bösa!

Seh yuschtmol sei Aaga, sei Naas—alle Welt!—
Er thut's Maul uf un zu wie die Schära;
En Schwanz wie en Ocks, ya, des hot er—gelt?
Un en horiger Belz wie die Bära.

Kommt der in dei Haus, dann gebt's Lärma genunk—
Er sucht die nixnutzige Kinder!
Un findt er ene, geht er uf e mol zum Punk,
Un dängelt gar bom'risch die Sünder.

Er stellt sich do hie mit der furchtbara Ruth,
Un brummelt sei drohende Reda;
Da werra die Kinder uf e mol gar gut,
Un fanga recht heftig a' Beta!

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War ene—wie es manchmal happen'd—recht Knitz;
Wollt die kle Ruth der Mutter yuscht spŏttla!
Ich wet er lacht net vor der Belznickle Fitz—
Er zittert, un thut Quarters bettla.

Now schüttelt der Belznickle grausam sei Sack—
Raus falla die Kucha un Keschta;
Wer gut is kann lesa—wer schlecht is den—whack!—
Den schmiert er mit Fitzŏhl zum Bäschta.

E Lesson hab ich vom Belznickle gelernt,
Die wer ich a nie net vergessa:
Nach dem das m'r säet werd eme a in der Ernt
Die Frucht von seim Werk ausgemessa.

DAVID LENIERS;

OR, THE BAG-PIPE PLAYER.

About mid-day on the 21st of June, 1625, a youth of 16 or 17, whose gentle face and regular features betokened no common good looks, was crossing the market-place at Antwerp, when he chanced to glance at a baker's shop, where he saw something that made him stop short, and continue to gaze on. The something he saw was, first, a young man a little older than himself, whose face bore the trace not only of suffering, but of something worse: vice seemed to be depicted in the haggard eye, and wan cheek, and ragged habiliments of the youth. Secondly, our handsome lad noticed that the looks of the vagrant were covetously fixed on certain tempting fresh rolls, exhibited in little baskets laid on an open, out-of-door counter of the baker's shop; that the covetous eyes were looking cautiously around to see if any one were watching, whilst the hand stole up, as if to seize one of the said rolls. After a little hesitation, the first of these youths went up to the unknown, and just as he was about to tap him on the shoulders, and warn him of the danger he was risking, an exclamation of surprise burst from him—"Von Hermann!" said he. He whom he addressed turned round, checked a similar expression of surprise on his side, and assuming a haughty air, dryly replied, "I do not know you, sir!" "What! not recollect David Leniers, whom you used all at school to call Leniers, Junior? And do you forget my father, who used to make you sit to him, every time you came to see me? I have grown a little taller, but not so much as to render it impossible to recognise me. But what has changed you so? What has happened to you? It seems to me, when I lost sight of you, that you had left for Ostend, where your father had found you a good situation at a glove-maker's. You see I have a good memory, Von Hermann." "Sir, the name you have given me is not"—"Yours," interrupted Leniers, and suddenly seizing the other by the hand, he raised the sleeve of his dress, and pointed to a mark on the arm, "and this is not yours, either? You got it stealing apples from our neighbor Spachmann! Come along, Von Hermann! It is a shame to deny friends in this way." The young man thus taken aback, reddened, and looked on the ground.

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"Well, I acknowledge it! Ah! Junior, I have suffered much misery since I last saw you!" "You will tell me all that over a bottle of beer, while we eat a crust of bread," said Leniers, who was still thinking of the baker's loaves; and taking Von Hermann by the arm, he brought him to an ale-house close by. "Some bread and some beer," said he, as he made Von Hermann sit down. "Ask for a slice of mutton or beef as well," said Von Hermann, whose habitual audacity returned to him with the prospect of food: "I have a very wolf's appetite." This request, which was rather an indiscreet one, sent a shade over the young painter's brow; but at once recovering himself, he said to the attendant standing before him to receive orders, "Do you not hear?" "And some cheese," added Von Hermann. The servant having departed, Leniers said, "Relate to me, now, Hermann, all that has happened to you these last two years." "Well, I will tell you, replied the other, eating with a voracity that Leniers understood and excused. "Under the pretence that I was of an age to support myself, my father"—"Were you not eighteen, two years ago?" said Leniers. "Yes, so my father sent for me to Ostend; told me that as he had nothing to leave me, he had found me a place as book-keeper in the manufactory of M. Asverus; that if I behaved myself well, at the end of the year I should have a percentage; and after that, by-and by, I might become a partner in the house." "That was an excellent thing," said Leniers. "A bottle of beer," cried Von Hermann. "Your health, Junior," added he, filling two glasses. "Thank you, I am not thirsty. But go on, for with so brilliant a prospect I can't think how it is that I should find you at a baker's shop"—"About to eat his bread without his leave! O, don't mince the matter, I know what you would say, and I reproach myself as much as you can!" All was said with so much carelessness, that young Leniers opened his eyes with a look of astonishment, bordering on stupidity. The penitence of his friend ended in a burst of laughter; a feeling of disgust stole through Leniers' heart, as, almost against his own wish, he said, "Go on." "Well, you see, it went all very well for a year, then my father died, leaving me—Waiter, a bottle of beer!"—taking one out of the waiter's hand, and sending the cork up to the ceiling, as he filled his glass—"leaving me not as much as would get that bottle of beer; and I had reckoned on something—I had debts; and then I had the ill luck to rise in my employment." "The ill luck!" repeated Leniers. "You'll hear, Junior," said Von Hermann, assuming a piteous tone. "The cashier died; so, my Master said,—Von Hermann, I am satisfied with you; as a proof, I shall give you poor Herr's place, it is worth the double of yours." "What ill luck!" cried Leniers, laughing. "Oh, yes! it was ill luck," said the other, as his tones became more and more lamentable. "Waiter, a bottle of beer!—for you see, as I was always handling money, I could not, for the life of me, believe that I had none. You don't drink, Junior? And then I was daily threatened with prison. These bottles don't hold half a pint! 'I declare,' said I, 'some fine day I'll borrow from my chief, and I'll hide it by altering the figures.' But the master could calculate in his head, as well as I could with my pen,—better, perhaps. He soon saw my errors, there was no denying it." "And he overwhelmed you with reproaches?" said Leniers, with accents of horror. "Oh, no! not at all! He contented himself with quietly taking me by the shoulders, conducting me to the street-door, and pushing me gently out, said as quietly as possible, 'Go, and get hanged elsewhere!' And here I am,—I say, waiter, another

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bottle! And you, Junior, what have you been doing?" Leniers coldly replied, "My father is a painter, and I am the same." "That will get you on." "Waiter, what do I owe?" asked Leniers of the attendant, who at that moment ushered another traveller into the room. "A ducat," said the waiter, going off to serve the new arrival. Leniers searched his pockets, drew forth a little copper money, and looked at his friend, as much as to say, "What are we to do?" Whilst young Leniers sat with his head bent, Von Hermann was casting a rapid glance round the room, inspecting every outlet. At their right was the door leading to the kitchen. At one corner sat the newly-arrived traveller, slumbering whilst the horses were putting to his carriage. There was no window; the place was lighted from the glass door of the kitchen entrance, and another glass door opening on the gardens. Von Hermann got up, went to this door, looked out, and with brightly-flashing eye returned to Leniers. "You have not enough to pay?" asked he. "No, and I was thinking how to get some." "I've found the way without thinking," said Von Hermann, pointing to the door that opened on the garden. "There," whispered he, "the garden, an open door, and the high road." "Without paying?" said Leniers, with a gesture of indignation. "Since you have not the means, unless you like to give me a line. and let me get it from your house?" "I doubt if there is as much at the house," said Leniers. "Then, you see, you must follow my counsel," argued Von Hermann. "For shame," said Leniers. Whilst this conversation was going on, the sound of a bag-pipe drew near; by the same door that Von Hermann was looking at as the means of escape, a little boy entered, playing on that instrument. He stopped at the threshhold, and began one of his tunes. "Be off!" said Von Hermann, brutally; "I give neither to children, old men, nor women." "Who, then, do you give to?" asked Leniers. At the sound of Leniers' voice, the little boy made a bound of joy. "O, good young man," said he, "give me something to-day. I have gained nothing as yet, and evening is coming on; my mother is ill." "If your mother is an idler like yourself," said Herman, surlily, "her illness will be long to cure." "If you don't give any thing to the child, at least don't insult him!" said Leniers, angrily. "How can you call a child lazy, when he supports his mother?" "Playing the bag-pipe! a fine trade!" cried Hermann, contemptuously. "And what would you have him do at his age, Von Hermann? He does what he can, and that is something. There, Armand!" and Leniers flung him the coppers he had in his hand. "Well done!" cried Hermann, "the only money you had!" "God will repay you that, and all the rest you have given me for the last month," said the boy, gratefully; "but I pray you, my good young man, tell me your name, that I may join it with my mother's in my prayers." "Yes, that will do you both good!" said Von Hermann, mockingly. "Your name, good sir," again asked the little musician, without heeding the worthless Hermann. "David Leniers." "Which? the young or the old?" innocently asked the child. "The old," said Hermann, laughing. "Pray for both, Armand, for the old is my father, and I am the young." "Well, has that put any ducats into your purse?" asked Hermann, after a few moments of silence. "Perhaps," said Leniers. "Waiter, bring me a large sheet of paper and a pencil," added he. The waiter brought what was desired. "Armand," said Leniers to the little bag-pipe player, "stand there—more in the light—

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hold your bag-pipe as if you were playing, but don't play,—so,—that will do—don't move," and Leniers began to draw. "I don't see how that is to help us," said Von Hermann, carelessly, as he laid his limbs all their length on two chairs. "Assist yourself, and God will help you," said Leniers, smiling. "I see you working, but in no manner of way can I see God helping," observed Von Hermann. "Was it not he that sent this child to me, and gave me the idea of making use of him?" "Well, and then?" said Hermann. "And then? we shall see," said Leniers, going on with his drawing. The room was perfectly still; not a sound was heard but the noise of the pencil on the paper. Leniers worked away with all his might; Hermann was rocking his chair, and the stranger, whose sleep was only feigned, had risen, and stepped softly behind the painter. "My Lord, your horses are put to," cried a servant, suddenly entering the room. "And my drawing is finished," said Leniers, putting his name at the foot of it. "Waiter, take this paper and go to the drawing-shop two doors off, at Ebard's; he will give you a ducat, and my bill will be settled. I have no other money." "Young man," said the stranger, who, more alert than the waiter, had seized the drawing, "I will pay you three ducats if you will give me the preference." "Ah! the good God has heard the prayers of the blind," cried the little musician, with tears of joy in his eyes. "Here, my little fellow, is something for your mother," said the traveller, putting some silver into the child's hand. "And now," he added, turning to Leniers, "young man, you are not only a great artist, but an honorable man: here is my card, if I can be of any use to you." After the Englishman's departure, Leniers took the three ducats, paid his bill, and putting the other two into Von Hermann's hand, he said, "Take these, and if I do not say the words your master said, I think them. Farewell. I have forgotten your name—never remember mine."

Happily for young Leniers, he turned his attention to something better than mere pencil sketches. After copying, wonderfully closely, some pictures of Rubens and Tintosello, he left off copying, to follow nature. It is from this epoch that his celebrity dates. His manners were gentle, and the regularity of his conduct won him universal respect. His house was the rendezvous of all the nobles of the country. Strangers and eminent artists formed a court around him as brilliant as that of a prince. Don John, of Austria, became his pupil and his friend. Leniers painted so much, that he used himself to say, it would take a gallery two leagues long to hold his pictures. Amongst those in the public gallery at Paris, are, "The Player on the Bag-pipe," "The Village Marriage," "The Prodigal Son;" and his "Bowlers," "Village Festival," and other well-known pictures, are familiar to all who visit the London National Gallery. He died at Brussels in 1690, at eighty years of age."

NOTHING is more hurtful to the Christian faith and the Christian Church, than pride; it will undertake every thing in its own way, will start out of the common beat to have some peculiar way, in which it may please itself.

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THE OPENING SONG OF SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL.

TRANSLATED BY S. W.

FISHER-BOY (*Sings in his skiff.*)

Swiss Melody (*Ranz des vaches,*)

Enticing to bath, the gentle sea smiled,
The boy fell asleep on its green shores beguiled,
There heard he a tingling,
Like flute's softest sound,
Or Angel songs mingling
In Paradise round.
And when he awoke so deliciously blest,
The waters played fondly around his calmed breast.
Called a voice from the abyss:
Art mine, beloved boy!
I fondle the sleeper,
And hither decoy.

HERDSMAN (*Singing upon the mountain.*)

1st *Variation of Ranz des vaches.*

Farewell, oh, ye meads—
Ye sun-beloved pastures!
The shepherd must leave you,
The Summer recedes.
But we shall return—will come again mountains.—
When lovely May sparkles with sweet flowing fountains,
When the cuckoo shall call, and at melody's birth,
The new blooming flowers shall robe the glad earth.

ALPINE-HUNTER.

2d *Variation.*

Hark! the loud thunder!—how trembles the foot-bridge!
The hunter creeps fearless along the cragged ridge;
He strideth audacious
On glaciers and snow;
Where spring never gloweth,
Where twigs never grow.
A mist-sea beneath spreads out to his eye,
No cities or towns can his vision descry;
Only rents in the vapors
Brief views of earth yield,—
Far under the waters
He spies the green field.

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THE LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

We continue our collection of the literature of this wonderful little Prayer.

I.

Prof. W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College, says:—"While "Now I lay me down to sleep," is a prayer expressly for children, it has a place in the memory and conscience, if it does not dwell also in the heart and on the lips of almost every adult, in a Christian land.

Rev. Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., says; "I do not believe there are four lines in the English language, not inspired, which have had so much influence in forming human character, as the lines commencing, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Another has said: "This sweet verse has for two centuries, been the silent censer in which the evening incense of childhood, has been offered to God, associated with the golden censer, whose workmanship is divine,—'Our Father who art in heaven.' He who wrote this, with its simple beauty, didnot live in vain. The world knows not his name, but it blesses his memory."

It is said, that John Quincy Adams, "lisped it in 1768, at his mother's knee, and during four score years, found no better form of words in which each night, to commit his soul into the Eternal arms. When his eyes were about to close for the long sleep of death, by his request, this verse was repeated, that thus simply but sublimely, he might once more leave his spirit in the Father's keeping." The childlike spirit came back to him with old age, and with it the little prayer his mother taught him, became more precious to his heart than ever.

II.

We are indebted for the following, from the "Child at Home," to Rev. M. S. Sheeleigh:

"I AM READY TO GO."

It was bed-time for little Arthur, and in his white night-dress, with folded hands, he knelt by his aunty to pray. He asked God to take care of his absent father and mother; of Freddie, his older brother; and of the baby; then offered that prayer so sweet for the children:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this, I ask for Jesus' sake."

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So earnest were his petitions, and so full of confidence was he, that he should be answered, that his prayer formed a strong contrast to many, from older lips. After kissing his aunty good night, he looked up once more, and said, "Now, if my Father in heaven, wants me to go home to Him to-night, I am ready to go."

Sweet words of childlike trust in God! Are they not a lesson to us, so "slow of heart to believe?" Vividly do they call to mind these words of Jesus: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Child at Home.*

III

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

A friend writes to us about this little prayer as follows:

I notice that you take a deep interest in all that is connected with the "Child's Evening Prayer." This beautiful little prayer is repeated every evening by thousands of children, and I have heard even aged persons remark that it is the first prayer they repeat when going to bed.

But how about the many *German* children in our Church, who cannot speak the English language? I often wish, in the very bottom of my soul, that this truly catholic prayer could be repeated by each and every member of our Church; and this wish has given rise to an attempt, on my part, at a translation of it into the German language.

I know that we have many beautiful *German* prayers for little children, and I also know that no one repeats them more fondly than I do. Here is one, for instance, which my dear old Grandmother taught me when I was a little boy, and which I have been repeating, morning and evening, ever since that time:

"Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit,
Das ist mein Schmuck und Ehrenkleid,
Damit will ich vor Gott bestehen,
Wenn ich in Himmel werd' eingehen."

But, then, would it not be well, if the Child's Evening Prayer would be repeated by our German and English children, and thus the communion of little saints be established?

I therefore submit my translation to your judgment. I do not know of any other translation of the Child's Evening Prayer. Here it is:—

"Nun leg' ich mich zu schlafen nieder,
Der Herr sei meiner Seele Hüter,
Und sollt' ich, eh ich wache, sterben,
Mach' Er mein' Seel' zum Himmelserben."

We think the writer has succeeded admirably in his translation. We want the very best translation that can be made. If any one can do it better, we shall be glad to hear from him; and so, we are sure, will the present translator.

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IV.

FREDDY'S PRAYER.

A bright-eyed boy of four years was saying his prayers the other night to his mother, and, with his hands folded and eyes closed, he sweetly said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless papa, mamma, and—"

He stopped all at once, opened his eyes, and exclaimed;

"Mother, mother, what shall I say if I have been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son, while you are saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But, mother, I have been bad; what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayers all through, when you begin, without stopping."

His question answered, he reverently folded his hands, and closing his eyes, continued:

"And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick, and throwing it down a big hole? Amen."

Children of a larger growth will do well to copy.

THE BIBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The BIBLE! What a word—what a gift is that! It is a word like the word home, the centre of a thousand lovely thoughts and feelings. It is a gift like the gift of life, the fountain of all other gifts. It is the source of all enduring knowledge, the basis of all correct morals, and the only guide to happiness. Its light has fallen upon the literature of the world, and gilded it with glory. It has infused its beautiful life into all civil and social relations, and rendered them ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.

The Bible has scattered in its paths, all the blessings of civilization. Where the Bible is, and there alone is light, there are wholesome laws, and civil and social prosperity. In the history of the world, its history is the central fact, creating, moulding, and directing all the world's events; so that the history of the Bible, rightly written, is the history of the world. In the world's wars it has been the all-conquering champion; it has overturned empires; it has stood as mediator between contending powers, and been the umpire in the strife of tongues. Its light has remained unextinguished through all the dark and terrible ages of the world's history. This lamp only burned brighter in that darkness. It has even carried in its bosom the true power of conservation.

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If it was the light of the world in its darkness, it has been no less the salt of the earth in its tendencies to corruption. It has been a life-giving, principle in every department of human action. In the arts it has given sacred sublimity to architecture, and flung unearthly lights and shadows upon the painter's canvass. In poetry it has touched Klopstock's, Milton's and Cowper's hallowed lips with fire! In all ages of its history, it has been a lively ornament in palaces, where its presence was honored; a teacher in schools, where its precepts were studied; a counsellor in senates, where its lessons on government and laws have been regarded; and a friend at the fireside of humble life. It has been wisdom to the ignorant; confidence to the doubting; joy to the comfortless; light to the straying; and hope to the hopeless.

It is destined still to reap greater triumphs in the earth. Tyrants will die in its light. The oppressed will hail its coming power with smiles of hope and joy. In the dark abodes of slavery, it has ever preached deliverance to the captives, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound. In the region and shadow of death it will be a light to the gentiles. In the isles of the ocean it will proclaim its laws and its salvation. Ethiopia will stretch out her hands to receive it, and princes from Egypt will come to the brightness of its rising. In the Vatican it will yet assert its long-traduced supremacy, and lift its voice of self-vindication above those papal thunders, by which its public authority has been so long subordinated. The crescent will wane before its rising glory, like stars fade in the morning light, and the wandering Islamites will yet hum its promises along the spicy track. It will displace in their hopes the sensual glories of Koran's paradise, by those which are incorruptible, undefiled, and that fade not away.

No book can be more interesting to any person of correct taste. Its doctrines and laws bear upon them the imprint of heavenly wisdom; its religious institutions are grand and imposing; its histories can never be imitated; its poetry stands alone in sublimity and tenderness. The truths which it unfolds are of the deepest interest,—such as the wants of man in their most ardent longings have sought after in all ages. It is the only key to the mysteries of our nature.

That man should know himself, the temple of Delphi could proclaim on its outside to its anxious visitors; but how to gain that knowledge, the oracle within did not tell. This knowledge may be obtained, and obtained alone, from this blessed book.

Let us feel our obligations to the Bible for what we *have*,—a knowledge of ourselves and God, civil liberty and the endearments of social life; for what we are enlightened, happy and free; for what we hope to be when freed from the deadening influence of all evil passion, intemperance, and sin. In the full possession of spiritual freedom, we shall possess all that the Bible promises to the worthy, beyond the bounds of this present life.

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.—A year's subscription to the GUARDIAN. It will be useful and interesting.

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FLAVIA DOMITILLA.

BY GŒSCHEL.

The heathen emperor Domitian, on account of his terrible cruelty towards the Christians of all countries, left a wicked name behind him at his death. Says a heathen writer, the emperor Nero, in comparison with him, was a mere girl playing on the harp; another writer of his age calls him *a most hideous beast*, and we Christians are involuntarily reminded by him of that beast which rose up out of the sea, or of the other beast which came up out of the earth, of whom St. John writes in the thirteenth chapter of the Revelation. Domitian styled himself God and Lord: the more he insnared in his bloodthirsty, despotic selfishness, the more pertinaciously he asserted his divinity. To be an emperor appointed of God was not enough for him, he claimed to be worshipped as God himself. Hence he set up his image, in statues of silver and gold, every where as an object of worship,—as St. John describes prophetically in Rev. xiii. 12, 15. Most of his subjects submitted to the imperial command and prayed to the beast in order to avoid being slain, as is also written by the Revelator. But those who were in truth Christians could only render unto Caesar the things which were Cæsar's; they would obey God rather than man. Those who remained steadfast and refused that worship to the emperor, which belonged to God alone, were seized and some banished to desert islands, and others slain. Which things remind us of the words heard by John and recorded in Rev. xiii. 10—"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." These words were said of the persecutor, and they were first fulfilled in the emperor Domitian, in the 96th year of the Christian chronology. It is also said, moreover, in the same Scripture: "*Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.*"

Before Domitian came to his end, he committed fearful havoc. All, who refused to worship him as God, were punished for their *wickedness*, and condemned on this plea. The public sense had become so perverted, that the Christians, who testified of the grace of God in Christ, were punished by the heathen—who were without God—for their wickedness, their atheism. Idolatry passed for piety, worship of God in spirit and in truth for denial of God.

Domitian even put to death his sister's son, the Consul Flavius Clemens, on account of his testimony for Christ, which was interpreted as criminal indifference to the dignity of the state. The wife of the consul—FLAVIA DOMITILLA, was benished to the isle of Pandateira, although she was a blood-relation of the emperor. We know not what her future fate was; God only knows. In connection with it we are reminded, that the apostle and evangelist John—about that time or a little earlier, also underwent

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this sentence and was banished to the isle of Patmos, as he himself writes (Rev. i. 9) "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ." But this affliction was richly compensated for in the divine revelation of which he was thought worthy,—and the meaning of which we cannot exhaust, reminded of it even now by this little incident. Liberty and release from banishment, however, were granted to the apostle John in this life.

We meet also the virgin FLAVIA DOMITILLA, niece of the Consul Flavius Clemens, in the terrible reign of the emperor Domitian. She was banished about the year 95, because she was a Christian woman and would not deny Christ her Lord. Traces of her hut are said to have been discovered long after this date in Pontus, and pilgrimages were made thither. It is related that, about the year 102, she was dragged from Pontus to Terracina, and then, because she confessed the name of the Lord Jesus Christ steadfastly and firmly, she was burned with her two sisters Euphrosyna and Theodora. This is, however, only an unreliable legend, to which many other additions have been made. Man is not allowed to discover what God has wisely concealed, to divulge that which has been intrusted to the guardianship of silence, or to embellish with legends that which is plainly and simply, briefly and comprehensively related by history. This is often done with good intention and living interest, but still it exhibits want of judgment and dissatisfaction with the ways of God.

Domitilla's history is hence specially instructive and eloquent, because so little is said of her. "*She confessed and was burned:* This is all that we know; and this occurred, if not at the date of the Revelation to St. John, a little while after, and about the end of the first Christian century. —*Domitilla* the virgin as well as *Domitilla* the wife belong properly to the host of *hidden* personages, who are, either barely or not at all, mentioned by history, but whose names, written in the Book of Life, shall one day be revealed; and through whom we are induced to think of the *obscure* of all ages and of the *lowly* of all lands. John (Rev. 14, 1—4) saw of such souls, before the throne of the Lamb, an hundred forty and four thousand, who had the name of God the Father written on their foreheads; and sang as it were a new song before the throne. These are they which are of undefiled and virgin souls, who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.—Here is the patience of the saints: here are those who hold fast to the commandments of God and to faith in Jesus.—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

L. H. S.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The following reminiscence of Samuel Woodworth possesses sufficient interest, we think, to warrant us in presenting it to our readers. It is a portion of a private letter recently received from one whose authority in the matter cannot be questioned. In reference to the period of the production of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the writer says:

"It was written in the spring or summer of 1816. The family were

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living at the time in Duane Street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water,—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table,—

"O, that is refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good cool draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!"

Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said,—

"Husband, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?"

The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured forth from his soul those beautiful lines, which have immortalized the name of Wordsworth.

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK;

OR,

THE MIRACLES OF MALTA.

BY COSMO.

Paul was certainly no egotist, else had he, during his two years' sojourn "in his own hired house," at Rome, and before the Roman tribunal itself, made capital of the series of miracles through him wrought, by an Omnipotent Deity, before, during, and subsequent to the shipwreck of himself and fellow-voyagers, on the barbarian coast of Malta.

To those whose whole lives have been passed on the land—who have never encountered an ocean hurricane—who only once or twice, it may be, in the course of their lives, had stood upon the wharf of some seaport city, and gazed with wondering admiration upon the vast proportions of some modern monarch of the sea, lying there in the giant pride of her iron and oaken majesty, the miracle would seem that elemental might could rend into infinitesimal atoms a fabric seemingly so invulnerable.

But to those who, like myself, have worn out half an ordinary life-time upon the ocean—who have battled with tropical *tornadoes*, Indian *typhoons*, La Platan *pamperos*—the frigid hurricanes of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and as terrible as any one of them all, the wild, resistless *levanter* of the Mediterranean, the dreaded *euroclydon* of the days of Paul the Apostle, who have seen the brave ship reft, by the breath of the passing whirlwind, of every shred of canvas, masts, sails, spars, and cordage wrenched away in an instant, and the gallant craft left a sheer, helpless, dismantled hulk, drifting upon the bosom of the mad ocean—or have seen the paragon of nautical skill caught up in the fierce embrace of the sickening *cyclone*, and whirled away like the thistle down, borne on the wings of the yelling thunder-gust; or more dreadful than any of these, seen the proud ocean queen, her decks crowded with helpless human beings, hurled by immense waves upon the

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lurking ledge, crushing her as the random blow shivers the crystal goblet, sending scores and hundreds of helpless wretches to eternity, in the hurried breathing of an involuntary "God, have mercy on me!" To those who have witnessed such scenes as these—and there are thousands living who have; the wonder, the miracle most eminent of all, exhibited in the shipwreck of Paul and his two hundred and seventy-six fellow-voyagers—among whom were delicate women and helpless infants, the ship stranded in such a position, more than six hundred yards from shore, in such a sea as breaks upon the eastern extremity of Malta, during the mad fury of the *euroclydon*—is, that a single soul of all the ship's company should have reached the shore alive.

The miracle was evidently a Divine interposition, made thus palpable for a two-fold purpose. First, to teach those who were in the ship with Paul, that when all appliances and skill of man failed, God was still omnipotent to save, and to Him alone must they look for succor in all exigencies where the power of man was impotent to afford relief. Secondly, to afford the Maltese barbarians an ocular demonstration of the almighty power of a God, to them unknown, and arouse, in their untutored hearts, a desire to learn something of the doctrine taught by the Apostle, in whose behalf apparently, to the casual observer and reader, God had wrought the miracles of salvation from the shipwreck, and the viper from the fire; both so palpable and probably better adapted to the faculties of the barbarians of Malta, than any other demonstration that would have been presented to them. Not a life-time of the teaching of Paul, with all his persuasive eloquence, could so have impressed the savage minds of the island idolaters with the importance and necessity of accepting the new faith, and embracing Christianity, as did those exhibitions of Divine power.

It is a pity that the record of the memorable shipwreck of Paul, is so brief. In a more extended narrative of that thrilling disaster, we should doubtless have had information satisfactory and edifying, touching the results, both immediate and final, of the casting away of Paul and his companions on the island of Malta. We should have seen how the seed of the new faith, just sown by the sweeping hand of the *euroclydon* on the barren, iron-bound coast of an island whose inhabitants knew no God, took root, and spread abroad, until it peopled the island of Melita and its little islet sister, Gozzo, with more than ninety thousand worshippers of God, after the manner taught by Christ and his disciples.

We should have seen how of the two hundred and seventy odd shipwrecked people, citizens of various countries, the majority were converted to the Christian religion, while sojourning upon the island; and when, in another ship, the cast-aways finally sailed for Rome, *sixty* of the shipwrecked men pledged their word to God, to Paul, and to each other, that in their several countries and provinces, they would teach to their fellowmen and women the Christian religion, to the best of their ability, as Paul had taught them while on board the ship, and on the island of Malta.

The brevity of the history of Paul's voyage and shipwreck is the more to be regretted, that in the Bible account we have no mention made as to the success of Paul's teachings during his three months' sojourn among the islanders, upon whom he seems to have made so favorable an impression that they "laded us," as the historian says, "with such things as were necessary."

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We are told in a brief paragraph or two of Paul's healing the father of Publius of a fever and bloody flux, and these two lines additional, as to what Paul did in Malta, are given us:

"So, when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came and were healed."

But whether Paul established a Christian Church at Malta, or left any one behind him to teach the gospel he was himself promulgating, does not appear.

Now, it is almost certain that the Centurion Julius, who is doubtless the author of the narrative of Paul's voyage and remarkable shipwreck, might have given us a very interesting account of Aristarchus, the Macedonian's, connection with Paul, and of what the apostle himself said and did at Sidon, Myra, and the Fair Havens, at which ports they touched on their voyage towards Rome.

But Julius doubtless had many other very important matters on his mind, centurion as he was, and keeper of Paul "and certain other prisoners."

Supposing the inquiry to be made by some one, as it doubtless will be, "How do you know, sir, that Julius, the centurion, was the chronicler of Paul's voyage and shipwreck?" I shall answer frankly "I do not." But from many legends, several circumstances, and a few facts, heard, seen and learned, on the very spot, or very near it, upon which Paul and his two hundred and seventy-six companions were miraculously landed from their wrecked ship, I believe I am warranted in holding the opinion that Julius, surnamed Varratii, the Roman centurion, was not only the historian of Paul's voyage and shipwreck, but associated with Demetrius Persus, a Sidonian, and fellow passenger with Paul, established the first Christian churches in Malta and the neighboring island of Gozzo.

In another Maltese sketch, I propose to furnish some of the legends and traditional evidences, existing at the present day, connecting living descendants of the Roman centurion and his Sidonian brother-in-law, and fellow-founder of Christianity in Malta, back through eighteen hundred years of imperfect history to, and with the period and its people, of the shipwreck of St. Paul.

In concluding the present sketch, I beg permission to present, in a digression, the circumstances which put me in possession of a great deal more of Paul's history, and his voyage and shipwreck, than I had ever been able to glean from any other source, either sacred or profane. At the same time I hope to convince, by an actual instance, here and there a skeptic, that God manifests himself by miracles now and then in modern times, as well as in those of Paul, though the necessity no longer exists for clothing them in the startling palpability indispensable to the convincing of stubborn Jews and blind barbarians of God's omnipotence.

Having exhausted Venetian Lombardy, the little Duchies of Modena and Parma, the kingdom of Sardinia, and so much of France as lay between the Rhone and the Alps, from Lyons to Marseilles, or rather having exhausted our interest in all that territory, and wondering one day whither we should direct our course next, my little wanderer wife suggested Syria and the Holy Land.

These countries were, indeed, in our programme, but so far down the list that the proposition came somewhat unexpectedly; but we might as well step from the Pyrenees into Palestine by one stride, as to reach it by

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a year's round-about journey, and so Syria and the Holy Land was made the destination of our little party of wanderers, composed of, first, the Rt. Honorable Mr. Edward Armor, of Staffordshire, England, his wife—a quiet, beautiful and most amiable woman—and their daughter Alina—nineteen, lovely as Hebe, educated, fascinating, and good, but the most inveterate little wild romp that ever won a heart, or worried a parent's patience, unless I were to make an exception in favor of Madam Cosmo.

Then there were our Parisian friends, Mons. Victor Le Vrai, Madam Lucile, and Mlle. Josepha, Mons. Victor's pretty pet sister, and lastly our handsome young countryman, Malcom McLane and his beautiful young wife, who had been our companions ever since we left America.

Preferring the quiet leisure and comforts of a sailing vessel, to the hurry-hurrah-bustle, and oily exhalations of the steam packet from Marseilles direct to Alexandria, we found at Toulon the craft and accommodations that pleased us, and embarked in her for Smyrna.

The French barque, "Belle Ianthe," of four hundred and forty odd tons burden, was as beautiful, stanch, and well formed a craft as ever spread topsails to the breeze, under any flag. Captain Louis Bouviere and his officers were gentlemen, the crew orderly and civil, the weather was magnificent, the breeze fair, though moderate, and every thing promised as pleasant a passage as we had ever made, or could wish for.

But, like that of Paul, our voyage was destined to terminate disastrously.

We had doubled Cape Passano, the south-eastern extremity of Sicily, when there came down upon us, at midnight, with no warning of its approach, and in all its terrible destructive fury, the dreaded levanter of the Mediterranean—the giant *euroclydon* of the days of Paul.

The first mad blast rent our lighter sails into lint, stripping them as if woven of gauze, from the bolt ropes, snapped off our fore and main top-gallant masts like ozier twigs, and hurled the brave "Belle Ianthe" on her beam-ends almost in an instant.

Then, but for abler heads and stouter hearts than those of Capt. Bouviere and his officers, there would have been no morning's dawn for a single soul on board the "Belle Ianthe." In an hour she would have foundered, as she lay there helpless, on her beam-ends, and carried us all to the bottom with her. The commander and his mates were unexceptionable fair weather sailors, but the sudden exigency and magnitude of the danger had utterly overwhelmed them, and they were of no more service than the female passengers, indeed not a thousandth part as much as two of them were. For while Captain Bouviere and both the mates abandoned their posts of duty, and actually crawled through the weather windows of the skylight into the cabin, Minnie—though my own wife, I must boast of her heroism—Minnie was tugging bravely at the wheel, abandoned by the helmsman when the ship went down. My wife was working with all her might, to heave the wheel hard up, that possibly the ship might pay off and get on her legs again.

Alina Armor was clinging to the nettings of the weather quarter, brandishing a hatchet, and calling spitefully, in tone at least, to "*Berthier*," to take the hatchet and hack off the weather lanyards of the mizzen rigging, that the mast might go overboard and relieve the ship.

But who was *Berthier?* The question came simultaneously from the

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lips of Malcome McLane and myself. But we were both too busy in our efforts to clear away and let go the spanker sheet and outhauler, to answer or investigate then. A flash of thought, however, carried me back to scenes and a *Berthier* that I remembered well.

Six months previously, up in a rugged pass of the Appenines, we had seen a dark, handsome young fellow, a stranger to all our party, snatch the two girls—Alina Armor and Josepha Le Vrai, from the course of a great mass of rock, crashing down the mountain side, that in fifteen seconds more would have crushed them.

We only learned that the brave young stranger, scarcely more than a boy in years, was called *Berthier*, and some one said he was of the Zingari race. Then we suddenly lost him—all save the two beautiful girls he had so promptly saved from destruction. They held him in their pure, grateful hearts—Josepha as a dear friend; Alina Armor as something nearer and dearer than that. Minnie somehow learned the secret, and I had it from her.

At a period four months later, one day Alina's vicious Provence mare dashed headlong, with her rider, into the rapid, swollen torrent of a river of Dauphiny, and again the beautiful girl would have perished but for the brave Berthier, who came from no one knew whither, and rescued her as promptly as he had done from the descending avalanche.

Again, the young hero disappeared; but once or twice we heard the Rt. Honorable Edward Armor caution his daughter against encouraging the intimacy of an unknown Gipsy. He would give the vagabond a thousand pounds, or five thousand, but no intimacy with him would be permitted.

But there had been, nevertheless. At least such was the testimony of appearances—for having achieved my task, and finding leisure to look about me again, there was a daring young sailor of the crew, slashing with his hatchet at the lanyards of the mizzen rigging, and at glance I recognized *Berthier*, the Zingari of the Appenines, twice the saviour of Alina Armor. He had been so admirably disguised, that we had not sooner found him out; but Alina and Josepha had done so: we learned that afterwards. Berthier, however, was neither a Gipsy nor a sailor of the "Belle Ianthe's" crew. We shall see that presently.

The weather mizzen rigging cut adrift, a few vigorous blows at the mast sent it surging over the side to leeward. My wife had got the wheel hard to port, and assisted by Alina, was holding it bravely. Slowly the ship's head swung off, gradually she came up on an even keel, and gathering way, she sprang in end before the screaming gale, like the wild mustang from the prairie fire.

It was an awful night—a tempest such as I had witnessed only once before in all my cruisings. The rain coming down in liquid sheets, almost horizontal, the blackness of the night seeming tangible only as at every few moments it was lighted up with the vivid glare of lightning—the mad waves yelling all around us like fierce fiends, and leaping up at the stern every moment, impatient to ingulf us, the poor ship, shorn of her proud beauty, reeling, staggering and plunging, with more than three feet of water in her hold, groaning in her thousand oaken throats, driving headlong into that murky wall of blackness, steered by——Ah, as I live! There was heroism to be proud of.

Berthier had assumed command of the ship, and we were not long in

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discovering that he was equal to the emergency. McLane and myself had put ourselves under his command, and were doing his bidding; half the crew had rallied to his call, and with knives and hatchets we were vigorously cutting clear the wreck, while at the wheel, Alina Armor and my wife—one a slender, delicate girl, the other scarcely more than a girl in years, standing unflinchingly by the wheel, whirling it first rapidly to port, then amidship, and as suddenly to starboard, to meet every necessity, steering the scudding "Belle Ianthe" before the fierce hurricane as bravely as the best sailor in the ship could have done.

There was no possible reefing topsails or furling courses in such a hurricane, and so clewing down and up, and hauling out reef tackles, as snugly as we could, we left the sails to weather it out or blow away, at their leisure, and set to work clearing the wreck. In two hours we had succeeded in clearing the ship of the wrecked spars, and having accomplished all we could, we relieved our brave little helmsmen from their severe duty, and then, like the mariners of St. Paul's ship, we "let her drive."

Right on, dead towards the island of Malta we drove, all through the day, the screaming gale still maintaining all its destructive fury, and the gallant Berthier still retaining command of the driving, half water-logged ship.

As the shades of night began to shut us in again, a wild cry of "Breakers dead ahead!" went up from the forecastle.

Berthier uttered an exclamation of despair, and then said calmly: "Gentlemen, we are driving, helpless and headlong, upon *St. Paul's Sands.* I know every thing here. I was born here. My father was Berthier Varratii, the Maltese pilot. I, too, am a pilot, and Berthier Varratii, the descendant, through an ancestry of eighteen hundred years, from the Roman centurion, who was wrecked here with Paul. Nothing but a miracle can save us."

That miracle was wrought almost as the words passed the lips of the young pilot. Like a flash, when we were almost upon the fatal sands, the gale flew two points eastwardly. We drove by the danger, not a ship's length from the terrible breakers, got hold of the light at Valetta, and within the hour had our ship safely moored in as safe a harbor as the Mediterranean affords.

Skeptics may argue that the sudden shift of the wind was accidental, or the result of natural causes; but I know that no Levanter ever shifted two points in that direction, at its very height, before, and no one of those who were on board the "Belle Ianthe" will ever be persuaded that it was aught else than a very miracle.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES.

We—that means not the editorial *we*, but ourself and wife—*we* have tried the sewing machine above named, and find it to answer the purpose admirably. Before we purchased, we asked the advice of *five* persons, whom we knew were somewhat versed in regard to articles of this kind. Out of the *five* we found *four* agreeing in their advice to buy Grover and Baker's—the one advertised on our cover. So decided a majority, we thought it best to follow, and hence bought it. Having tried it, *we* that is the same aforesaid *we*,—are prepared to pronounce it a good machine.

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THOUGHTS OF IMMORTALITY.

See Engraving.

Transition into the Divine life is ever woful, yet it is life.—*Bettina Arnim.*

He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend: when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is never seen again.—*Thomas Middleton.*

MARHAM.

I have been thinking, Oliver, of what we talked about yesterday. What you said has done me good, though I wish I could remember it better. My memory is not what it was, I think. Well, I must be patient. I am an old man, and so patience ought to be my special business. There is not much else for me; there is no work for me in the world. My share in life I have had, and there is no further part for me in the struggles and successes of it. Now I have to study to be quiet, and wait for my dismissal———

AUBIN.

Your admission, uncle. And it is a sublime waiting. Blackly the gates of the grave frown against us, outside them; but from the inside they will be beautiful, for they will be seen through light that is not of the sun, nor the moon, but older: yes, and newer, too; for what is eternal is always young.

MARHAM.

More trust is what I want. But it will grow in me, perhaps, with the patience that old age enforces. I must be patient; and more and more I shall have to be. For with an old man friends die fast, hopes come to nothing, the world lessens in interest, and things that were once a passion are not cared about.

AUBIN.

Is it beginning to be so with you, uncle? Then why is it? There is an answer, and a happy one. It is because you are growing up to a higher order of things than what are of this earth. For what this world has to teach you, you have learned.

MARHAM.

O, no, no!

AUBIN.

All the wisdom and freshness of the world you have not exhausted. But what each man's nature is capable of, is commonly imbibed in three score years and ten; though perhaps an angel might profit in this world for ages; just as a daisy is perfect in one year's growth, while in the same soil an oak will be deepening with its roots, and rising with its head, for two

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centuries or more. Do you feel as though you might some time, perhaps, be weary of life,—be thinking that there is nothing new in it, and no more to be known from it? Weary of it you will never be, uncle; for you will be patient, and always you will think that life, even as endurance only, will prove to be a privilege, and a rare one, perhaps; for they are not many who live to exercise the patience of fourscore years. The patience of eighty years, did I say? I ought to have said the blessedness of them; for with a God to be glad in, the believing soul must always be happy, or else be just about being the happier for suffering.

MARHAM.

Yes, and so I hope for more faith than I have. I want it. In my last days I fear feeling to have no pleasure in them; for it ought not to be so with me, as a Christian.

AUBIN.

Nor will it be, if you keep looking for the great hope, and the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. Childhood, youth, manhood, marriage, friendship, trading, study, pleasure and sorrow,—you have got the good of them all; and some of them you might have tired of, if they had lasted with you long, but now they feel like the first lessons introductory to a wondrous book tha hast to be opened yet.

MARHAM.

O, the very thought an old man ought to wait with!

AUBIN.

Feelings and motives in hearts of flesh you know the working of, various as it may be; so you now are ready for the knowledge of souls in some other than this fleshly estate. In the hum of the town that is near us, a youth hears what inspirits him; but you do not, for you have heard it so long. And your heart, as it gets purer, craves a holiness that is not of this world; and so the city of God is the easier for you to see with your eyes of faith; and the less you are of this world, the more plainly are the voices to be heard which call to you from above to go up thither.

MARHAM.

And up there, O, that I may go! For thither they have ascended whose lives were parts of my life, and in whose death I died myself—died deaths that have no resurrections yet; but they will have: for every affection of mine will live again, or rather will be joy again in the sight of dear, recovered friends. But in this, mean while, I do not see them; and others are being taken after them.

AUBIN.

Yes, one by one——

MARHAM.

And faster and faster——

AUBIN.

There are being assembled in the other world all your kindred, both after the flesh and after the spirit; and with their going hence, this world is to you less and less like an abiding-place.

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MARHAM.

As you know, Oliver, my friends have died fast lately.

AUBIN.

And become spirits, and friends of yours gone into bliss. And with every longing after them, you grow more akin to heaven. And so, out of the very decay of this life, there grows in you the spirit of another life.

MARHAM.

Once I saw a large tree so hollow as to be little better than a case of bark; still it was living. But inside the tree, and over-topping it, grew a sapling so strong and green. And the hull of the old tree was a fence round the young one; though, indeed, they were both one tree, for they had the same root, and it was only the stem renewing itself. A very curious and pretty sight it was. And it pleased me, as being a happy emblem of myself. And I said, "My life is rooted in God fast and everlasting, and though outwardly I may perish, there is within me a life to be renewed to all eternity."

AUBIN.

Such a tree I myself saw near Dieventer in Holland, with an old man and a little child near it. A very old man he was. He must be dead before this, and his grandchild be growing up into his place in the world. *Dead* is a word that must be used; so that I wish all wrong meaning could be kept out of it. For there is a sense in which that old man is not dead, and never will be, though departed he is, no doubt. Through one minute's look at him, he lives on in my memory; and does not he, then, surely live on in the universe that produced and supported him? O, surely, surely! Since I saw what I have been speaking of, I have never once recollected it till this minute, and it is as though I saw it now. Even without my knowledge, that scene has lived on in me six years. Now my soul is like a thought in God; so I will never fear dying out of the Divine mind. Last night it occurred to me that to be remembered of God is to live in Him. And so it is, I have no doubt, though to-day I do not understand how. For there are some truths which at one time are quite plain, though at another time they seem obscure. This is according to what mood we are in. Just as the stars shine more or less brightly with the state of the atmosphere.

MARHAM.

There cannot be any forgetfulness in God, and all things live in Him according to their nature, the robin for its two or three years, the lark for its seven or eight, and the raven for its century.

AUBIN.

In God the fountains rise, and the rivers run, and the oceans ebb and flow; and shall not my spirit continue to be a spirit in Him? But in death there is the loss of the body; and in health, is not there a losing of the body, and a regaining of other flesh every minute? And then, has a river the same water running in it any two hours together? A fountain is a fountain, in God, for a hundred, a thousand, and many thousand years; so I will not fear but my soul will be a soul in Him for ages of ages, as the Greek has it, or, in our English phrase, for ever.

FROM MOUNTFORD'S EUTHANASY.

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AILEEN.

I said to you, Kathleen, when I'd shed scarce a tear,
And say now, when I've wept tears of grief o'er his bier,
That my John never brook'd an ungenerous thought,
Nor a breath whose savor of selfishness seem'd wrought.
Happiest then my hours when his ways I might sing!
Happier now if I might transfuse as living flame,
From his last sun's glowing, his manhood's bright day-spring,
This his mood that so spurn'd, as 'twere scorpion sting,
These twin min'strants to wrong, in God's sight burning shame!

The Christian's lot, O, how blest, at the tomb unwasted—
The worldling's gold and death—all else the wasting worm!
Thus anon typed his mood, face to face contrasted,
Hallow'd life's fair issues, selfish greed's tortured form.
Might he lore, each hour now, from the spirit-land impart;
In throng'd thoroughfares place where the sky's unclouded,
The full sum of ill gain, and its corpse unshrouded,
Ev'n self-seekers must fly these wheedlers of the heart!

To me, alas! 'tis left but to say, in earth's sphere,
He deem'd the Lord's precepts bid us be of good cheer;
Bid us think this world God's, once the home of his Son,
Who heaven for the soul that entreats it hath won!
For right use think it ours, with its wealth, scenic charms,
Its flora and fauna, its sea-tribes, and wing'd swarms;
Its sunlight and moonlight, and the spangled sky's sparkling,
And God's love-light and grace, when death's hour comes darkling!

Yet this I may tell you, and thank God evermore,
A loving, winning heart in his bosom he bore!
Is it strange that I rove, 'scaping sadness the while,
For fresh reminiscence of his brow and gay smile,
And bring back thus again, as morning sun his sheen,
His image in sunshine, or the storm's wild excitement;
Or as mem'ry oft brings on chance-blown incitement,
My old sense of his bland, manly, truth-speaking mien?

Oh, Cushla, if not strange, is it wrong to retrace
My scroll of his blitheness, his endearments and grace,
As at eventide's hour, or the breeze-stirring dawn,
Our fireside he gladden'd, or the mead, or the lawn?
To recall with what glee he'd cajole herd and flock;
And how fondly his voice by them all was confessed,
As 'mong them we loiter'd, caressing and caress'd,
Ere the shadows of night reach'd the spring by yon rock!

Nay, I'm thrill'd with the thought, his spirit answers mine—
From his new home above to his old now so lone,—
His ripe faith ever calls in his old gladsome tone,
Hail, Aileen! The mem'ry o' leal love is divine!

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Lov'd one! Sped from earth, as spent bloom from the plain,
Erewhile my own, Aileen, I may own you again,
And again, eye to eye, unsoil'd our earth-born love,
Adoring, we love on as heaven may approve.

Heaven speed me in my faith! Let my soul plume her wing,
And right soon let the knell of her leave-taking ring!
Let no truant sound, adrift in the ringing,
Tell of repining, or betoken dismay;
Nor moan nor loud sob dull the funeral singing,
As onward she speeds, exultant on the way!

Christian hearts need recoil, but sorrowing rejoice,
When, claimed for choirs above, hence hies a lov'd voice—
Fond spirits, as Paul's, must needs be found swaying,
'Twixt fellowship here and speedy flight to heaven;
But tears turn to smiles, truest solace displaying,
Where'er assured hope of reunion is given.

Earth hath charms! Here our Lord, who lov'd Lazarus, wept,
Tends his own, ere athwart the dark valley they're swept;
Here gives the mystic cruise, dispensing, refilling,
Where'er his own ways are the law of the home;
Here finds them sweet balm by the way-side distilling,
And brightens their hope as tow'rd heaven they roam.

Oh! here, on his foot-stool, ever fed from his life,
I was blest as a child, and as maid, and lov'd wife!
Sin-soil'd, 'twas yet God's, still blooming, still teeming,
Toned in his mercy, for redemption retained!
Now renew'd, I own my soul lags in the beaming
Of th' new light our God for its pathways ordain'd.

But, lo! the Lord's loved ones, above sin, beyond pain,
Living on, tho' like him in the tomb they have lain.
Should wailing be heard, as to these I'm soaring?
Nay, joy, as I'm hailed by the exalted, glad throng,
Rapt joy as I join them, the Lord God adoring,
In anthems unknown to earth's timbrel and song!

NORRISTOWN.

A CRADLE SONG.

Come to my arms, you bewildering elf!
Let me gather you, body and soul to myself,
Bury your shining eyes, head and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown,
Deep in the folds of my crimson gown;
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part:
Crowing a song in the olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper chime.

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Sleep, baby-boy:
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-birds' nest;
The lambkins are safe
In the shepherds' warm fold;
The dew-drops asleep
In the butter-cups gold.

The violet nods
To the daisy's dream;
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream;
And all holy and calm.
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby-boy!
My birdling, my flower,
My lily, my lambkin,
My dew-drop, my dower!
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time,
To the mumuring flow,
Of my tender old rhyme.

PETER'S RECOVERY FROM HIS FALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Before we speak of the penitence and recovery of Peter, we must say something in regard to the cause of his fall.

His fall may be traced first of all to his pride and self-reliance. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

That this was his weak point is proverbial. It is a general feature always appearing where we have any exibition of his character. It shows itself in his forwardness to be spokesman. It showed itself on the Sea of Galilee, when he desired to walk on the water like the Saviour. It is seen where he did not at first permit the Saviour to wash his feet. It showed itself when he said to the Saviour (after he had told them of his coming sufferings,)—"Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee." It showed itself on the very evening on which he denied Him while they were on their way to Gethsemane, when he told the Saviour if all forsook Him he would not; and when he refused to believe the words of the Saviour, that he should deny Him that night.

He was by nature bold and resolute, and he depended too much on his own heroism. This spirit is directly the opposite of what is proper in religion. Piety empties the man of all his own strength, and consequently of his own dependence. Peter thought he stood, and was not taking heed lest he fall. Ah! Peter was not the first, and he was not the last, that fell into this condemnation.

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His following Him "afar off," was another reason of his sad fall. A soldier that hangs back, and lags behind, will soon lose his courage. If he had followed manfully on, and stood close up to his divine Lord, he would have renewed his strength. Truly says one of this fall, that it "began in *sneaking!*"

This folly is at this day still repeated, and experience proves that it leads to the same end. Let a disciple hang back, or move slowly in the way of duty, and he will soon grow negligent, and perhaps cast his profession off from him entirely. Let him follow Christ afar off for a short time, and he will soon not follow him at all. Notice those persons who keep far back from the regular ordinances of God's house, and you will see those who are easily thrown into sin.

His going in among the rabble, and thus putting himself into temptation, is another reason. His object in following Him afar off, and after they got there standing back among the crowd, was to escape danger if there should be any, and to be at the same time a spectator of the whole trial. Perhaps he reasoned thus. If Jesus be put to shame and crucified, I shall not suffer any loss, but if He should deliver himself with a mighty hand, which seemed likely, then I shall have the honor before the other disciples, of having been with Him. For this reason he kept as close as he well could, only so as not to be observed. And when he was discovered by those around him, it provoked him to anger.

There among the rabble the Saviour was, no doubt, the subject of ridicule: this was too much for poor Peter. Matters seemed to look dark for Christ and His cause, so he thought it best to deny Him. Had he been in the place where John was, he would not have heard their low abuse, and it would consequently not have affected him; his very cowardice turned their ridicule upon him, which still more irritated his feelings, and urged him on to the deed of desperate wickedness. Perhaps the faithful John received from the Saviour at times, a look of cheering approbation and love which strengthened his love and faith—while Peter was left to his own ways.

Having now considered this humiliating and wicked denial, let us consider also his repentance and recovery.

His repentance was *genuine.* There is a repentance which worketh death, instead of life. Such was the repentance of Judas, who hanged himself.

That his repentance was sincere, may be strongly inferred from his previous life. With all his weakness and errors, Peter was a man of more than ordinary devotion and faith. It is not to be presumed that He, who had commenced so good a work in him, should not carry it forward unto life. Besides, the Saviour declared in His intercessory prayer, that none of those whom the Father had given Him should be lost, but the son of perdition. The Saviour also tells him that He would pray for him, that his faith should not entirely fail, when Satan should "sift him as wheat."

But the genuineness of his repentance, is put beyond all doubt by his subsequent history. He became one of the most prominent, most faithful, and successful apostles of the Lord. In all places he preached Jesus, that he was the Christ. No pains did he spare,—from city to city, from country to country, he went, preaching that Jesus of whom he said, cursing and swearing, I know not the man!

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What is to be said concerning the cause of his repentance, will serve still clearer to show its genuineness.

The first thing that moved and melted the wayward and wicked Peter, was a *look from the Saviour.* When he had denied Him the third time, then the cock crew, and just at that time "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter!" Oh, what a look was that! No doubt He caught Peter's eye, and there was something in that look that went to his soul. There was something in that look, which seemed to say, Peter! He *turned* and looked upon him. Perhaps it was a *tender* look. Those eyes which are as mild as "dove eyes by the rivers of water," fell upon him, made his soul tremble, and opened the fountains of his heart. That look carried him back to Gethsemane, and the upper room; where they had so sweetly communed together. It reminded him of the many hours of sweet bliss he had enjoyed with his Lord. Above all, it reminded him of the Saviour's promise, that He would pray for him that his faith should not fail. This gave him some hope; and this hope melted his heart to tenderness and penitence.

A look from the Saviour breaks the heart of the sinner. Go to the weeping contrite sinner, and ask him what has melted him, and he will tell you that Jesus looked upon him and caught his eye. Zaccheus was moved by a look which Jesus cast upward. So those of whom the prophet speaks "looked upon Christ," and He no doubt caught their eye, and when they saw him, whom their sins had pierced, they mourned for Him as one mourneth for an only son, and were in bitterness for Him as one is in bitterness for his first born. Zech. 12: 10. Ask the humble believer, who was once an enemy of Christ, what subdued and melted his heart? and he will say: It was a *look* from my dying bleeding Saviour?

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross He stood.

Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

Who can look upon the adorable Jesus, suspended upon the cross in all His agony; who can there catch His eye which seems to plead through tears, "Father, forgive them," without melting into penitence over those sins, which fixed the nails, and which made Him groan and bleed? Harder must such a heart be than the rocks, and colder than the grave.

The *second* hammer that smote Peter to make him contrite, was, he "remembered the word of the Lord, how He had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." He remembered the prophecy, and its actual fulfilment. He had, in all the transactions, been so much under the influence of fear or headlong passion, that he could not weigh his actions; but now the piercing look which his Master gave him, directed his thoughts back to a review of his conduct.

True repentance consists, not merely in the sinner's seeing his *danger*, and becoming alarmed in consequence of it, but it consists rather in his seeing and feeling *his sin*, and being brought to abhor himself on account of his sins. This was no doubt effected in the mind of Peter by his re-

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membering the words of Jesus. When those words were spoken, on the way from the upper room to the garden, he was full of love, faith, and devotion to his master. Then, too, he was happy in the assurance of his Master's favor; but now he had sinned, and made himself almost like Judas, at least in his own eyes. He had made such high, warm, and emphatic professions of attachment to Christ's cause, but now how illoyal, how wicked! The other disciples had remained behind, it is true, but he had followed only to deny and wound him; and there was John, the quiet, the unpretending, by his Master's side—this served still more to represent, as in relief, more fully to him the deep enormity of his guilt.

Who can describe that terrible moment. Who can imagine poor faithless Peter's feelings? His whole soul was in a tumult. Wave upon wave of sorrow, rolled over his memory, and it seemed that the night of despair was at last about to settle upon him. Perhaps, at times, he would turn an inquiring look towards his Master, which said, "Is there mercy there?" But there was no reply—not even in the Master's look. That look was still so sad, so tender, and yet, to guilty Peter, so full of reproof. The very loveliness and tenderness of that look, served to show Peter more awfully the baseness of his denial. That look seemed complainingly to say, "Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted; who did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me!" Ps. 41: 9. Peter could *endure it no longer: "he went out."*

This is the *third* stage in his penitence, and served still to deepen what had been begun. "He went out." This he did, no doubt, in order to get away from every human eye, that he might give free flow to his penitential tenderness. The fountains of the deep in the spirit, when stirred up, seek an outlet. The burdened soul is truly burdened as long as it must restrain its sorrow. So it was with David—"I was dumb with silence: I held my peace even from good; and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned: Then spake I with my tongue; Lord, make me to know mine end." Ps. 39: 2, 3, 4. When he spake, and thus poured out his sorrows, his heart found relief. So with Peter, he went out and *wept* bitterly! While he wept, his penitence became more composed and sober, but remained no less deep.

The sacred writers leave him weeping. How soon he felt relief is not known, and it is well that it is not. It gives no countenance to that hasty, impatient, and mechanical process, by which penitents are sometimes brought to comfort and peace! Let him weep; so thought the Saviour! Let the waves of sorrow completely drench his heretofore lofty spirit. Let the furnace burn around him; it will consume nothing but the dross.

He wept *bitterly!* When one mountain wave had rolled over his spirit, another succeeded; every one pressing from his heart, floods of penitential grief. Perhaps, between them, a ray of hope fell into his dark spirit to keep him from despair. No doubt these waves gradually rolled more slowly, and admitted more light between them, but still they came.

Ancient tradition says, that through all his life he wept every time the cock crew! It was no doubt often in his mind through his life, keeping him penitent and humble. When at last he was crucified at Rome for the faith of his Master, which he had so faithfully preached, he forgot not his sin; he requested to be crucified with his head downwards, because he did not consider himself worthy to die in the same way Jesus did, since

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he had so wickedly denied him! Thrice wicked—thrice penitent, but now thrice blessed Peter! Thou art in heaven—but only of grace! And oh, how lowly, and how joyfully, and how gratefully canst thou sing,—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us."

Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

Let us learn to be *humble.* If Peter had not thought more of himself than was proper, he would have trusted less in his own strength. He was too confident in his firmness. "Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10: 11, 12. Humility has promises! 1 Peter 5: 5, 6; Matt. 18: 3, 11, 29; "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." Prov. 16: 18, 19; Is. 57: 15; James 4: 10; 1 Peter 3: 4; Ps. 25: 9.

Let us learn to be *devoted.* If Peter had been devoted like John, he would not have followed him afar off; and consequently would not have been led into temptation and denial. Say, as Ruth said to Naomi, Ruth 1: 16, 17.

Let us learn to be *penitent.* Let us feel it when the bleeding Jesus turns and looks upon us from the cross! May that look put us to *remembering.* And may that induce us to *go out alone*, and there review our life, till tears of bitter penitence flow from our hearts.

Let us learn to be *believing.* If there was hope for Peter, why need we despair? Think of the aggravation of his sin. Despairing soul, look up! You are a prisoner, but a prisoner of hope!

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET UP NEW LISTS.

The Guardian enters upon the seventeenth year of its age, in many respects, under pleasant and encouraging auspices. After the financial crash of 1857, its subscription list went gradually down, till the out-break of the war, when it began to look for a time as if its mission were at an end! But in 1863 it began to rally, and since then has about trebled its number of subscribers. So that now it is fully up to the best age in its history.

This is very encouraging, and would be fully adequate to its wants in a financial point of view, had paper and printing rates remained at the old figure. As it is, the Guardian still needs all its friends have it in their hearts to do in the way of increase, in its subscription list. During the last year it has gone steadily up; and we have every reason to believe that the New Year will bring in large additional numbers.

Many have voluntarily promised to get up lists of new subscribers, and we are sure it will be done. The Magazine has grown to be a kind of necessity among the young, and in families in the Church, and its continuance is demanded and expected as a fixed fact. Every year adds to the strength and need of its continued existence. "As the tale grows longer the tub grows stronger."

As we have often asked before—and never in vain—so we ask again, that those who receive it, take measures to get up new and larger lists in their own particular locality. Young ladies have introduced it into many hands: let her who reads this, cheer us by a list of her friends.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—FEBRUARY, 1866.—No. 2.

COMING TO CHRIST.

NOTES FROM A SERMON BY J. W. N., BY A HEARER.*

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—MATT. XI: 28.

I. *The class of persons* to whom this invitation is addressed. To all convicted of sin, and feeling themselves under the condemnation of the Law. But this is too limited. The invitation, we might say, is addressed to all the children of grief and sorrow,—to all suffering under affliction. Still it has a wider meaning, and is more comprehensive. It is addressed to sinners wherever found. The condition described, is the general condition of all men struggling for the attainment of happiness. Christ, looking abroad upon them toiling in this way, addresses the world through those around Him.

What is not implied as to the character and power of Christ, in that He could thus quietly but grandly call all mankind away from their toils, to His side. The Saviour places Himself in opposition to the world, and claims to be of more account than all the honors, riches, pleasures,—than all the art and science of the world; and His language is a challenge to men to

* Great orators who have only a few orations, and great preachers who have only a limited number of good sermons, generally ask that reporters be excluded from the audience; and there is a kind of tacit understanding that no one ought to print what they say, lest their "balm of Gilead" should be stolen from them, and they be left in trouble. In the case of the present preacher there is no danger of such disaster, since if one sermon be made public in print, he has always the facility of making another. Hence, as his old pupils will insist thathis thoughts shall be regarded public property, we cannot close our GUARDIAN against the report of the "Hearer." We hope the Dr. will meekly yield the copy-right in this and similar cases.—ED. GUARDIAN.

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turn away from all these. If powers divine were not His own,—then the language would be in the highest degree presumptuous. If He had not known Himself as divine, He could only be looked upon as an impostor. We are so accustomed to the language of the New Testament, that we can little appreciate the grandeur of His expressions regarding Himself.

II. *How is this invitation to be complied with?* The coming is not an outward, but an inward movement. It is faith, seizing God in Christ, through the Holy Ghost, as the ground of all life, and making us finally partake of eternal life. Now, what are the particulars of this Faith or the coming to Christ?

1. *Reflection or consideration* directed to the vanity of the world in any other view. There is no coming to Him where there is no reflection. So long as men are taken up with the things of the world, they cannot so much as understand Him. In self-reflection, a man comes to think of the wants of his own nature, and finds that the world will not satisfy him. This discovery may be connected with different causes as special providences. The thought becomes a fixed conviction. If this do not come, it would be better that he had never been born. Along with the conviction comes the feeling, that the yearning of his inmost nature can be satisfied through the Gospel, although he may not understand how. The feeling is—"either through the Gospel, or not at all."

2. *Resolution*, as in the case of the Prodigal, in the very depth of his soul to renounce the world, and to take Christ as all in all. The awakened sinner may come to this in various ways; but to this point we must all come—"I will renounce the world; I will come to thee, O Christ." This is both an act of faith and of the understanding. The two cannot be separated. Where the one is, there the other must also be. Men cannot give up the world unless they will embrace Christ. The two acts constitute the *repent and believe:* the turning away from the old, and the accepting of the new.

3. Earnest and diligent *use of the means of grace.* Resolution is only the beginning of a movement that must be carried on through life. The law of the new creation is the same as that which obtains in our natural existence. Ends are only to be obtained through means. The "coming to Christ" is not accomplished when commenced; it must be continued, and the appointed means of grace must be employed with perseverance. These means must have a supernatural power in themselves, as well as a supernatural Source from which they proceed. By these characteristics they must be tried. If we imagine that we can come to Christ *without* employing *His* means, we are infidels. We *must* acknowledge these means,—the preaching of the Word, and the use of the Sacraments. Our growth in grace will depend on our diligence in the use of the means of grace. We must come to Christ through His Church.

4. This idea completes itself in that inward experience, by which we take the mind of Christ as our pattern. We must be made to resemble Him in our character. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. The duty is fulfilled by learning of Him, and following Him as a pattern. The misery of the world is that men are struggling after the highest interests of life in vain, because their struggles are directed where such interests and happiness cannot be obtained. In this way they become the slaves of va-

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nity,—of self. Their existences revolve around their own nature, and hence they meet collision and conflict at every point. The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no rest in anger, lust, &c. Hence the Saviour says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke,"—the spirit of life. It is, in truth, no yoke, but rather the badge of freedom. Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly. The whole act of 'coming to Christ' completes itself in making Him our Pattern.

III. How is the promise made good? In rest, absolute and without any qualification. No matter what the past condition, the invitation and the promise are the same. The conditions are simply coming to Him, and imitating Him.

1. Rest is given through the feeling of relief experienced by the return of the soul to a sound mind. While astray, men are not in harmony with God or themselves. If I think my own nature is the greatest thing in the world, I am under the power of a *lie*, and hence I become subject to disorder and disease. There is no more room for health, than in a system raging with fever. The first step, however, being taken, a change is begun,—an epoch takes place,—and a greater measure of comfort is experienced than in all the life before. This is the case when the resolution is first formed,—there is felt that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is coming from darkness to God's light. How great the relief when one can say, My God, my all!

2. Rest is found in the deliverance from all inward struggles that the world produces, from all unhallowed sentiments and affections, &c., &c. This is partial at first, but, progressive in character, it increases until full sanctification results. To be set free from pride, envy, lust, &c, in any manner, is a form of peace. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

3. Still more, if peace be found in the further addition of the quickening influences of God's Holy Spirit. This is an active power from beyond ourselves, conveying the support of God's truth to us. Thus is the promise of God made good: the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

4. The promise is made complete in the life to come. *Here* we stand in the midst of temptation, and confined in a diseased body. *There* all sorrows and afflictions will have come to an end. There remaineth a rest to the people of God. In the full fruition of that rest, the completion of the promise is attained. Rest in the grave, and rest with God in the world of glory!

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious, and full of holy advantage, whatever can minister to this holy joy, does set forward the work of religion and charity.

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TEACHERS AND SCHOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

It may seem a singular paradox when we say, that education is of all subjects, the easiest and most difficult to speak about. It is easy to say something,—it is hard to say all,—or, we may say, it is hard to say any thing to the point.

Where is there a man of eminence in scholarship in the land, that has not among his youthful papers, an "Essay on Education." Then he wrote on it, because it was an easy subject; and ever since, he has been silent about it, because the older he gets, the less he thinks he knows about it. For ourselves we must confess, that we have Essays on Education, dating from school-boy days, concerning which we felt stronger confidence at the time that they would settle the question, and give the last needed light upon the subject, than we now feel that the same end will be reached by what we shall have in this article.

Having, however, felt that something more ought to be said on this most interesting of subjects, we may at least endeavor to add our mite. We know that very often, witnessing the attempt of one man to do a thing, though he did not accomplish it, has suggested to another the true mode of doing it. We know, too, that the very deficiencies of an article are sometimes highly suggestive. May it be so in this case. Surely our intelligent readers will be led to *think* all that we fail to *say*.

Our country abounds in teachers. They are stationed at various points, to do a certain good and important thing. What this is which they are to do, is certainly the first thing necessary to be understood by the teacher.

That which teachers are to do for pupils, we designate in general by various terms; but we fear too vaguely and indefinitely.

We say *educate* them. The word educate means to educe or draw out. This takes for granted, that the original elements and energies of the child's nature are right and good; and need, therefore, only drawing out, or development. This idea will not satisfy by far, the largest portion of the community, who know from scripture, philosophy, history, and all experience that educated nature, without some transforming and sanctifying influences, is educated vice: and that the result would be monsters instead of men.

We say *instruct* them. The word instruct means to arrange and join together the materials of wisdom in their minds, as stone and timber are framed and joined together in a building. This, however, does not meet the wants of the case in hand. It is too mechanical. The mind is not a mere store-house, in which different items of knowledge are to be brought together and compacted. It is not to be ornamented by the combination

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of intellectual beauties, in the same way as wax flowers are made. The intellectual man is not to be made, as the Egyptians made statuary; where making arms, legs, bodies, heads, &c., was each a separate trade, and the combining of the whole man another trade! As in natural life, the body is first in order, and then the limbs, so intellectually the life is first, and then from it are unfolded and perfected all its attributes. Hence *instruction* does not meet the case.

We say *teach* them. Teaching means to impart. But is the mind only receptive, and not productive and creative? Has it only capacity, and not potence? Is it a mere *tabula rasa*—a mere vacant blank—and not also a positive active surface of life? Is a boy to gather knowledge only in the same way as he gathers marbles into his bag? Or is he not rather to increase in spirit as he does in body, by a process of assimilation and evolution, which is under the direction of the life of mind? Or, will you allow plastic power to the seed, by the force of which it bores its way through clods, sod, and shoe-soles, till it lifts its head in the air and smiles in the sun—and will you deny such power to that mind which bends over the plant, studies its nature, and worships before the beauty of its flower? Will you confess that the plant, after it has effloresced, is able to send forth perfume from its flower, and still deny to the human mind all native potence; and treat it as a mere negative, receptive *tabula rasa*—something like a dyspeptic stomach, that retains most faithfully what is imparted to it? He that has not yet heard the *tabula rasa* philosophy is exploded, ought to be considered as great a miracle as the Seven Sleepers. To *teach* then does not cover the whole idea.

We say *train* them. To train, means to direct and lead along by application of restraints from without; as the vine-dresser trains his vines, or a nursery-man his trees. This does not reach the case, because it leaves out of view the fact of man's depraved nature. Rousseau's idea of training nature, has long been found wanting and condemned, not by theory, merely, but by history and experiments. He that trains nature in the natural world, will plough the soil and let it bring forth, and what will he have but a crop of wild weeds? So the attempt to educate nature, or merely to draw out and train what is in man by nature, will yield a generation of luxuriant monsters! The nursery-man trains trees, but he grafts them first. The vine-dresser trains vines, not such as he finds growing, but such as he plants—such as are by nature good. When we can once render bitter water sweet by training the stream—when we can change the nature of fruit by trimming the branches of the tree—and when we can render sour vines sweet by training the branches, then we may begin with some confidence, in the higher sphere of mind to train nature. Training, when alone, is like the attempt to bind the "possessed among the tombs," by withes.

How then would we designate that which schools and teachers are to furnish to pupils? We designate it by the word NURTURE. That which feeds, nourishes, promotes growth.

The word *nurture* has a meaning which is all its own. It is not synonymous with the words educate, instruct, teach, and train. Its meaning lies beneath these: in other words, these are the fruits or effects of nurture. The word nurture designates that which the mother is to the infant—the cause of its growth. Education, training, teaching, instructing, is that

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which is done to the branches; but nurture is that which is done to the roots, to the nature, and through this medium to the branches. Nurture *precedes* all these other activities, and pervades them. The infant being, whether plant, animal, or human, is nurtured before it is sufficiently advanced to be trained, or to have any thing imparted to it; and when it is so advanced, nurture still goes on as a deeper leaven, moulding all outward appliances by its own secret plastic power. Nurture has reference to those more hidden, and more delicate appliances, which exert a silent but powerful influence. Nurture is to the child what the warmth, the moisture and the fatness of the earth are to roots of the infant plant,—what the light and love of the mother's eyes, the warmth and nourishment of the mother's bosom, are to the unconscious babe, which is under this genial power gladly, but knows not why.

Thus, it will be seen, that nurture implies the evolution of the whole being in a *uniform* way. Not a part of his nature, or all the parts of it in a separate way. Not the moral, intellectual, or physical parts separate from, and independent of each other. It does not sanction the idea that his training for time and eternity may be separate interests, and may be separately treated. It does not allow one kind of training for the intellect, and another for the heart. His education must be a unit—divided as the branches, but one as the tree. He must be treated as a being, who is not all intellect, but moral also—one whose moral, intellectual, and physical interests are one and undivided for time and eternity—all of which, not singly and separate, but one and united, are to be nurtured by a power underlying them all. Such unity, in such diversity, designates the true teacher's duty.

Man's physical nature is important in its connections with the present life, and hence must not be overlooked. His intellectual nature is important in its relation to this life and the next, and hence deserves the more attention. His moral nature reigns over both his physical and intellectual—is important in time, and prevailingly so in reference to eternity. This, therefore, deserves supreme attention.

Among Pagans, partiality to physical training, and training for the present life, has always been manifest: with them the highest order of man has been the soldier and the citizen.

Among nominal Christians, and skeptics, the intellect is glorified, as constituting the true dignity of man; and hence, in their minds, intellect is the central interest in education.

Among such as regard the moral nature of man, in connection with religion, as the culminating point of life's momentous interests, faith, piety, morality, are regarded as the moulding leaven in education. Hence they regard religious nurture as the sheaf of Joseph, to which all other sheaves bow, and do obeisance. They regard religion not merely as something to be aimed at in education, but as something to start from. They hold that as eternity is longer and more solemn than time, and as the spiritual lies deeper in us than the intellectual or physical, that Christian nurture cannot be separated from, but must underlie the cultivation of the intellect.

Thus then we arrive at the conclusion, that the Teacher must *educate*, that he must *instruct*, that he must *teach*, that he must *train;* but that he must do all this by *nuturing* beneath them all, and in them all, the holy,

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animating, and renovating life of moral and religious wisdom. He only aims at the true point, and can only be successful in his aim, who keeps in his eye the highest part of man's nature, and seeks to nurture it for the highest ends. The intellect will only become truly bright in the purity of the heart.

PAUL'S VOYAGE;

OR,

THE MALTESE PILOTS.

BY COSMO.

Antiquarian researches in the East are as yet only in their early infancy. Only forty-three years since, such archäeological *savants* as Thompson, Lisch, and Nilsson began to dare to divide pre-historic space into distinct periods, and develop evidence that, ere another half century shall have been added to the world's age, will prove that the Scandinavians had their barbarous customs of immolating their human victims, their runic rhymes, and heathen altars reared to Baal, from Tyre and Sidon, and Phœnicia, and that Solomon—the Christian king of Israel, in rearing God's most holy house—the great temple at Jerusalem, employed, as its principal architect, a heathen worshipper of the sun, in the person of the Tyrean monarch, Hiram.

It is only thirty years since the grand old cities, once so mighty, of which in the Bible we get here and there but a transient glimpse, lay on the face of the wide desolation surrounding them, unread tumuli-dumb witnesses, telling us nothing of that magnificent period preceding the ages of iron and bronze. Not yet twenty years since Gliddon unrolled in our presence three thousand years of Egyptian history in the cerements of a royal mummy. But ten or twelve years since the uncertainty of oral traditions and historical poems began fairly to take the second place in testimony confirmatory of Holy Writ, giving the first to the marble, twenty times more reliable witnesses, of Nineveh, Balbec, Palmyra, Babel, Sidon, Babylon and Persepolis, with the storied stones of many another buried city of the past, back into our world's infancy beyond the days of Moses, which our antiquarian intellects of to-day are just beginning to read correctly.

So rapid has been the progress of archäeological education, and so admirably does every antiquarian lesson correspond with Scriptural history, that, fifty years hence, it is almost certain that the man of any civilized country, whatever may be his religious faith or creed, who shall avow a disbelief in the existence of God as the great Creator of the universe, of the authenticity and divine inspiration of the Bible, or the divinity of Jesus Christ, will be held as an idiot—a very fool, unaccountable either here or hereafter for his speech, unbelief or actions.

In regard to the early history of Christianity—the birth, mission, and

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death—or rather the crucifixion of Christ, or the travels, trials and martyrdom of the apostles, it is doubtful if much that is reliable will ever be added to the historical record as we have it in the Bible. While histotorians, who were cotemporary with Christ and his disciples, in all instances but two, so far as we know, were either worshippers of Baal, or unbelievers in the new faith taught by Jesus of Nazareth, rarely adverting to the sayings or doings of the Son of God, and then so briefly as to blind, rather than instruct;—the apostles themselves, several of whom were competent to have given us a very satisfactory history of the period and particular portion of the world in which they lived, were far too earnestly engaged in duties that they considered of infinitely more importance than sitting down to write out such detailed histories as the four dozen or so we are just now getting of the late rebellion. Besides that, our early translators took out from the MS. records of the evangelists only what they considered the *pith* of the matter, consigning the remainder to destruction and consequent oblivion; whereas, had they considerately left the MSS. to later and more competent translators, the *pith* would have been found infinitely wider, deeper, more consecutive and satisfactory.

Considering every scrap of evidence, whatever may be its character, that shall add its mite towards establishing the authenticity of Bible history, or in filling in a single hiatus in the records of the Christian era, of importance, I beg permission to present to the readers, in a brief way, a few of the incidents of Paul's voyage towards Rome, and a few reminiscences of the Maltese pilots, obtained from and through the courtesy of the pilots themselves at Valetta, and on, or very near, the spot where the great fire burned to warm the shipwrecked sufferers, and from which issued the venomous reptile, fastening on the hand of the devoted apostle to prove, not that Paul was a murderer, as the Maltese barbarians at first believed; but, by a miracle so palpably within the narrow limits of their understanding, that Paul was under the protection of a God more potent than their idol Baal.

But first, before going into Maltese traditions and historical records, better a thousand times than all the traditions in the world, let us look back, and remember the manner of our coming to Malta, and to whom we were so greatly indebted for our lives, and you and I, reader, under obligations for such additional information touching "Paul's Voyage," as I may be able, through the intelligence and courtesy of these Maltese descendants from mingled Roman and Sidonian ancestry, to add to that given us so graphically in the Bible.

Berthier Verratii—the daring, heroic, incognito Zingari of the Appenines—the saviour of Alina Armor and Josepha Le Vrai from a terrible death. Again, the unknown *gitano*, rescuing the lovely English girl from drowning in the river of the Dauphiny.—The brave sailor, skilful commander, and efficient pilot of the almost wrecked ship, Belle Ianthe.—And last of all, we know the handsome young hero as Berthier Verratii the younger—a Maltese pilot, a polished gentleman—a profound scholar, and, for his years, the most accomplished antiquarian student we had ever seen.

There were two of the younger Verratii of Malta—Berthier and Vespasian—twin brothers. Their father, grand, great-grandfather, and so on in all their ancestral line, back to the period of Paul's shipwreck, had been pilots of Valletta. In boyhood the twin brothers had learned their peril-

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ous profession under the instructions of their father, who, being himself a profound scholar, reading and translating readily the Arabic, Syriac, Chaldaic, Hebrew and Greek, had taught his twin boys a knowledge of all these languages, as well as many another accomplishment that our best universities rarely afford to pupils.

Then, at the age of twenty-two, the Maltese brothers went abroad to learn practically something of the great world beyond their narrow island home: Berthier taking Italy, the German Confederacy, and France; Vespasian, Spain and Portugal first, and thence to England, finishing with Denmark and Holland; the secondary object of their tour being to compare archäeological discoveries recently made in the *tumuli* and subterranean chambers of Italy, and Germany, near Bordeaux in France—those of Dowth and the New Grange near Drogheda, in Ireland, at Corunna in Spain, in Warwickshire and Northumberland in England, about the Zuider Zee in Holland, in Jutland, and the marshes of Fiona, Nydam, and Allesoe in Denmark, with the old runes, inscriptions, etchings and designs found in the underground cells of Malta and Gozzo, with which the boy brothers had long been familiar, and believed were evidence conclusive, that the inhabitants of all the Mediterranean islands had an origin in common with the people of Western Europe in general, all originating in Asia, and swarming out from Tyre and Sidon, and perhaps many another Eastern sea-port city, nameless and dateless as Hephäestus, having had their existence in that pre-historic age, when even the Egyptian *stylus* papyrus, and the earlier hieroglyphics were unknown. That rude *Age of Stone*, when the barbarians of half the world wrought stone weapons, ornaments, and all manner of utensils with implements of stone, mingling in their worship, that of Baal with their stone idols wrought by their own hands.

Berthier's two years of investigation had passed, and he was returning homeward, when an accident—almost a fatal one—in the Appenines, made him our acquaintance first, then a sailor on board the Belle Ianthe; then her temporary commander, pilot, saviour—instructor at Malta—last of all, our fast friend, son-in-law to the Honorable Edward Armor, husband of the lovely English girl his skill and heroism had three several times saved from death. How singularly the romance of our lives is sometimes woven in with thrilling reality!

Vespasian Verratii had returned home to Malta some two months sooner than Berthier, and upon our landing at Valetta, after our miraculous escape from shipwreck, we were quite as much astonished to see one member of our party—the brave, beautiful Parisian girl—Josepha Le Vrai, met at the ship's side, and welcomed by the exact counterpart of our brave commander *pro tem.*, as if they were brave brother and beautiful sister, or there was a holier alliance still existing between them, quite as much astonished as we had been to see the young Zingari of the Appenines transformed into the mariner, captain, and pilot of the French ship Belle Ianthe.

We have no time or space in which to spin out mysteries, and so, in the fewest possible words that will serve the purpose, I have to inform the reader, that, in Paris, Mlle. Josepha Le Vrai and the young Maltese pilot had become acquainted and mutually attached, and before leaving Paris had arranged to keep up a correspondence, and also to meet at some future time and place—in the East, perhaps; when Vespasian Verratii was to have presented himself to Mons. Victor Le Vrai, with vouchers of social and

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pecuniary position equal to his own, and ask of him his sister's hand in marriage.

Providence had anticipated human action in bringing the lovers together in so singular a manner at Valetta, and in imitating Providence, please permit me to anticipate results. Before we had been two hours landed in Valetta, Mr. Edward Armor, quite overflowing with enthusiasm, gratitude, and admiration of the handsome *Zingari*—mariner—commander and pilot of Malta, said:

"As I live, girl, the brave fellow is worthy the heart and hand of an empress. He shall have yours, my daughter, though he were a gipsy's foundling!"

Then the Honorable Edward Armor led his blushing Selina to the side of Berthier, laid their hands together, and, making a great effort at commanding himself, said, in a nervous fashion:

"Love her as your life, my brave, noble son; she is worthy of it all. I had never believed I could have given up my darling child so ———"

Here the stout Staffordshire honorable broke down—almost into a boyish boo-hoo-hoo—and, turning away, the tears that his honest, generous heart forced from his eyes, fell pattering on the tessellated marble, like great splashing rain drops.

Vespasian and Josepha had meanwhile told Mons. Victor the story of their mutual love, and Victor Le Vrai, like a very sensible man as he was, first *pirouetted* very gracefully, as a light-hearted Frenchman would very naturally do, two or three turns across the apartment, and then embracing and kissing both his sister and the young Maltese pilot, he made them follow his example, after which he followed that of the Honorable Edward Armor, only Mons. Victor never thought of crying a single tear, when he joined all the hands he could find about the persons of Mlle. Josepha and Vespasian Verratii, and after searching some little time for more hands to join, said, honestly and earnestly:

"Ma dondi io voglia, incominciar gl' incanti,
E con quai modi or nar-rerotti avanti."

Quoting Tasso correctly, but most absurdly, never imagining that his brother-in-law elect was a finished French, but an indifferent Italian scholar. However, Mons. Victor's meaning was apparent enough, as was the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and there being no intervening obstacles, we had, in two weeks' time, a quiet, sensible, double wedding at the British Admiralty in Valetta, and the companionship of the Maltese brothers when the Belle Ianthe was again all ataunto, as sailors say, and we embarked on board of her again, bound for Smyrna and the Holy Land.

Having thus disposed of four of our friends, or rather their history, so far as our voyage is concerned, let us begin with such incidents relating to that of St. Paul and his two hundred and seventy-six fellow-voyagers sailing by the ship *Vindex-Burrhus* of Adramyttium, towards Rome, as they were read, related and shown to us in runic inscriptions and rude etchings, by the twin pilots of Malta and their antiquarian father, the elder Verratii.

First of the interesting readings was a journal of the voyage, or rather, as it would seem, a kind of private diary kept by Julius Verratii, the Roman centurion, who had charge of Paul "and divers other prisoners," among whom was Aristarchus, a Macedonian. The original copy had been

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carefully preserved, but the vellum tablets on which it was written had become a dark, dingy brown in color, brittle as thin glass with great age, and here and there whole sentences were either quite obliterated, or entirely illegible; and it was from a Latin copy made by his grandfather, that Verratii the elder had translated the incomplete narrative that Berthier had again made a translation from, maintaining the letter, but losing something of the spirit in its third metamorphose—from Italian into English. The beginning was quite as abrupt as that of the Bible narrative, but it was strictly after the original, beginning thus:—

"So, when I had got Paul of Tarsus, Aristarchus, an artificer of Thessalonica, and two score and three other prisoners, all of whom had appealed to the tribunals at Rome, I hurried next day on board the ship called *Vindex Burrhus*, belonging to Adramyttium, but lading for Crete. By hiring the captain, I obtained the ship when she should have unloaded her cargo at Crete, to prosecute the voyage, on our account, to Rome.

"When there was great danger that certain wicked men, instigated by the Jews, would have laid hands on Paul and murdered him, I hastened the departure of the ship, though the lading was not nearly completed, and so we escaped, having the wind fair, which brought us the next day to Sidon, where passengers and divers other prisoners were to embark. Here Paul and Aristarchus were permitted to go on shore, and whither they would, without restraint; for Paul had many friends at Sidon, and being a good man, having done nothing contrary to the Roman law, I was mindful to show him all courteousness and indulgences.

"When the ship was ready to be loosed from Sidon, Paul and Aristarchus came voluntarily on board, bringing with them one Demetrius Persus, a young man of Sidon, and Octavia Albina his sister, a young woman of great beauty and piety, as I knew, they both being my friends before times, and having these three years been converted by the preaching of Paul.

"Now, Demetrius and Octavia were only Sidonians, inasmuch as they were born in Sidon. But their father, a Roman ædile unjustly banished from Rome, was lately dead in Sidon, as was their mother Letitia, a pious woman; and when there was nothing to restrain them from returning to Rome, and Paul was going thither, and they knew that I was myself with the ship, they determined to go in her to Rome.

* * * * * * * * *

"But when we had been baffled many days by contrary winds, and were at last come to the port called Myra in Lycia, and it came to my knowledge that the captain of the ship, with the mariners and divers of the passengers, were minded to kill Paul and Aristarchus, and liberate the other prisoners, thinking to have a reward when they should come to Crete:

"So, finding an Egyptian ship bound for Rome, I put Paul and all the prisoners on board of her, many other of the passengers following us, though the ship, which was named the *Pelusium*, was, so the mariners protested, already over-loaded and very greatly crowded with passengers. * * *

"All things had gone well with us, and many in the ship, of whom I was myself one, believed that we were favored because of Paul's being in the ship, he preaching to us daily and almost hourly, and many were converted and baptized, among whom were five Cretans, who had at first hated Paul,

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and three times had thought to lay violent hands on him to do him some mischief. These men became devout Christians, and labored with Paul and Aristarchus, Demetrius and Octavia daily, teaching the new faith to the multitude with which the ship was crowded, there being in all two hundred and seventy and six souls, among whom were more than three score women and little children.

* * * * * * * * *

"Then, when, after much delay and stormy weather, we had arrived at the Fair Havens, which is a commodious and safe harbor near to Lasea, Paul, now that the season of the South winds was past, and the navigation become dangerous, advised that the ship should pass the winter in the haven. But believing the captain, who, being a mariner, ought to have known better—rather than Paul, who told us plainly that we should come by great harm, I determined to proceed, much time having already been lost, and our crowded condition making me impatient to terminate the voyage.

* * * * * * * * *

When we should have made Phenice in Crete, after being driven many days by contrary winds, and there was no more hope that we could gain Rome, the tempestuous Euroclydon overtook the ship, and, after three days, we were driven near by the small island called by the mariners Claudia, on the sands of which we had nearly been lost. The third day thereafter we threw out from the ship much of the cargo and tackling, and the tempest being so violent that we could do no other, the captain ordered that all sail should be lowered,and during ten days the heavens were black, there was no sun by day—no moon or stars seen by night, and, tossed helplessly upon the stormy sea, we all said in despair: "We shall surely perish." But Paul stood up among us, and said:—

"Men, and women, and little children, hearken to my words, and be ye all of good cheer, for no harm shall come to any one of you. Only the ship shall be wrecked. 'There had been an angel standing by Paul that night, and we were afraid. Only that we believed what had been told us, and were comforted, and many glorified God.'"

Here occurred an hiatus corresponding to five or six of the tablets wherein the original copy was entirely effaced, the obliterated portion covering probably all the incidents of the miracle of the fourteen days' fasting and subsequent shipwreck, so graphically given in the Bible. The resumé of the translation begins thus:

"So, after we had thus all been miraculously saved, and the barbarians of the island, in numbers, were beginning to believe, I, Julius, was also converted, and being married by Paul, while at Malta, to Octavia, the sister of Demetrius, we were also ordained, and having, after four months, returned from Rome, whither I had conducted the prisoners in another ship, I, Julius Verratii and Demetrius Persus, brother of my wife Octavia, both of whom had remained in Melita, established the first *Christian Church* at Valletta, and also at Gozzo."

The journal did not terminate at this point, but continued through the life-time of Julius Verrati, his wife, Octavia, and brother-in-law, Demetrius, showing more circumstantially how, and with what success, they labored in the Christian ministry throughout their lives in the two Me-

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diterranean islands; how they and their sons became expert Maltese pilots, rescuing many ships and thousands of precious lives from destruction on what, from the circumstance of the memorable shipwreck recorded in the Bible, became known as "St. Paul's Sands."

But as the remainder of the narrative does not come within the limits of the text, and even a synopsis of it would lengthen out our imperfect sketch to an unreadable length, it will doubtless suit both the reader and writer far better, that if given to the public at all, they should be served in brief and separate sketches, under appropriate titles.

As a finale, however, to the present desultory communication, I beg leave to say to the reader, that however dull and uninteresting an account, in print, of these things may be to them, the reality as impressed upon us—standing upon the very ground that Paul himself had trodden, listening to the written and oral eloquence of men still bearing the name, and descended in a right line through a long list of ancestors—all Christians, from the men who were fellow-passengers, and afterwards fellow-workers, with the brave apostle—the interest and impressions were thrilling and full of beauty.

In the subterranean chambers of Malta, above and around which Paul and his wrecked companions once gathered, and warmed themselves at the fire they had kindled; and in like excavations on the adjoining island of Gozzo, we were shown by the Verratii not only runes, designs, and historical etchings sculptured on the walls of these old time underground temples of Baal, which, being read and interpreted, as our pilot friends were capable of interpreting, became evidence conclusive, that far back in the dark period of the world's history, during the long continuance of the *Age of Stone*, before the days of Joshua, the people of Tyre, Sidon, Persepolis, Phœnicia—in fact, of all hither Asia, were identical with the race inhabiting Scandinavia, Western Europe, and the islands of the Mediterranean, having like customs—all worshippers of Baal, and immolating human victims upon their subterranean idol altars.

But more *apropos* of the present sketch in the two rock chambers,—once Baal's, to the eastward of Valetta, we saw a series of etchings on the walls, —rude in design and execution, nevertheless eloquent and truthful, illustrative of the first embarkation of Paul and his fellow-prisoners, then progressing consecutively, giving vividly the storms, vicissitudes, and appearances of the two ships in which Paul sailed towards Rome, the terrible scene of shipwreck and miraculous preservation, terminating with the impressive picture of Paul shaking from his hand into the fire the impotent viper, standing all the while unharmed, to the amazement and consternation of the Maltese barbarians, who, for the first time in their lives, had looked upon a miracle, and began to learn of a God greater than Baal.

These serial etchings our Maltese pilots—father and sons—assured us, had taken the place of barbarous runes with which the walls had been originally covered, and were etched by their ancestors—Julius Verratii, the ex-Roman centurion, and Demetrius Persus, the Sidonian, his brother-in-law.

SEE that each other's feelings and thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such. The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies, but isolated flowers.

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ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY ELIA.

That the choice of 25th of December need be accompanied by no great anxiety, is shown by the other great Christian festivals, which are also based on historical occurrences in the life of Jesus, but whose memorial-days occur at a different date every year. Thus Palm Sunday, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension day.

It would not have detracted from the signification and celebration of the Christmas festival, if its time had been determined by a rule conventionally agreed upon, like Easter, and thus Pentecost, instead of by a date of the calendar. It would not have been presumption to have laid down the rule, like the Easter canon, Christmas comes every time on the first Sunday after the winter solstice. Had a council, like, for instance, that at Nice, sanctioned such a mode of determining it, the Christmas festival, as the memorial of the birth of Jesus, would have enjoyed the same respect and observance, would have been present with the same meaning and glory, as the present celebration of the 25th of the 12th month.

In this sense of evangelical freedom, already Augustin had expressed himself clearly in his book; Contra Adimantum, c. 16. "We also keep the Lord's day, and the Passover, and other feast-days, in a solemn way, but because we know to what they have reference, we do not observe the times so much as rather that which is meant by them."

This same Augustin, the renowned Bishop of Hippo, the Church-father of Protestantism, acknowledged and emphasized the idea which lies in the choice of almost the shortest day. "*Because the unbelief*," says he in a sermon, "*the unbelief, which covered the whole earth like night, was to decrease, as faith increased, therefore the night commences to grow short and the day to grow long.*" At these words, almost involuntarily the saying of John the Baptist is recalled to mind, which he uttered, pointing to the Messiah just appeared: *He must increase, but I must decrease.*

From this prophetical saying it is clear, why the Church could so significantly fix the birth-day of John the Baptist in the time of the summer-solstice, and on the other hand, the birth-day of Jesus in the time of the winter-solstice, from which time light and day increase. Besides, both these terms agree accurately with the notices in Luke (1: 36,) that John was born just six months earlier than Jesus; for between June 24th and December 25th lie just six months.—(June 24th and December 25th are only two earthly human birth-days which the Christian Church has resolved to celebrate.)

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A tradition maintained itself in the Latin Church, in which the Christmas festival had its origin, till the middle of the fifth century, which declares that natal festival of Jesus, is an imitation of the heathenish solar festivals; and therefore the time of the winter solstice, was selected as the time of celebrating the birth of the Heavenly Light, the Spiritual Sun. A certain Faustus had reproached Augustin already, that the Christians kept the birth-day of the Sun only under a different name. Against this Augustin answers with the words in his 190th homily: "*We do not keep the 25th of December on account of the birth of the Sun, but on account of Him who made the Sun.*"

Bishop Maximus of Turin, in a sermon preached about A. D. 400, praises the guiding providence of God, that Christ was born directly on a heathen festival, "*in order,*" he says, "*that men may be put to shame for their heathenish superstition.*"

This gives us the correct stand-point to understand the coincidence of the Christian Christmas with the birth festival of Sun-god, at the time of the winter solstice, among the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, yes, even among the ancient Germans. The ancient Germans, who reckoned according to nights and not according to days, called the culminating point of winter, which, at some time, constituted its end, "*wynächte.*" This name reminds us of our name *weinacht*, although the weihe of the Christian Christmas is quite another, than the birth of the Sun-god Freyer, of the ancient Zule feast.

In ecclesiastical Latin: 25th of December is called Festum sive dies, Nativitatis, Domini; the name is similar in the Romanic languages (Italian: Festa di natale; Spanish: Navidad; Portuguese; Dia di natal;) only the French have the strange word "Noël." Formerly Noël was taken for the corrupted end syllables of the word Immanuel; "God with us;" lately Borel, in his "Gallic Antiquities," has reduced the word back to the word Mouvel, because Christmas was festum novum or novellum, the new or late festival. But it seems to us to be more significant and characteristic to refer it to Nouvelle, "news," "information;" as Christmas brings us the gospel or "good news" of the incarnation of the Redeemer. (Luther calls it, "Die gute neu Mähr," in his well known classical Christmas hymn.)

Correctly reckoned according to astronomy and the calendar, the 21st, and not the 25th of December is the day of the winter solstice, and the shortest in the year. Some maintain that Julius Cæsar erroneously held the 25th to be the shortest day. For the people, and the unscientific observer no noticeable distinction in the length of the days between December 21st and the 25th exists. But we cannot believe that the choice of Christmas day, should rest on such an error. It is interesting and in the highest degree significant, that the Romish Church of the middle ages has dedicated just this day (December 21st) to the apostle Thomas, who, on account of his proverbial incredulity, has received for his memorial-day, the longest and darkest night, and the shortest and most gloomy day. If we wished to draw an analogy from this, we would have to place the natal festival of Jesus much rather on the 24th of June, than on the 25th of December: but the Greek Church celebrate St. Thomas day on the 6th October.

We must pronounce it an ingenious and beautiful choice, that the

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Church gives to the 24th December the primitive names of "*Adam and Eve.*"

What in the History of the World and of salvation, are separated by thousands of years, what, as to idea and fact, stand in the sharpest contrast, and still in the most intimate and living connection—Adam and Christ, sin and redemption, the transgressor of the law, and the fulfiller of the law—stand close together in the Christmas celebration, just as do the images of Adam and Eve, together with the snake, were formerly accustomed to stand at the foot of the Christmas Tree.

By this means the Christmas tree became a token of remembrance of the Tree of Knowledge in Paradise. Therefore, according to ancient custom, the so-called Christ-Tree was erected and kindled already on the 24th of December.

In still another sense this custom suits the day sacred to the memory of Adam and Eve. The Christ-Tree with its rootless trunk, points to the tree of the cross, which was lifted up on Golgotha. The ancient Greek paintings, did not represent the cross of Christ with hewn beams, as is done in western pictures, but as a green tree with branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. The old German pictures give it at least a green color. This tree of the cross is erected, according to the old tradition, first mentioned by Origen, on the grave of Adam.

Golgotha has its name "place of the skull" from the grave of Adam. (*τοῦ κρανιου τόπος*, not *των κρανίων τόπας*. Luke (23: 33) has *επι του τοπον τον καλούμενον κρανίον.*) Some have said, that this name takes its origin from the (supposed) fact, that the corpses of executed criminals lay unburied on that hill outside of the then existing city walls. This is certainly a mistake. The bodies of malefactors, together with the remains of fallen beasts, were thrown into the valley Ben *Hinnom*, or Gehenna. Because fires were made in this valley, in order to purify the poisoned air, the idea of fire has been incorporated into the Christian conception of Hell (Ger. Höhle, Hela): for Gehenna is often translated by "Hell." But the idea of fire does not accord with the most of the passages relating to the doctrine of hell. This place is, on the contrary, represented as most extreme darkness and most dreadful cold, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth (on account of the cold.)

That the "*place of the skull*" has its name from the skull and grave of Adam, is proved from primitive crucifixion-pictures, in which under the cross, the first Adam is represented as either lying in the grave, or as coming out of it. To this add, that at the foot of the cross not only does the serpent intwine itself around the beam, but also that a skull and cross-bones are usually depicted above the serpent, on the foot of the cross. This skull refers probably to the skull of the first Adam, or one may look upon the skull and bones as the symbol of death, intimating that Christ has become the

"Death of death, and hell's destruction."

But giving prominence to whichever of these thoughts we please, the one thing remains certain, that the first and the second Adam are here put into contrast: he who brought sin and death into the world, and He who was without sin, and who deprived death of its power, and who brought life and immortality to light.

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December 24th, the day of Adam and Eve, closes the season of Advent. But in the early Church, Advent was by no means a time of joy and hope, as it is with us, but like the season of fasting before Easter, it was a *tempus clausum*, a time of seriousness, of sorrow, of repentance. Through the name of "Adam and Eve," the last day of Advent received the most earnest exhortation to this purpose. (We mention merely by the way, that in the ancient Church, when the Christmas time had been elevated into a high festival, and, probably in the 6th century, it had to be provided with a preparative festival season after the analogy of Easter, the number of Advent Sundays kept was not four, as is now the case. The Greeks had six Advent weeks, like the six Sundays of Lent, and began this season with 14th November, calling it St. Martin's forty fast days (die vierzigtägigen Martinsfesten). The Latin Church had five weeks in Advent, which were counted backwards. Gregory the great, first determined upon four weeks in Advent, which have been adopted by the Evangelical Reformed Church.)

The juxtaposition of the first and second Adam, which is also a contrasting of them, gives the Christmas celebration and the Christmas joy, their magnitude and depth, their proper extent, and their most glorious consecration. As the second Adam in the manger, and on the cross is contrasted with the first Adam in Paradise, thus, Mary the mother of the Son of Man, is the antitype of Eve the mother of all living. The curse which the first woman loaded upon herself and her race, is here changed to a blessing, which has attained its perfect development in the Christian Church and the Christian family.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

A SCRAP OF SOUTHERN HISTORY.

BY MRS. M. E. KENDALL.

That which more than any other—perhaps more than all other causes combined,—has led to distrust, disturbances and difficulties between the northern and southern sections of our common country, are the errors and misconceptions of the social characteristics of our neighbors. The southerner of the cotton states has, in all his generations, been taught to place in the same category with bargaining, inquisitive, meddlesome tin and clock peddlers, every northern man or woman with whom he comes in contact.

On the other hand, we of the North have been educated to consider the people of the southern states fairly typified by the curt, fiery-tempered, supercilious, swaggering southern bravo, with whom in our northern country we have come casually in contact. This has been our mutual error;—one that for the future benefit of all parties concerned, it were better that we should divest ourselves of as speedily as possible.

Misunderstandings are always productive of mischief; and great mis-

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chief has been the result of our mutual misunderstandings. The experience of thousands of unprejudiced northern men, who, during our four years of war, have traversed wide districts of cotton territory, has gone very far towards correcting these mutual mistakes. They have learned that southerners are by no means all of the objectionable Davis, Winder, Wirz class, while the people of the south have been very agreeably astonished to learn from actual observation, that northern men, in a very large majority of instances, are in reality gentlemen.

But there remains much more to be taught the people of both sections. Time of itself will accomplish a great deal of the necessary instruction. But in view of the rapid and inevitable filling in and up of the southern cotton regions with northern enterprise of every class and condition—merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, producers and professional men and women, it seems to be the plain duty of every one having a knowledge of facts, that being published in some way, will serve to bring about a better understanding between those who must of necessity become and remain neighbors, to promulgate such facts by every reasonable means at command.

When we take into consideration the composite material, of which the population of the cotton states is made up, we ought not to wonder at the widely differing characteristics and peculiar provincialisms of the different regions. In no other territory of the same extent, on the face of the earth, shall we find manners and customs and speech and social distinctions so various and strongly marked.

Take as an instance the Old North State, from whence we propose to set out on our tour of the cotton states. The general characteristics of the inhabitants of the "North Counties," bordering on the sounds of Pamlico, and Albemarle, and the Atlantic coast north-west from Hatteras,—those semi-submerged regions of fishing shores, swamps, cyprus shingles, and *yapon* tea,—are as different from the planters, traders and citizens of North Carolina, along the coast further south, as the Laplander is from the Levanter. This coast population, in turn, differs in every thing, from the hardy, hospitable, intelligent and industrious inhabitants of many of the interior, upland counties, almost as widely.

A great deal of this diversity of character is hereditary;—transmitted from one generation to another through a period of precisely two hundred years. Something is chargeable to position; but more than all else to soil, climate, and atmospheric influences. The hale, hardy herdsman of the Carolina highlands, transferred to the low, marshy regions of the Albemarle, would, in a brief three years, provided he survived so long, subside, by inevitable deterioration, into the listless, lazy, improvident, cyprus "shingle-weaver;" while the stolid, thriftless "North County" man, if not beyond the hope of all grace, surrounded by the social and atmospheric influences of the upland interior regions, would, in about the same period, experience a change for the better, seeming to himself like a very miracle.

To the northern man, whoever he may be, whether artisan or agriculturist, who at the present time may be looking south, towards a landed investment—a healthy, happy home, and wealth in prospective, there is no region within the whole southern cotton territory that affords more inviting advantages than may be found in a thousand localities in the interior of the Old North State.

In several of the inland counties the population is composed almost en-

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tirely of descendants of good old Scotch ancestry;—adherents of the Stuarts, who, after the fatal battle of Culloden, fled from the British realm and established themselves in political and religious freedom, beyond England's domineering rule, in the interior of North Carolina. Almost all the social and moral virtues of these patriotic, great-hearted, open-handed pioneers from brave "Auld Scotia," have been transmitted to their posterity in their primitive beauty and simplicity; and no where else in the whole south, will the northern man or woman find social qualities so congenial.

Steady, and unflinching as the granite rock, all through the dark days of our Revolution stood these patriotic Gaels, by the sacred cause of Liberty, giving whatever they possessed of might and means, and best blood, to free our broad land from foreign oppression. Freely they laid down their lives on scores of southern battle-fields. Obstinately they contended with arguments of stubborn-steel, disputing inch by inch the progress of British invaders. It was from the head-waters and hills of the Pedee, Yadkin, Cape Fear, Haw, Neuse, Lumber and Tar Rivers, came the Moores and McDonalds, Grahams and McLanes, Montgomerys, Camerons and McLeods—companions of Lee of the "Light Horse," Sumter, Marion, Horry and Washington the "Cavalryman,"—brave Scottish sleuth-hounds that hunted red-coated hirelings to the death, or died gloriously on the trail of the tyrant.

Such hearts to-day, people a wide range of the interior territory of North Carolina; all through our four years of rebellion, as firm friends of the Federal Union as were their ancestors of the sacred cause of Liberty. Among such people there can be no question of a happy, peaceful home, and pleasant associations.

To those who do not read and remember history, it may be proper to say, that the first attempt to establish a settlement in North Carolina, was made in the year 1645, on the north side of Albemarle Sound, by a company of about two hundred persons who fled thither from Virginia, to escape the tyranny of Cromwell's obnoxious rulers.

For nearly twenty years the infant colony was prosperous and happy; but they were at length set upon by the fierce savages of the Tuscarora and Coree tribes, and killed, captured or dispersed, and the settlement was abandoned.

In 1661, one hundred and seventy odd emigrants from Massachusetts, established themselves on the Cape Fear river, some six miles above the present city of Wilmington. But owing to the constant hostility of the savages, and barrenness of the region, the foot-hold was abandoned in two years—the sixty survivors of the unfortunate adventure, returning to the Old Bay State.

A British brig from Barbadoes, entered Cape Fear river in February, 1665, bringing seventy planters and mechanics, with their families, from that island, under Sir John Yeamans, as their governor. These established themselves on the Cape Fear, a few miles above the site of the unfortunate Massachusetts settlement; and setting vigorously to work, they forced a bountiful harvest from the somewhat unwilling soil.

In 1707, there came to North Carolina a company of two hundred and thirty French Protestants, who established themselves on the River Trent, one of the branches of the Neuse. Three years later, four hundred Germans, all of the better class, came from the Rhine regions and took pos-

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session of a territory in the same neighborhood. The French and German settlers fraternized, and for two years peace and prosperity ruled.

Then there came, like a sudden whirlwind, the terrible onslaught of the treacherous Tuscaroras and Corees. Men, women, and helpless infants were indiscriminately murdered, towns and villages were burned, cultivated fields laid waste, and nearly the entire population of the district perished by the hands of the red barbarians.

The gallant Colonel Moore, with two thousand volunteers from the southern settlements, marched into the Indian country, and wreaked a terrible vengeance on the treacherous savages. More than two thousand warriors were slain; the murderous Corees were almost utterly exterminated. Of the Tuscaroras, more than a thousand were captured, many of their chiefs and principal warriors were put to death as murderers, and so utterly was the Tuscarora nation cut up and demoralized, that the remnant of the once powerful tribe abandoned their country, fled north and became the sixth nation of the Red Confederacy of New York.

In 1730, the two Carolinas were separated, each province having its own government established by order of the king. Peace being secured with all the Indian tribes, and the inhabitants finding the uplands of the interior far more inviting than the lands along the coast, began to push back into, and people the wilderness. Emigration began to pour in from northern colonies, and the various countries of Europe; enterprise and industry became the rule in the interior and upland regions, and thus the thrift and prosperity of this portion of North Carolina was established.

After the battle of Culloden, there came great numbers of sturdy, thrifty Caledonians, with their wives, brave sons and fair daughters, taking to the hill regions, and settling almost exclusively the territory now comprising the counties of Moore, Davidson, Cumberland, Montgomery, Anson, Stanley, and Rowan.

From these highland homes, issued in Revolutionary days, the stout Scottish hearts, who, with slashing blows of reeking broad swords, and gory thrust of gleaming bayonet, paid back upon Britain's red-coated hirelings, a portion of the debt incurred upon the bloody field of Culloden.

In one of these quiet, rural regions, away up in the hill country of North Carolina, there occurred, in Revolutionary times, a brilliant episode of the war, well worthy the pen of the ablest writer of the age. Ours can never touch its merits; and so, if you please, let us assume the incident as a living reality, presented to the eye and ear, rather than to the imagination.

A bland, beautiful March afternoon, the time, 1781, the place, a pretty, quiet, rural homestead, on the head-waters of the Haw, in what is now the county of Alliance, in the Old North State. The picture—a most magnificent landscape. Fifty acres, it may be, of cleared, cultivated land, herds grazing the early spring herbage—a neat, white-painted, red-roofed farmhouse, with evidences of thrift all about it. Forty miles away to the southeast, rises the bold, round head of Chapel Hill. Twice that distance to the north-west, the dim, cloud-like crest of the Blue Ridge, cuts the clear sky. Here and there, in the near distance, the white walls of rural homes gleam through vistas in the wood, the upward-curling smoke telling of life and comfort within them.

The features prominent in the fore-ground, are, first, a lovely girl of

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twenty, her fair complexion, bright, golden tresses, tinted with the slant sunbeams, and picturesque costume, which, in these modern times we should call "Bloomer," proclaim the beautiful girl of Scotia's Highland lineage. Her companion is a magnificent mare, saddled and bridled, her carefully groomed coat as black and glossy as the raven's plumage. Both mare and mistress are restive and impatient. The girl paces to and fro, with the loop of the bridle over her left arm, at every turn, looking inquiringly down the road to the eastward.

"It is two hours past the time he should have been here. If any accident should have happened—O, if the troopers of that terrible Tarlèton should have intercepted—Ah!—Thank Heaven! He is safe—Yes, it is Archie Graham; no one else rides like that—*Archie!*" the beautiful girl calls in her eager impatience.

A brave, handsome fellow, in the light-horse uniform, wearing an orderly's chevrons, mounting a superb gray war-horse, dashes up the road, leaps from his saddle, snatches the girl to his heart, and almost shouts:

"Florence—darling!"

The brave girl pays back one—it may be two, of her lover's ardent kisses, and then puts him from her almost rudely.

"Archie Graham! Will Morgan, and Washington and Withers be with General Green in time?"

"Yes, Florence McLane, they will. I have dispatches from Morgan to Gen. Green, bidding him rely on the whole force being in by to-morrow night."

"Then, in the name of *Washington* and our COUNTRY! let us ride towards Guilford instantly. You must make love in the saddle, if you will be so silly, Archie Graham."

"I am really very sorry to interfere with so interesting an arrangement; but imperative duty compels me. Orderly Graham, you are my prisoner, and I will trouble you for those dispatches."

The speaker is a tall, fine-looking man, in the brilliant uniform of a British colonel. Ten steps behind him, stand six resolute, dismounted British dragoons.

"And *I* will trouble *you*, Col. Beresford, for that sword of yours. 'Tis a pretty toy—you prize it highly, doubtless; but imperative duty, Colonel."

The speaker is a very handsome, dark-featured man of about thirty years, wearing a uniform of dark gray cloth, blue worsted sash, and a single eagle's plume in his dragoon's helmet.

"And who are you, pray, that puts in a demand for my sword so saucily?"

"Col. William Augustine Washington, at your service."

"Ah! Col. Washington—your servant, sir. I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to somewhat better society than you have been accustomed to of late. You are my prisoner."

A motion of Col. Beresford's hand, and out from the haw thicket, twenty yards distant, dash fifty dismounted British troops, surrounding, and hemming in the little party.

In another moment, the gray trooper with the eagle's plume, puts to his lips a silver bugle, and blows—ta-ta-ra-rar-ta-rar-r, ringing clear and musical—the charge of the Light-horse Legion.

In an instant there is a rushing tramp of iron-shod hoofs—the ringing clang of cavalry equipments—a charging battle-cry. Around that rocky

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ledge, there, on the left—out from behind the quiet farm-house, on the right—up the road from the eastward—came galloping the gray riders of the Light-horse Legion, by platoons, with sabres flashing, driving into a common centre, and entirely surrounding on all sides the haughty British colonel and his astonished dragoons.

"I fear I must forego the pleasure of an introduction to that better society, Col. Beresford. You see my gray riders are already jealous of my brief absence from them, and come out in a swarm after me."

Then the dark gray trooper with the eagle's plume, addresses the young orderly:

"Now, Orderly Graham, mount and ride. You little mountain witch—mount you, too, and guide our gallant sergeant to Guilford; and hark-ee, Florence McLane; no loitering for love-tales, by the way. Sergeant Graham! assure General Green, that we shall all be in before sunset to-morrow;—Morgan, Withers, and Washington."

Away, towards Guilford, dash black mare and gallant gray, bearing the beautiful girl and brave, handsome sergeant; while the gray riders of the Light-horse Legion, are quietly disarming their red-coated prisoners.

BARZILLAI, THE GILEADITE.

2 *Samuel* 19: 37.

BY MARY.

"Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."

If it be true, that "age is dark and unlovely;" that the young must ever recoil from visions of their bright hair, which they are wont to deck with the first flowers of spring, having become wasted and transformed to the hoary locks of age; of the cheek and brow, now flushed with the glow of life and health, "furrowed all o'er;" of bright eyes, beaming with youthful aspirations, grown dim and vacant; of light, elastic steps worn down to feeble totterings; then I might be censured for bringing before our young minds such a subject, and at this early period in a new year.

But when we remember, how much of this darkness and unloveliness is dispelled and adorned with the remembrance of a well-spent youth, and with that good which renders the hoary head a crown of glory, and which is even more comforting, from having been the stay "from youth up," we consider it peculiarly appropriate to these pages, and at this season of the year, when the Old and New are claiming our attention and thoughts.

The character before us is that of one, who, having attained to fourscore years, was only waiting, like a full shock of corn, to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. Having learned by an old experience, that the hopes and aspirations of youth are seldom realized, or, if realized, fail to yield the satisfaction anticipated; having seen earthly desires fail, earthly friend-

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ships grow cold, and the truest friends prove but mortals, he clings the more to the only abiding hope, to the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," saying with the patriarch: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come." That he must die he had long since learned. Having seen death and decay written on earth's fairest flowers, and having learned to look upon death as but the opening of the gates of Paradise, his only desire was that he might be permitted to die in his own city, and be buried by the graves of his kindred.

Yet the future did not occupy his mind entirely. The past also rose up before his aged eyes, bringing with it sweet and sad remembrances, which endeared every spot of his native city, and gave rise to his only earthly desire, to repose beside the dust of those who had been so dear.

The most sacred of these remembrances were those, in which were blended the forms of those parents long since laid to rest, but whose resting-places were still in sight, furnishing food for retrospection and invitations to hope. With these in sight, came the remembrance of that reverend sire,

> "Who early taught his feet with awe,
> To heed the prophets and the law;"

and most vivid in his mind's eye did his sacred form appear when bowed in the worship of Israel's God, before the high priest,

> "Who to his infant eyes appeared
> Majestic as a god,"

and engaged in those rites and ceremonies pertaining to the holy temple, which had awakened his childish wonderment, his youthful fancy, and in which, in after years, he had seen his comfort for this life, and his hope for that to come.

The mother, too, whose meek face and loving smile seemed yet before him, as it had looked years ago upon his bright, youthful face, while caressing the soft curls which were now scattered and silvered with age; whose prayers and holy example had impressed his heart with a love for all that is good and holy, engaged his memory in many a silent hour. The mother's prayer! how the mind, borne back over the sea of the past on memory's wing, hovers around the sacred breathings! Well may the wine-cup lose its zest, as it had done for this aged pilgrim, when compared with the influence of those early prayers at the mother's knee, of her holy words, full of counsel and direction. The one, though sweet for the moment, leaves a sting behind; but a mother's words, though they may seem difficult to the infant understanding, will in maturer years become plain, and if cherished, instead of causing regret, will prove the truest blessings; and who can tell what eternity will unfold of a mother's influence?

The "voices of singing men and singing women" may well lose their charm to one, whose soul is ever echoing and reverberating with the songs of praise, which lulled his infant senses to repose, to whom the glories of that blest abode to which he was hastening were conceivable and real from their reflection on the mother's placid countenance, and in her deep, love-lit eyes, and echoed in her soft, loving voice. How could we wish for or care to be with God, who is love; for His smile, who is the light of the world; and for immortality, found alone in Him, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, were it not for the sweet and blessed foretaste, given in every true home, with every true mother?

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When the false lights by which we steer in youth have proved their character against the experience of age, then the soul can live by the reflections of heaven's glories, which beamed all along the troubled way, but which were unheeded in the earnest gaze after "fancy's light and reason's ray." Oh! why do we, in the morn of life, pass by all the sweet, gentle wooings of our heavenly Father, which speak to us from all that is lovely in nature, asking us to fix our hopes on that which is the substance of all these shadows?

It is sad to think, that our minds are so completely earthly, that they cannot be led by the influence of the beautiful and true, found in childhood, youth and every-day life; but must be driven to wisdom by disappointment, fear, and all that is dark: yet such are the effects of sin that its own evils often are, or seem to be, more powerful in influencing its own poor deluded votaries, than all the inviting language of true wisdom which "crieth at the gates."

But since evil exists, since nature has the soft whispers of spring, and the fierce, angry blasts of winter; and revelation the cheering promises and sweet invitations of Calvary, and the thunderings of Sinai; since we are endowed with reason and will to choose between light and darkness, and this life is to be spent in learning and unlearning for eternity, it becomes us, who are yet in the rudiments, to learn these diligently, so that, when the great lessons of life are all learned, we can look both backward and forward without either regret or dread.

Now that we have begun a New Year, possessed of the additional strength of mind the past year has afforded, let us, with new purposes and aims, endeavor to improve that which is yet to come, keeping before us the promises of Him, who says, "Seek, and ye shall find," relying alone on the strength of Him without whom we can do nothing.

Let our motto indeed be "Life, Light, Love;" but let it be the life of the soul, which, instead of becoming impaired by time, shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day,"—the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and the "love of God shed abroad in our hearts." So, when the present year, with perhaps many others, shall have grown old, and ourselves with them; when, like the aged pilgrim, whose narrative has led to these remarks, our only wish, as regards temporal things, shall be, "that we may die in our own city, and be buried by the grave of our father and of our mother," we can also look forward to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE GOSPEL.—Christ's death is the Christian's death. Christ's cross is the Christian's title to heaven. . . It is true that we are sinners; but Christ has suffered for us. It is true that we deserve death; but Christ has died for us. It is true that we are guilty debtors; but Christ has paid our debts with his own blood. This is the real gospel. "This is the good news." On this let us lean while we live. To this let us cling when we die. Christ has been "lifted up" on the cross, and has thrown open the gates of heaven to all believers. . . Without faith there is no salvation; but through faith in Jesus, the vilest sinner may be saved.—*Ryle.*

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TRANSLATION OF THE LITTLE EVENING PRAYER.

BY J. B. K.

In the January number of the GUARDIAN, I find a translation of the "Child's Little Evening Hymn," and also a desire expressed that others should try its translation. It is well to make the spiritual treasures of one people available to another, not so much for the sake of suppressing its own, as to understand the principles on which the religious life of a people rest; and the prayers of the nursery form, in this respect, a true standard.

In giving here two translations of this evening prayer, whose history is so beautifully photographed in divers numbers of the GUARDIAN, it is not so much my object to enable our German children to join with their English companions in the same wordings of a prayer (for each nation has its peculiar favorite hymns and prayers, and the meaning expressed therein, if otherwise Christian, is the same, being born of the same spirit,) as to make known to our German-speaking and praying people, the prayer that has been used and is still used by thousands of English-speaking children:

O Jesu, zum Schlafen, ich lege mich nieder,
Behüt' und bewache die Seel' und die Glieder.
Und sollte ich sterben, eh das ich aufwache,
O Herr mich zum Erben des Himmels doch mache.

ANOTHER.

Nun leg' ich mich, es kommt der Schlaf,
Ich bitte Herr, behüt dein Schaaf,
Und sollt ich sterben, eh ich erwache
Ich mein Seele Dir ewig vermache.

In connection with this subject, it may be interesting for the readers of the GUARDIAN to know what prayer, besides the one mentioned in the last number, is widely used by German children in their evening devotion.

IN GERMAN.

Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh,
Schliesse meine Augen zu,
Vater lass' die Augen dein
Ueber meinem Bette sein.

Hab' ich unrecht heut' gethan,
Sieh' es, lieber Gott, nicht an,
Deine Gnad' und Jesu Blut
Macht allen Schaden gut.

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IN ENGLISH.

Tired I am, I go to rest,
Close my eyes in slumber blessed;
Open, Father, now Thine eye,
Be in care unto me nigh.

Did I commit any wrong—
Do not punish me too strong!
For thy grace, and Jesus' blood,
Is my shield before Thee, God. Amen.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

MARY AND MARTHA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

BY W. H. H.

Mix them not—separate them not. Mary sits, and is silent—Martha, goes and is busy. Mary, without care, allows herself to be fed and served—Mary receives—Martha gives. Mary is a hearer—Martha is a doer.

Faith I mean, and Love. Sisters they are, therefore separate them not. They have not one mind and not one work, therefore mix them not. Mary is Faith—the exalted one in meditation and prayer; the bitter one in the hatred of self, the world and sin, and also in repentance. Faith sits in silent rest and attention at the feet of Jesus, in deep humility, listening to His words, receiving the word and treasuring it up in a sensitive good heart. Martha is love—the mistress of the house, welcoming and entertaining Jesus and His disciples. She is actively engaged in serving Jesus, bestowing upon Him in His servants, many and necessary services; often she is so active, that she is unwilling to enjoy the pleasure and rest of one short hour, in seeking to strengthen her faith, at the feet of Jesus. "Lord," she asks, "dost Thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Jesus is the arbitrator, and decides so as neither to mix, nor separate them, saying, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Both must remain, Faith and Love. Mary must be allowed to be fed of Jesus. Martha must again feed Him—Mary, receiving—Martha, giving—Mary, hearing—Martha, doing; but Mary must have the preference. Our hearts must be wholly filled with the love of Jesus, and afterwards, they will be able to reveal to others, what they have received. Jesus has fed, given drink and clothed our souls. We in return, feed, give drink and clothe Him in His hungry, thirsty and naked members.

Jesus is the magnet, whom Mary reveals with her most sweet lips. Martha is the magnet, in whom Jesus reveals Himself with loving hand and heart. In one word, no true faith can exist without good works, and

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no tree without fruit. Where the love of Jesus is active in the faith, it will urge us to do all we can for the love and honor of Jesus. Where there is a living seed in the soil, it will not remain hidden, but will burst forth and unfold into fruit.

So there can be no good works without faith. For the Word of God plants faith, and from faith good works will grow, which are nothing but the same Word of God, that is planted in us, through faith in reality and completion. The three hang together in one chain; Word, faith, works. The Word, is the seed of faith, and faith the seed of works. But faith and works are not, and do not the same thing. The former makes righteous, the latter flows from justification and substantiates it. The former gives life; the latter reveals it. The former has to do with God, the latter with our fellow-men. Exercise thyself in both—in faith, that thou mayest be saved. In works, that thou mayest assure thyself and others of thy salvation, in the manifestation of thy faith in thy works.

"*Der Glaube, der nimmt ein*
Die schönen Gottesgaben;
Was Erd, und Himmel haben
Das Alles, das ist sein.

Die Liebe theilet aus,
Was Glaube hat gegeben.
Welch' süsses Wechselspiel.
Darin wir Christen leben!"

HANDWRITING.

Ariosto wrote in a small, fine pointed character, and Tasso a large, free, and flowing style. Goethe wrote neatly, even elegantly. Porson wrote Greek as plainly as type. Brougham writes with a crabbed illegibility. Hawthorne wrote with a stroke far from neat, and somewhat confused. Longfellow writes in a round, backhanded, elegant fashion. Theodore Parker had a cramped hieroglyphic style, that competed with Choate's famous scratches for absolute unreadableness. Dr. Chalmers kept an even hand. Byron wrote an awkward, contorted script. Scott wrote in regular, honest characters, though he constantly failed to cross his t's. Emerson writes with a dashing air. Willis with sharp even firmness. Chas. Sprague with womanly delicacy. Fanny Kemble with a nervous stroke and womanly angularity. Whittier with indecision, without either strength or symmetry. Whipple with lofty loops that are a chirographic pun upon his penultimate syllable. Hillard, precise, balanced, and constrained. Motley is minute and clipt; and George Ticknor legible and light. The scratch of Halleck looks as if he might have practised the Morse alphabet and gone crazy on it. The facts shows that chirography can hardly be relied on as an indication of character. The philosophic theory of this matter, put by Lavater and others, is stated to be, that certain qualities of the brain act through the nervous organization, and thus regulate the motion of the hand, by the dependent muscles, so that the form of the letters taken upon the paper will show correspondence with those qualities as surely as the lines in the spectrum will designate the nature of the body that emits the ray.

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DIE NEUE SART GENTLELEUT.

BY THE EDITOR.

O hört ihr liewe Leut was sin' des Zeita!
Das unser eme noch des erlewa muss!
En yeder Bauers Buh muss Carriage reita,
Un Bauers Mād die steppa rum in Seita,
Un niemand nemmt an all dem Stolz verdrus.

En eg'ne Buggy hat en yeder Bauers Buh,
En spreier Gaul mit g'silvered Harness druf,
Un plenty spending Geld im Sack—do is ken Ruh,
Am Samstag gehn die Gentlemen 'em Stättle zu,
Un stella dort am theurschta Wertzhaus uf.

Wie is des yunge Bauers Volk doch ufgedresst!
Wie hewa sie die Kōp so steif un hoch!
Wie thun sie in die stolza Fashions renna,
M'r kann sie nimme von da Städler kenna—
Sie macha all ihr Hochmuths Wega noch.

Der Vater denkt: Was hab ich schmerte Sōhne—
Die Mutter sagt: Mei Mādchen komma raus!
So style koscht Geld. Ei ya, m'r kann yo lehna.—
Sell geht e weil. Bass uf, du werscht bal' sehna,
Der Vater „geht der Bungerd[1]) Fens hinaus!"

Vor alters war es als en Sūnd un Schand
Meh Schulda macha as m'r zahla kann;
,S is net meh so—m'r gebt yuscht Notice darch die editors,
M'r het geclosed, un det compounda mit da creditors,
Wer so betrūgt, der is en gentleman!

Wie lebt m'r now? Ich seh' du wescht noch Nix!—
M'r lebt yuscht wie zuvor—des fixed die Law—
M'r egent Nix—die Fra hots all in Hand—
M'r is ihr Agent, managed Geld un Land
Un geht now in die Koscht bei seiner Fra!

(1) Bungerd seems to be a contraction of Baumgarten—orchard: "Er ist der Bungerd Fens hinaus" is the expression in Eastern Pennsylvania for, "He broke up, became insolvent—"he went over, or along the orchard fence." How did the expression originate? Was it regarded so great a disgrace among our forefathers to "break up," that the first offender of this kind ran off for shame, scaling the orchard fence, and thus keeping out of the main road for fear of meeting some familiar face in his ignoble flight! If this be the origin of the expression, times and manners have evidently changed since then, this class of men being not now so apt to run away for shame as in the olden time. If any one can give a better account of the origin of the expression, we will gladly hear him on the subject.

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VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

A tree which is fond of water, when planted near some brook, will send off all its principal roots in that direction. How does it know that water is there? And how does it know that it will be able to reach the border of it? To say, in popular phrase, that the water attracts the roots in that direction, is to invent a new and very remarkable sort of attraction that pulls at roots in the ground, and turns them out at the point of starting—is a something created to account for the fact in question, which is even more difficult than the fact itself. Mr. Madison, for example, had an aqueduct of logs, which, in reaching his house, passed by a tree especially fond of water, at a considerable distance from it. Abreast of the tree there was an auger hole in the log that had been filled with a plug of soft wood. Exactly thitherward the tree sent off a long stretch of roots, which forced their way through the plug, choking up the passage, and were found there drinking like so many thirsty animals. Was it then the soft wood plug that attracted these roots? It certainly should be, on the attraction principle; for the water was just as near at other points as here.

It is said that a strawberry planted in sand, with good earth a little way off, will turn its runners all in the latter direction, and if the good earth be too far off to be reached, the plant, will make no effort on that side more than on the other—which is equivalent to saying that the plant has, in its life-principle, an instinct of measurement. It does not measure the ground and then itself, and then compare the two; but it has an adaptive power, by which, without comparison, it graduates its action by its possibilities.

MOUNT VERNON.

A recent visit to Mount Vernon, says the Boston Transcript, found the place in a good state of preservation, none of the ravages of war having extended in that direction. The scouting parties of both armies have always regarded it as neutral ground, and never violated its precincts by acts of hostility. The agent of the Mount Vernon Association remains at the mansion, and is a bitter secessionist, not having visited Alexandria since the war, in consequence of the necessity of taking the oath. His wife, however, more loyal or less scrupulous, subscribed to the oath, and is allowed to come to the city for supplies.

The house remains precisely as it was four years ago. The same table and blank book for registering the names of visitors remain in the hall, with the key to the French Bastile, presented by Lafayette to Washington,

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hanging over them in its little glass case, and specimens of wood and minerals above the doors. The agent, with his wife and two or three children, occupy a suite of rooms on the left of the hall, and a few negroes inhabit the kitchen. In the dining hall are three of Washington's dining tables, an old feeble-toned harpsichord, and the tripod and compass with which their illustrious owner surveyed the wilderness of Lord Fairfax's estate.

The stucco of the ceiling, representing flowers and sheaves of wheat, is in as good condition as could be expected, and with a little early attention can be preserved for many years. In the east parlor is a sofa and a rocking chair, and in the west parlor a terrestrial globe and a dim old sketch of a scene before Carthage.

In the library is the original plaster cast of Washington, by Houdone and a cast of Lafayette. The few books are all of modern production and belong to the inmates of the house with the exception of a gray old volume entitled "An Essay on Fortifications," with "George Washington" on the fly leaf. With the book is a letter, dated 1798, to Rev. Mr. Fairfax. Up stairs, in the southwest corner of the mansion, is the room in which Washington died. A fac simile of the bed upon which he breathed his last stands in the corner, and is the only furniture in the apartment. On the iron back of the fire-place are deeply cut the letters "G. W." Throughout the mansion there reigns an impressive stillness, broken only by the echo of footsteps on the bare floor; and looking from the dim, time-stained rooms out upon the deserted fields and unbroken surface of the rivers, a feeling of loneliness comes over one which no effort can shake off.

EARNEST.

A definition of *earnest* is something given as a token and pledge of what is to come. Like first fruits, it is a sign and assurance that more is coming of the same kind. The resurrection of Christ was an earnest of the resurrection of all his followers. He rose from the dead and became the first fruits of all the pious dead. His triumphant ascension to the right hand of God was assurance that those united to Him by faith shall likewise burst the bars of the tomb, and rise, live, and reign with him forever.

There is "the earnest of the Spirit." We read, 2 Cor. 5: 5, "Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." The work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of Christians producing faith, love, and joy, is not only a present blessing, but signifies something more, something higher and better. It is a fore-gleam and fore-token of the beatific vision, and the perfection of delight. Our experiences in the present life, of the grace of God, are pledges of the possession of good, beyond the grave, are the first instalments of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory in the heavenly state. Have we "the earnest of the Spirit?" Then have we the first fruits of the coming vintage; then have we a prefiguration, foretaste, token, and assurance of heaven's bliss.

God will consummate what He has commenced, and budding grace shall flower in glory.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE VICARIOUS SACRIFICE, GROUNDED IN THE PRINCIPLES OF UNIVERSAL OBLIGATION. By Horace Bushnell. New York. Charles Scribner & Co., 124 Grand St. 1866.

Dr. Bushnell is one of the most vigorous and original writers of the present theological generation. He writes only on living subjects, and every line he writes shows him to be intensely in earnest. He writes not for the sake of making books, nor yet does he write wholly for others; you feel all along that he is writing for himself. His books are a kind of open study, where you see not merely conclusions which he has arrived at, but where you see himself at work, and feel assured that he writes out of pure anxiety to have others study the same great subjects with him.

This book has been extensively noticed, and various opinions in regard to it have been expressed. Its ability all admit. In our opinion, it will be some time before the reviewers are done with the book. Others will review it, as some have already done, by pronouncing it dangerous to a vital doctrine of revelation, but it will not stay reviewed. The questions it discusses will come up again and ask for a better solution than they have hitherto received.

Dr. Bushnell's book is more successful in showing that the Anselmic view of the atonement is not tenable, than he is in presenting one that is. His "moral view" will not solve the problem. Why could not Dr. Bushnell read, that Christ is the "Life of Men," as well as that He is the "Moral Power of God." Why, when he often comes so near it, does he still fail to see that the substance of all atonement is in the life and person of the Godman, and that only its effects are manifested in His works, and in His moral power! With the highest respect for Dr. B's. work, and with gratitude to him for this very able and suggestive discussion, we must apply to him the same words he applies to Anselm: "Many times over in the course of his argument, he strikes the really grand, all-containing matter of the Gospel, and falls directly back as often into his theory; only half perceiving, apparently, the immense significance of what he had touched." (P. 25.)

All this book needs to make it a mighty book is a new principle—a new stand-point. But the author of it does not think so. He knows where he stands; for though this was suggested to him from the Christological mode of thinking prevalent in the Reformed Church at the appearance of his former works on "Christian Nurture" and "Nature and the Supernatural," it has not commended itself to his judgment. We come once more, and for the third time, like the ancient Sibyl, offering the same prophecy: The theory of the atonement exhibited in this book will do no better than the one so powerfully demolished in it.

But we cannot enlarge here. Let the regular quarterly reviews take hold of this great, live, good-and-bad book. Let them deal with it fairly, and thus show how good a book it is. Let them deal with it fairly, and

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thus show how bad a book it is. Let it be answered not by a wave of the hand, and the hiss of heresy, but by exhibiting more deeply and clearly the truth which underlies it and after which it struggles. The book is gotten up with good paper and fair large type, and is pleasant to read.

ESSAYS ON THE SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE THEORIES OF RENAN, STRAUSS, AND THE TUEBINGEN SCHOOL. By Rev. George P. Fisher, M. A. Prof. of Church History in Yale College. New York. Charles Scribner & Co., 124 Grand St. 1866. pp. 586.

This book is directed in general against that latest and most formidable form of learned unbelief, which assails the foundations of Christianity, whilst it professes to be laboring for a more intelligent establishment of them It is mainly a vindication of the genuineness and credibility of the New Testament histories, over against the Tübingen School, from Bauer, who is at its head, down through all its theological nurslings, who have attempted to rule every thing supernatural out of the Scriptures and out of Christianity, to the Theodore Parkerism of America. The work is constructed in part of articles before published in theological reviews, but now enlarged and combined with reference to a connected discussion of the whole subject. The author—as he himself informs us—has chiefly made use of German writers, which, since Germany has been the original theatre of these attacks on Christianity as well as of its defence, is a real recommendation of the book. He gives proof that he understands the subject, and brings to the discussion a clear, classic, and earnest mind. As those profound and plausible forms of unbelief, which have for many decades afflicted German Christianity, are beginning to reappear—in many instances as unsuspected theological originalities!—in this country, we are truly glad to see such works as this appear. Let the antidote not linger too long after the poison. In this view the book before us is worthy of all praise.

PAMPHLETS.

(*In German.*)

1. THE CIVIL WAR AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN NORTH AMERICA.

This is a pamphlet of seventy-two pages, containing an address delivered by Dr. P. Schaff in a number of German and Swiss towns and cities. It is published in Berlin. The address gives an able and faithful, patriotic and Christian picture of our late war for the Union and its results. It gave offence to some in Germany, who cherish the idea, that they are bound to hold that monarchy is the best government for all the world. After our German forefathers have for a time discussed the address in their papers, they will, perhaps, fill their pipes afresh and agree to let this young republic try its luck a little longer. Agreed!

2. THE FEARFUL CRIMES OF OUR DAY. pp. 84.

This pamphlet, by Dr. George C. Seibert, Pastor of the Third German Presbyterian Congregation in Newark, N. J., sets forth the fearful crimes of the day, and justly criticises the tolerance with which they are viewed by many public papers, and by skeptics generally. It also discusses the question of the relation of God to evil in the world generally. It is well written, and adapted to be practically useful. Published by I. Kohler, No. 202 N. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—MARCH, 1866.—No. 3.

THE UNITY AND CATHOLICITY OF COMMON PRAYER.

A discourse preached on the occasion of re-opening the Chapel in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, on the Third Sunday after Epiphany, 1866, *by Rev. Thomas G. Apple, President of the Board of Visitors.*

"Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii: 19.

The idea of Common Prayer lies in the nature and constitution of the Church as a community of believers. Two essential attributes of the Church are its Unity and Catholicity. The true idea of the Church requires that it should be one, not many, or rather that it should be many in one, a plurality in unity. Hence, in the text it is said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

We propose to consider briefly these two attributes of the Church, as they affect and control the nature of common prayer.

1. Unity, implies plurality. In the eternal, archetypical unity of the Godhead there are three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The unity here is internal—they are one in essence.

Hence, also the works of God, in all their variety and multiplicity, are one in their origin, one in their nature, and one in their end. The Church, which is the crowning perfection of God's works in our fallen world must realize this idea, which lies in its inmost constitution.

The unity of the Church consists primarily in the life of Christ, of which it is begotten, and by which it continually subsists. When the Christian Church was founded, on the day of Pentecost, the life of the arisen and glorified Redeemer was borne to the disciples by the Holy Spirit, whose special office in the work of redemption, it is to take of the things of Christ

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and show them unto His people. This divine-human life of Christ is one. It is the same in all hearts in which it dwells. The Church is the body of Christ, because it is animated by His Spirit. Hence, also the extension of the Church is an assimilating process. Material is gathered from our fallen race and incorporated into the mystical body of Christ, just as the mustard seed in its development and growth reaches out and lays hold of matter around it, air, earth, moisture, and incorporates it into the mustard tree; or as leaven attracts and assimilates the particles of meal in the midst of which it is placed. The unifying process is from within, not from without. We are not to conceive of a certain number of individuals, regenerated by the same Spirit, possessing like faith, and then brought together in an outward way, to constitute thus a community. The unity of life is nowhere of this character. It belongs to the essential character of an organism that its unifying power or principle shall come from within.

If this be the nature of the Church, it follows that all its acts and services shall partake of the same character. Prayer, as one of the highest activities of the Church, must be the expression of common wants, the offering up of common thanksgiving, the utterance of common praise. Hence, the very first prayers offered up were of this character. The principle of unity which showed itself so powerfully in Jerusalem, where the first Christians had all things in common, revealed itself also in common petitions. When Peter and John reported the result of their arrest to the disciples, it is said (Acts iv: 24), "They lifted up their voice to God *with one accord*, and said, Lord, Thou art God, which hast made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is; Who by the mouth of Thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against His Christ. For, of a truth against Thy holy child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, For to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done. And now, Lord, behold their threatenings; and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word. By stretching forth Thy hand to heal; and, that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus."

It would perhaps be somewhat unnatural to insist, as is done by some interpreters, that this was a pre-composed form of prayer already in use among the first Christians. The words rendered, "Lifted up their voice with one accord," do certainly convey the sense that the prayer was uttered audibly by all. But it must be remembered, that this was the age of special inspiration, and we may, therefore, suppose that this was an instance in which the whole body of Christians present was specially inspired. Whether this was the case, or whether this prayer is given by the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, from the material he had at hand as being substantially offered up on the occasion; it is evident that *one* prayer was offered, and this prayer expressed the common feeling of those present. It embodies their deep sense of unity—as of one Church, one communion, over against all the powers of evil that sought to overthrow that Church. It speaks forth as from the heart of Christ Himself. Forgetting themselves, they only knew that persecution was arraying itself against Christ.

That spirit of unity which expressed itself in the infant Church, as by

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special inspiration, became afterwards reflective, and wrought also from without inward, that is, the Church began to study itself, passed from the spontaneous, infantile period, to the age of self-consciousness. It is no reflection on the first Christians to say that they did not fully comprehend their own life in its mysterious depths, and that they acted, and spake, and worshipped more from inspired intuition, than from self-consciousness, thought and reflection. Childhood is thus intuitive. There is language and music in the soul of a child, before it comes to know the science of language, or of sweet sounds. Neither is it any reflection on the Church of a later period, that they possessed less of this intuitive inspiration, but had to exercise their reason in coming to a clear conception of that faith which they believed, and also in the formation of those prayers which expressed their inmost, deepest wants. Hence it is, that only in the following period we find creeds and liturgies for the use of the Church. The work of forming these creeds and liturgies, however, consisted mainly in coming to a comprehension of the faith rather than in forming it,—in learning what the mind of the Spirit which animated them was, not in forming that Spirit in their prayers.

In their public worship they had not, every one, a prayer. They did not tend to diversity, but to unity in their prayers. They *agreed* as touching those things whereof they addressed the throne of grace. There were several liturgies in use in the ancient Church, but their prayers were to a remarkable extent one. And, through all the ages down to the present time, among all nations, and in every part of the globe, there is one testimony to this sense of the unity of the Christian Church in the similarity of all truly liturgical prayers in use among all Christians. As they all pray from one Spirit, so they all pray, to a remarkable extent, in the same words, with one voice and with one accord.

This, we think, is the idea contained in the text. It is that of unity Our Saviour does not mean, of course, that every two Christians may constitute a Church, but, that the Church starts in communion—a union of members. It starts wherever there are *members* to be united by the one Spirit. And so, also, when it is added, "Wherever two or three (that is, a communion small or large, starting in two and growing in numbers), are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," the same idea is conveyed, viz: that the presence here spoken of is promised to a communion, members comprehended in unity.

This agreement is not an outward, arbitrary agreement, as though two should come together and confer as to some one thing which they would make the subject of their prayer; but it consists rather in their coming to a consciousness of the mind of the Spirit that dwells within them, and leads them to pray in unity.

The mistake of those who imagine that this unity in prayer must now be spontaneous, impromptu, as it was in the case of the Apostolic Church, consists in their failing to make the proper distinction between the nature of the inspiration then and the inspiration now. There is just the same difference that there is between the inspired teaching of the apostles and the creeds which the Church formed for itself, as embodying those inspired teachings. These latter grew into form under the guidance of the same Spirit, it is true, but of that Spirit in the way of ordinary inspiration, and

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not of that extraordinary, or special inspiration which was bestowed on the Apostolic Church.

2. The prayer of the Church must not only be *one;* it must also be *Catholic.*

If we have obtained a proper idea of the unity of the Church, it will not be difficult to form a conception of its Catholicity. Unity refers to the fact of all being brought into one by a common life-centre; Catholicity to the all-embracing character of this life. It is one as it starts from one centre; it is Catholic as it reaches out and embraces all forms of life. The Church is Catholic, in that it lays hold of and embraces in one communion, outwardly, all classes and conditions of men, inwardly, every department and sphere of human life.

In applying this to prayer, we may start the question, How can a prayer which is one for all, embrace the wants and sentiments of all? Must we not have a prayer for every denomination, for every congregation, for every Christian? Are not their wants as various as their circumstances and condition?

We reply, Christian prayer, like the life of the Church itself, aims to gather into itself that which is common to all—it tends continually to Catholicity. It is not we that pray, but the Spirit that dwells within us. The Spirit that utters itself in common prayer, is a Spirit that dwells not only in you and me, but in all Christians.

Is there then a language which all can speak, which will be the prayer of all, as expressing the thoughts and feelings of all? Most certainly there is. The Church has been concerned in every age to know what this language is, and it is continually finding it. The creed is Catholic. All unite in repeating it. Roman, Greek and Protestant can repeat it. It is one, not many; yet it comprehends the faith, and speaks forth the faith of all. It is one holy, Catholic faith. So, also, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the *Te Deum*, the *Litany*, are Catholic. Who that is a Christian cannot find his thoughts and feelings expressed in them? Who that is a Christian cannot join in singing the Gloria, or the Te Deum, and in praying the Litany?

The prayers of the Church continually struggle towards Catholicity in unity, that is, to comprehend all Christian thanksgiving, all adoration, all wants, in common forms.

That is the best prayer which can be prayed by the most, and which is common to all. In this consists the matchless excellence of the Lord's Prayer. It stands alone, because it came directly from the lips of the blessed Saviour Himself. It is adapted to all times and circumstances. We prayed it to-day in the service of Holy Baptism.* We use it at confirmation, at the Holy Communion, in the marriage service, in the chamber of the sick and dying, at the grave. It is uttered by the lips of childhood and of old age. Always and every where it is proper, because it is a Catholic prayer.

Yet, how generally the idea prevails in our day, that that prayer is the best public, or common prayer which partakes least of this character. That prayer is considered best which is most intensely personal, which exhibits

* An infant child of Dr. Harbaugh was baptized in the Chapel just before the sermon.

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most individuality of thought and expression, which makes the most local references. Such a prayer is regarded as fresh and original, and as having the best guarantee, therefore, that it comes from the heart; and yet, what *agreement* is there in such a prayer? In what sense can it be said, when it is offered up, that the members in one communion have *agreed* to unite in it? We urge not that it must necessarily be a pre-composed prayer (though it is difficult to see how the people can join in it with just the same comfort and profit otherwise), but, that it shall be framed and uttered according to the general mind of the Spirit which dwells in the Church, and not according to the individual peculiarities of him who offers it for the people.

Why then is there not one prayer for the whole Church? Why in all the common offices of public worship—in baptism, in confirmation, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, &c., is there not one form of words for all? Because the Church itself has not yet realized its own Catholicity. There is a song of praise which will embrace the songs of the ages. We are hastening toward it. There is a prayer which will gather up into itself the burden of all prayers. We are praying towards it. In heaven, the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, unite in saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." There they all unite in singing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name."

It seems scarcely necessary before this audience to notice the objections that are usually offered to common prayer in pre-composed forms. It is objected, that *these forms are the prayers of other men.* But this is their excellence, that *we* have not made them in our separate, isolated capacity, but, that they come to us as expressing the mind of the Church, of which we are only members. Their excellence consists not in the fact that particular men composed them, but in this, that those who framed them gave expression to the general Spirit which lives and dwells in the Church. We all understand how it is, that a poem expresses our deepest feelings, our heart-thoughts, because our common humanity speaks in its numbers. We all know how dear are those sacred hymns, which are thus most Catholic in their nature,—hymns which bear up in them common joys and common sorrows. Is not the same true also of prayers which are thus the true voice of the Spirit?

It is objected, that such prayers come from the lips, not from the heart. But who will thus constitute himself my judge when I pray these prayers? Who will say, when I repeat the Lord's Prayer, that it is only a lip-service, that my heart does not go out in the petitions? Who will say, when I repeat the Apostles' Creed in worship, that it is not a true profession of my faith, but only an empty form, yea, worse, a solemn mockery. "Judge not, that *ye* be not judged." This objection must be an uncharitable assumption, unless there is something in using a form of prayer which in itself prevents the heart from being engaged. But this cannot be, for the same objection would equally hold against singing the words of our hymns. The only alternative, therefore, is to suppose that this objection is only a prejudice arising from being accustomed to pray in one particular form,

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just as one who had been accustomed all his life to kneeling in prayer, might object that there can be no true devotion in offering a prayer standing.

Another objection is, that these prayers cannot so well apply to particular times and circumstances. This objection must find its answer in what has already been said in regard to the Catholicity of prayer—especially of those prayers which are offered up by the people in common.

But to pray aright, according to any form, it is necessary that the heart should be right. It requires that we should live and move in the Catholic spirit of the Church. In any case we can join in Christian prayer with profit, only when we are united livingly to the mystical body of Christ. Then only can we feel the pulsations of that heart which sends forth its currents of life and love to all believers.

* * * * * * * * * *

By these opening services this Chapel is set apart as a place of prayer and praise. It has long been a hallowed place. For more than a quarter of a century it has been used as a place of prayer in this institution. The form of the honored President of Marshall College, now rises up before me, as he used to lead the devotions of the institution in years past In the early morning, and when the sun was declining towards yonder mountain-tops, here we sang and here we prayed. Many that united in these devotions have grown old in the service of the Church,—some have gone to join the Church above, where prayer is turned into praise.

This hall has been beautifully fitted up, not to invite the Divine Presence, not to be more worthy of that presence, but to distinguish it from other rooms in this seminary, to express your regard and reverence for the place where prayer is wont to be made. It is fitting that the place where God is worshipped should stand thus sacredly apart from all common places. The promise is given, that where two or three are met together in the name of Christ, He will be in the midst of them.

In the name of the Board of Visitors, to whom are intrusted the oversight of this Seminary, I congratulate you in the conclusion of this good undertaking. I commend the feeling which inspired the thought of thus adorning this hall of prayer. In the name of the Board, I affectionately and earnestly urge upon you the high importance of this part of your work and duty as theological students—as candidates for the holy ministry. Here, all your daily pursuits, sacred as they are, receive their crowning glory. Here they daily and weekly receive that inspiration which will preserve them from becoming a mere exercise of the intellect,—here, they receive their consecration. May you evermore find here that presence which is more than the Shekinah of old,—a light which shines now, not with outward brightness, but which brings grace, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, to all true and humble worshippers.

When Henry the Great, of France, was advised to proceed with rigor against some disaffected towns, which had fallen into his hands, he replied: "The gratification which may be derived from revenge is but momentary, while the pleasure of forgiveness is everlasting.

Reader! is not this reply worth remembering, and putting into practice in the affairs of everyday life?

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THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We wish to present some thoughts on the necessity of moral Christian nurture in schools. Our article will take the shape of a plea for the continued use of the Holy Scriptures in our Public Schools.

The importance of retaining the use of the Bible in our schools will readily appear to each one, from the considerations, that if it be excluded there remains no other hope of preserving any religious element in them. If proscription be once written upon the green tree of the living truth, who can hope for any thing of more particular detail in the way of religious instruction. If this heir be killed, it is easy to see what course the inheritance will take. Hence it is felt by the friends of the Common School system, who are at the same time in favor of retaining religious influence and instruction in schools as far as it can be done, that the only way in which a religious power can be preserved in our present educational system, is in the retention of the Bible.

Friends of education have been led, no doubt honestly, and with good motives, to object to the use of the Bible in Schools. We ought to weigh their objections, and if possible to meet them.

1. It has been said that the moral views, and the moral nature of children ought to be left to unfold themselves in a way perfectly free, and without prescription or restraint. That to suffer them, or to urge them to imbibe the moral precepts of the Bible is to forestall their minds, and to bias them toward moral ideas, in regard to which they ought to be left free, till their judgments are sufficiently developed to enable them to judge for themselves. This, we beg leave to say, would put an end to all instruction: and would entirely cut off the right and duty of one person to influence another in favor of what he regards as good and useful. If those who are oldest and wisest in the community may not bias the younger in a moral point of view, it would be equally wrong for them to do so in a physical and intellectual way. There would thus be an end of the very idea of instruction in all its forms, and even social laws and social duties would have to be regarded as profane and injurious.

Besides all this, the conception is an utter impossibility. We do bias each other. The wise do bias the ignorant—the good bias the good—the evil bias the evil; and all this is done silently, and under the power of those laws of social interdependence from which no one can be free. Even withholding the Bible from children and from schools is biasing them negatively—is to defraud the hearts of the young of moral views and feelings which they would otherwise have. Ought we not, to say the least, tremble as much in taking the responsibility in one direction as in the other. Here are children before us: You say I shall not bias their minds by giving them the Bible. Then I turn round to you and say, you shall not bias

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their minds by withholding it from them. How plain it is that, on this ground, no argument against the use of the Bible in schools can be based.

2. It is sometimes said, that they cannot understand it. We answer: They cannot understand it theologically, but they can practically. They cannot understand the mysteries which are revealed in it (neither can the *archangel*), but they can understand that they *are revealed*. They cannot fathom its depths and scale its heights, but they can feel its unction, inspiring their hearts with reverence, and that salutary fear which will do more to make them orderly and earnest students than threats or promises. The Bible is beautifully adapted to all capacities; it is, says an old writer, like a stream in which a lamb can wade and an elephant swim.

Its very language is child-like, and wonderfully attracts the infant mind. Have you ever considered how it reveals the deepest truths in monosyllables which children can understand? For instance:

"God said, Let there be light, and there was light." "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

This all can understand. It is just the language in which moral instruction for children ought to be clothed.

In these days, however, there is a mighty itching after big words; and as in fashions many do not like to wear what is comfortable, so they do not like to hear or read what they can understand. Hence, instead of the simple beauty of the Scripture passage, "the heights and the depths, the length and the breadth," we have "the latitude, and the longitude, the altitude, and the profundity."

3. It is sometimes feared that reading the Bible, and having its impressions made upon the youthful heart, might pervert it, or lead the child to pervert the truth.

That moral truth which lies on the surface, and which the child can alone understand, cannot pervert it. It is only in those investigations, which are carried into the more abstruse regions of revelation, where there is any danger of perversion, either to the truth, or to the mind of him who studies it. The Prophets, the Saviour, and the Apostles spake the truths which are now written in the presence of children, without fear of evil consequences. Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child; and in the Old Testament they were commanded to teach God's revelation to their children, and to speak of them when they lay down and rose up, when they were in the house and by the way.

4. Some have thought that reading the Bible in schools is to profane it. That the familiarity destroys all respect for it; and, that it has a tendency to create in after-life a feeling of distaste, and even of disgust for it. Never was any idea more false. The direct reverse is true.

Are not those things which were most common, and most familiar to us in our childhood, the dearest to us now, and the most cherished by us? When we, after years of absence, return to the dear scenes which our infancy knew, how strong and affecting are those feelings awakened in our

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bosoms by the smallest and most trifling things. Every tree, every stump, and every stone preaches to us silently, till we stand and weep.

A similar feeling is bound up with our associations in reference to those passages so often read from the Bible in our school-boy days. Many of us know this from experience. The Scriptures, when we read them now, have a new glow of warmth, and a new power of attraction, because they connect our present life, deep in our memories, with childhood's happy, happy days.

Reading the Bible in School, make it tasteless and profanely familiar! As well might we argue the same of love to a mother. No, there is a light and a love in which all things are sacred—it is in the light and love of those impressions which are made upon our memories in childhood. What was sacred to us then, is sacred to us ever. In the language of one who knew far better how to preach than to practise, we may pray:

> Long, long be my heart with such memories filled;
> Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Finally: Its best effects are only revealed after school-days are past. The full harvest of benefits is only gathered after many days,—when the boy is a man, and the girl a woman. When they, standing upon life's summit, look back, and exclaim, with a feeling which can only then be known, "Alas! childhood and youth are vanity!" Then the precious and sacred treasures which memory has gathered remain to instruct, comfort and bless. This may be inferred from the nature of memory. It is not only most active then, but also most faithful in holding what was then impressed upon it. This season of great fruitfulness, is the time to gather and lay up for the barren years that follow, when not only memory, but flesh and heart also begin to fail.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth is the foundation of virtue. An habitual regard for it is necessary. He who walks by the light of it, has the advantage of the mid-day sun; he who would spurn it, goes amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a man strengthens his own judgment, and acquires respect in society so surely, as by a scrupulous regard to truth. The course of such an individual is right on, and straight on. He is not changing, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain landmark to the pilot: he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbor safely. On the contrary one who despises truth and loves falsehood, is like a pilot that takes a piece of drift-wood for his landmark, which changes with every changing wave. On this he fixes his attention, and being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more. Thus truth brings success; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.—*Channing.*

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THE BLUE JUNIATA.

BY C. C.

Duty and inclination have frequently taken us along the Juniata, during the past ten years. On these various occasions we fell in with travelling companions, representing almost every type and shade of human character. But while they differed on almost every other topic, it was interesting to observe with what unanimity they lavished their encomiums upon the scenery through which we were passing. And when we came to examine the elements of that universal sentiment of admiration, we found that a simple ballad, of some unknown bard, had contributed more than all other causes combined to throw a peculiar charm around every thing pertaining to the river and the valley of the Juniata.

Not the stirring events of the early settlement of this romantic region, as portrayed so graphically by U. J. Jones and others, not the matchless beauty of the natural scenery, so much as that creation of poetic fancy in the song of "The Blue Juniata," had brought about this grand result. With all its apparent fictitious sentimentality, there is much in the song and legend of the wild, roving Indian girl, that touches the heart, like the sweet strains of some half-forgotten melody of our childhood.

The "Blue Juniata" always recalls for us not only touching memories of the departed race of red men, but the voice and features of dear departed friends, who in by-gone days sweetly sang the "gay mountain song of bright Alfarata." We recently noticed an incident of Sherman's grand march in the papers, which we deem worthy of being repeated in this connection:—

On a beautiful summer night, when the great captain was sweeping through Georgia, "smashing things to the sea," as he quietly sat in front of his tent, his ear caught the faint strains of a favorite melody, which one of the bands was playing in the distance. He listened, with increasing delight; and as the last echoes of the music were borne away on the evening breeze, he quickly despatched an orderly to request a repetition of the piece. It was repeated several times by the band, and then taken up by the men at the camp-fires, was borne, with the greatest enthusiasm, from hill-top to hill-top, till late at night. Do you ask what melody produced such a thrilling effect upon the great chieftain and his war-worn veterans? It was the song of the "Blue Juniata" of which we have been speaking, and a *response* to which we now presume to give the readers of the GUARDIAN, in compliance with the wishes of several friends.

If the perusal of these imperfect stanzas afford but a moiety of the innocent enjoyment occasioned by the famous ballad to which they refer, we will cheerfully submit to all the reproach of the critics.

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A RESPONSE TO THE "BLUE JUNIATA."

Written in the summer of 1865, *while travelling along that "peerless little river."*

The Indian girl has ceased to rove
Along the winding river;
The warrior Brave that won her love,
Is gone, with bow and quiver.

The valley rears another race,
Where flows the Juniata;
There maidens rove, with paler face
Than that of Alfarata.

Where pine trees moan her requiem wail,
And blue waves too are knelling,
Through mountain gorge and fertile vale,
A louder note is swelling.

A hundred years have rolled around,
The Red man has departed,
The hills give back a wilder sound
Than warrior's whoop ere started.

With piercing neigh, the iron steed
Now sweeps along the waters,
And bears, with more than wild-deer speed,
The white man's sons and daughters.

The products, too, of every clime
Are borne along the river,
Where roved the Brave, in olden time,
With naught but bow and quiver.

And swifter than the arrow's flight,
From trusty bow and quiver,
The messages of love and light
Now speed along the river.

The engine and the telegraph
Have wrought some wondrous changes,
Since rang the Indian maiden's laugh
Among the mountain ranges.

'Tis grand to see what art hath done,
The world is surely wiser;
What triumphs white man's skill hath won
With steam, the civilizer.

But still, methinks, I'd rather hear
The song of Alfarata—
Had rather chase the fallow deer
Along the Juniata.

For fondly now my heart esteems
This Indian's song and story;
Yea, grander far old nature seems,
Than art in all its glory.

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Roll on, thou classic Keystone stream,
Thou peerless little river,
Fulfil the poet's brightest dream,
And be a joy forever.

As generations come and go,
Each one their part repeating,
Thy waters keep their constant flow,
Still down to ocean fleeting.

And while thy blue waves seek the sea,
Thou lovely Juniata,
Surpassing sweet thy name shall be,
For sake of Alfarata.

THE MISERY OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Would you like to learn a secret? We will tell you one. If you wish to feel well in body and in soul, perform well the work intrusted to your care.

A good mechanic retires not from his labor in the evening until his shop is all put in order. The good cook does not feel right, on going to bed, if she has left her kitchen in a bad plight. The farmer must know that his stock has all been properly attended to, if he wishes to sleep well. So of every other business or profession. He who leaves work undone that should have been done, and retires to bed followed and haunted by unfinished business, will find himself doomed to care on his couch, and work in his dreams.

See you a careworn-looking man, who goes about as the Germans say, "muttering into his beard." Be sure his careworn appearance is not so much the effect of much work done, as it is the secret of much work *not* done. Who can be cheerful, calmly respect himself, and feel as if he had a right to live and be happy, but he who does his proper work, does it promptly, and does it well? He who attempts to be happy, walking away from neglected work, is as one who goes through a field of thorns—they pull, and prick, and hinder, and annoy him on all sides, and in every step of the way.

There are two classes of persons who have never learned this secret. Let me describe to you, an individual of each class.

1. There is Mr. Oneway. He is not an idle man, but rather loves to be busy; but he has favorite duties. Though he is a member of the Church, and has great respect for all matters of religion, he is rather worldly in his turn of heart and mind. He has too much grace, however, to be wholly in the world, and too little to be wholly in the Church. The consequence is, he attends to his worldly duties well, and to his Church duties badly. But, mark it, he is constantly chiding himself about his want of attention to his obligations to the Church. He is a very unhappy man. Unfinished

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business haunts him day by day. He painfully feels, on each serious review of his manner of living, that he is busy only outside of, and away from the true path of life. He carries with him an abiding restlessness and self-reproof. He can find no nook for perfect quiet. No evening hour, no hallowed day of rest, no wooing of peace enables him to feel as if his work were done. There is no cure for his unrest, except deliverance from unfinished business, and the only way to get clear of that is to finish it.

2. Quite different from his case is that of Mr. Noway. The fact is he is an idle man. He is reluctant to do any thing. Like a certain animal, he always moves with an inward groan of pain. He never does any thing he ought to do, until he is pushed into it by the urgent claims and demands of the work itself. He does as little as it is possible for him to do. He is perfectly overwhelmed with unfinished business; and though wonderfully phlegmatic, *he has a conscience!* This is his perpetual tormentor. He is never free from its chidings. Even when he is not clearly conscious of neglect of duty, he has a kind of half-conscious sense of it. He feels it just enough to make and keep him uneasy. What a life! There can be no greater bondage—no more absolute slavery.

Let these two examples be studied by all those who are restless, without knowing what is wrong in their own case. Here is a picture of the true ground of their unrest.

How hard is it to labor when one is all the time pushed by unfinished work. There is no satisfaction in such labor. How different is the case when one is always well ahead with his duties. He feels like a master. He works as one who feels a power in himself. With what self-respect and cheerful assurance he moves along in his duties, and with what absence of care he rests when rest is necessary, or the time for rest appears.

We are fully convinced, that one half of the irritableness, moodiness, and unhappiness of men, is the result purely, of their carelessness or unfaithfulness in not attending promptly and vigorously to their duties—duties they themselves acknowledge, but fail to perform. How can they feel satisfied with themselves, when there has been an absence of every thing that can be remembered with satisfaction?

Is there not a law as sure in its operations as any law can be, that rest can only be enjoyed after actual labor—victory, after real conflict—the crown after the cross; and must not, by the same law, satisfaction with ourself depend on the consciousness of work promptly, steadily, and well done? Yea, it is so. If there be a law in our nature that rest is sweet to enjoy after labor, there is just as surely a law in our nature, that our heart will feel an indescribable satisfaction after our work is well and faithfully done.

In view of all this, let it not be forgotten, that our habits are formed in youth. If promptness in duty be not then cultivated—if conscientious faithfulness to committed work and reposed trusts be not then cultivated, it is not likely to be done in later life. Can an Ethiopian change his skin, or a leopard his spots? Can one who has dragged and droned through youth ever make a prompt and faithful man? It may perhaps sometimes be the case, but how seldom!

No one can form this kind of irresponsible, unfaithful, and careless habit in youth, and yet maintain his own self-respect; and when self-

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respect is gone, or reduced to a low grade, there is an end to energy, an end to improvement, and consequently an end to success in life. The freshness and vigor of action are gone, and life soon becomes a mere play of forces, a meaningless, aimless perplexity, rather to be tolerated than enjoyed.

Be faithful if you would be happy. Labor, if you would be cheerful. Do your duty promptly, if you would maintain your own self-respect. Make your life useful, and it will be vigorous, fresh, cheerful and happy.

YOUNG MEN ON FARMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Great changes have taken place in our country within the last twenty years. Greatly have the circumstances and the condition of society changed; and in no other sphere has the change been so marked as among the farming community.

Farmers are in all respects more independent than they were twenty years ago. Their progress in wealth, though sure and safe, was tedious and slow. Few made money, and those who did make, made only little year by year, and made that only by the strictest economy. The reason of this was, partly, that prices of produce were low, and partly, because the farming land was not so well under cultivation, and did not yield as much as it is made to do now. The farmer knew where his money came from in those days, and valued it accordingly.

This had its effects upon the minds, hearts and habits of the entire class. What it costs us much toil to get, we very naturally like to keep. It was not difficult for economy to pass over into penuriousness, or at least to prevent the growth of a large-hearted, generous and liberal disposition. This result, in fact, manifested itself in many cases.

Things have changed. Farms are thoroughly cleared out, and greatly improved. They are provided with the convenient improvements of the day, and stocked with those various labor-expediting and labor-saving inventions which have of late years so greatly relieved farmers of many onerous burdens. Farmers themselves have improved in the art of farming, so that crops are more sure and more abundant. Markets are nearer than they used to be. Prices are far more remunerative. In one word, farmers are prospering.

This also has its effect on mind, heart and habit. As money comes in faster and easier, it is not so firmly held. The spirit of liberality, and public spirit, increases with an increase of wealth; so that some of the finest specimens of large-heartedness and public spirit are now found among farmers. As this portion of the community grows independent, and is by virtue of labor-saving inventions relieved of much hard and tedious toil, it is natural that the higher interests of human life should receive increased attention on their part.

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Results of this kind are always appearing. Higher education is far more appreciated among farmers than it was twenty years ago. Our colleges and seminaries of learning are being patronized as never before. Where one farm was represented at college, ten are represented now. Fathers and mothers, instead of being reluctant to send their sons to college, are now anxious that they should go, and in many cases urge them to do so. The expense, which was formerly regarded as a burden—and often was such in reality—is now easily and cheerfully borne. These young men, who are thus moving forward in the work of higher education, exert an elevating and refining influence back upon the families and the communities to which they belong.

What is still more, those young men from the country and from the farms enter upon the severe life of study with robust constitutions. No feeble minds in sickly bodies do they bring. This kind of material is not worn out and effete. This kind of mind is rich and vigorous; and when properly roused, regulated and set forward, it moves with giant strides up the difficult hill of science. As the stunted and sickly tree by the curb, or in some city park, differs from the full-orbed and vigorous tree in some country woods, so do the young men that come from our farms, differ from those who come from towns and cities. Their college course is not likely to break them down in health. Instead of preparing them for the grave, it will prepare them for the heavy and responsible labor and mission of life.

What a rich mine of unquarried intellectual wealth exists in the rising young men on our farms. The rivers of oil, and the beds of coal, or even the veins of gold, which have been struck and opened, all over the land, are not to be compared in value with this far richer mine of wealth. Let but this gold of mind, this wealth of intellectual capacity, be brought out by means of thorough Christian education, and then only will be seen what a power has lain dormant among us.

True farming is itself an honorable and useful calling; and those who with right views and aims pursue this calling, can well and properly glorify God and serve their generation. Yet, there are many young men on our farms who have clearly and fairly a call to still higher and nobler work. There are public spheres in State and Church to be filled. There is high and solemn work to do in schools, in state and national councils, in editorial chairs, in the medical and legal profession, and especially in the pulpit and at the altar of the Lord. Never did the field seem to be either wider or riper than at just the present time. The country wants—the Church wants, earnest, honest, vigorous scholars—men of sturdiness and standing, men of just that social and firm character, possessed generally by young men that come from the rural districts. Let them come forth by scores, and assume the responsibilities which Providence has so clearly prepared for them.

Time has been,—as we have already intimated,—when parents on farms were only with difficulty induced to give their sons a college education. That this is no more the case, is a fact in which young men have reason to rejoice. Hundreds who have gone before have found a college course to be indeed "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." We congratulate the young men of the present generation on their better fortune, and the more generous times into which their lot has fallen. If they fail amid

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such privileges to meet the full measure of their responsibilities, they deserve to "be beaten with many stripes."

Up, ye young men! The State and the Church, men and God, call you! This is no world—this is no age for idleness, or low pursuits. Act promptly, act earnestly, act manfully, in this moving and stirring age. Hasten to find your calling and your worth. The field is before you. God and men will favor and help him who is in earnest; and sweet will be rest when your work has been well, and bravely, and piously done.

THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY, BUT GRIND FINE.

From the German of W. D. Von Horn,

BY REV. U. H. HEILMAN.

The German proverb frequently loves to choose a real old simile, but the truth and power in it is, that it always selects them from the sphere of life and experience, and that it ever strikes the nail on the head, in an energetic and intelligible manner.

We all know how rapidly and incessantly, the wheels in the mill run, when a sufficient stream flows upon the water-wheel—how the stones grasp the grains, how they break the shells, and, then grind them, in the mysterious darkness of the millwork, grind them into meal, and, how that they only then, are truly useful for the purposes for which God has allowed them to grow. That we know all, and thus the sense of the proverb becomes intelligible to us.

"*The mills of God*"—That is, His silent and mysterious ruling in human hearts and human lives, as mysterious, but as certain a process in the heart and in the life, as in the sphere of nature, where it forces the buds from trees, deadened by winter, and causes them to unfold into leaves, blossoms and fruit; without our knowing how it comes to pass, and the wisest of the wise not being able to tell, however much they may speculate about it.

"*The mills of God grind,*" yea, truly! They grind so silently that we hear not the play of the wheels, and see not the stream that moves them, and the stones which they set into motion. They grind. Have you not lived to see how a hardened villain, suddenly caves in—how remorse and despair seize him in his wicked life, he not knowing how and whence? The mills of God grind! Or have you not lived to see how a rich and riotous man has been chastened through misfortune—how another is thrown upon a bed of sickness—how a third was stricken with poverty—and, how a fourth is unsuccessful with every thing, until unutterable woe and sorrow come upon him, and he is unable, even with burning tears, to quench the fires of remorse that burn within him, and how nothing can calm the

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worm gnawing at his heart? The mills of God grind! Or have you not lived to see it, how one is hurled down from the giddy height upon which, like a peacock, he had lifted himself, into the darkness out of which he came?

"The mills of God grind," but they "*grind slowly*"—not as human feelings pass over in a storm of passion, revenge, hatred, or other incurable passions. They grind slowly, unconsciously and mysteriously in the conscience, until it is aroused, until it awakens from the sleep of sin, and until anguish becomes keen, and swells into an unquenchable horror and fear.

They grind slowly. First the shell, the external house of the so-called prosperity, falls into nothing. If this does not suffice, the stones grasp the inner grain and grind it. Or, have you never studied those holy histories, where the mills of God have seized and ground men and nations, because they did not turn to Him? Yet of that we do not desire to know any thing! Well! Have you not thought of it, how, in the course of your own life, and before your own eyes, the mills of God ground? Perhaps in the case of Napoleon—until ambition was crushed.

That was a slow grinding—but *fine*, wholly, truly! Or, do you think they do not grind, because you do not see the grinding—perhaps in your own case? Man, do not deceive thyself, God is not mocked. Even in your case, they grind slowly. Well it will be, if you mark it in time.

One thing more. The mills of God grind slowly, but always grind fine. They do not grind for the purpose of crushing. The mills only grind the grains into meal, that they may the better serve the purposes of God. Behold, so the mills of God, grind in life, that we may be made better, that we may be better qualified, for the end that God has laid up for us, that we may be sanctified in our inner life, and be made citizens of the kingdom of God. Blessed is he who is experiencing in his own life, the grinding of the mills of God.

Nulla crux—nulla corona.

ONE HAND WASHES THE OTHER.

From the German.

BY U. H. H.

Thus we say when one villain helps the other out of a difficulty, and many a man repeats the proverb, after having done a little favor. Pshaw! Truly, that is not the import of the proverb. Think of it for a little time, when you wash your hands, you may move one of them through every part of the water and yet it will not become clean. The other hand must wash, and rub and press it, then it will be made clean.

What does this teach us? This,—one who stands alone, without the faithful aid of his neighbors, will not be able to accomplish any thing. But when they say, "Wait neighbor, I will come and assist," the one hand

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washes the other. But how when your neighbor needs your assistance? why then your hand must help to wash his, and all will go well and happily. Understandest? The good Lord will have it that we assist and help each other with the gifts we have received. Thus shall one hand wash the other.

When avarice and covetousness apply the proverb, it comes from the school of Satan; for then avarice and covetousness, expect the assistance of an elephant for the help of a fly. And must you seek help, and the villain say, yes, but one hand washes the other? Friend take to the door and fly; for he will entangle you as the spider does the fly, only letting it fall after he has drawn out of it the life-blood. Guard thyself, or thou wilt fare no better.

If any one has served you well and unselfishly, write it into your heart—one hand washes the other—and do not be an ungrateful man, as there are some in all positions and places, who forget what things an honest man of God has done, and how he has drawn them amid embarrassment.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

The English word *Lent*, the same as the German *Lentz*, is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and means *spring*. Lent is the spring-fast, or the long fast that comes in the spring of the year. In the Roman Catholic Church, the most remarkable feature of the season, when the earth is wont to arise from her bed of ice, wash her face and put on her new, beautiful garments, was and still is, the contemplation of sin—sin as laid upon the heart of the blessed Saviour, and sin, as living and working in our own hearts—accompanied with partial abstinence from food, and acts of charity. This idea governed the services of the Church. It filled the minds of old and young. It influenced family and social life. Hence it came that the ruling notion of spring was that of a period of humiliation, penitence and fasting; and the old English name for the season, a part of the natural year, was applied to the spiritual work, or to the season of fasting, prescribed by the Church, a part of the ecclesiastical year.

According to Richardson, Wachter enumerates four different etymologies of the word *lent:* 1, from *length*, because at this season of spring the days *lengthen;* 2, from *lenitas*, because then the air becomes mild, or *lenient;* 3, from *glentzen*, to shine or glisten, because it is the most brilliant or beautiful season; 4, from the Dut. *lenten*, to dissolve, because the severity of winter is then dissolved.

This solemn fast begins forty-six days before Easter, on the middle day of the week, Wednesday, when it was customary, in ancient times, to sprinkle *ashes* on the heads of those who were sentenced, by the Church, to do penance. From this ancient custom, the day is called Ash-Wednes-

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day—a name which the day still retains, although the custom is no longer in vogue.

Sunday is always a festival, never a fast, because it is the weekly celebration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Easter is the anniversary of the resurrection. It is *the* Sunday on which, once a year, the Church celebrates the victory of all victories—the day on which the Church, the body of Christ, triumphs in Christ, and with Christ, over death and hell. Each succeeding first day of the week, or Sunday, is a memorial of Easter triumph and Easter joy. For this reason the six Sundays, occurring during the season of Lent, are not counted as fast days, but only the six days, or the working days, of each week. Thus, from Ash-Wednesday to Saturday, before Easter, we get a period of forty days of humiliation, fasting and prayer.

The great Reformation of the sixteenth century was a protest, not against the right and the true, but against the wrong and the false, in the Roman Catholic Church. It sought to retain the truth in the form of sound doctrine and godly living, and to reject only errors in doctrine and Church government, and the evil which had attached itself to customs which, in themselves, are good and proper. The idea of the Trinity, of the incarnation of the Son of God, and of the resurrection on the third day, underlie and pervade the life of the Protestant no less than that of the Roman Catholic Church. So do regeneration, repentance, faith and worship. Faith in the resurrection of Christ is Protestant as well as Romish. Sorrow for sin, and the penitent contemplation of our Lord dying on the cross, are Protestant as well as Romish. So is the devout observance of Easter and Good Friday; and so is suitable preparation, by humiliation and prayer, for such observances.

The Reformed Church does not protest against the necessity of self-recollection, of reflection on the fall, on depravity, on broken resolutions and personal unworthiness and guilt. She does not protest against the penitent confession of sin and the believing contemplation of the sufferings of Christ; nor against the necessity and propriety of preparing the mind and heart for the awful grandeur of the Cross and the Resurrection. The Reformed Church only protests against the external rules and regulations which the Church of Rome prescribes for the observance of Lent, and against the abuses of the season, which have grown up in the course of time and receive her sanction.

The Reformed Church neither commands nor prohibits the observance of Lent. The great festival of Easter has been solemnly observed during the entire period of her history in Europe, and in America, also, by the large majority of her congregations. The custom is formally acknowledged and approved, by Classes and Synods, as being proper and important. A custom prevailing for so long a time, and in nearly all her congregations, has come to have the force of law—of law in fact, though not in form. This law is the existence of a general judgment among ministers and laymen, that warrants and sanctions the formal celebration of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead.

Lent is the period of preparation for Easter, and bears the same relation to the celebration of Easter that the advent season bears to the celebration of Christmas. To celebrate Christmas properly, it is necessary to contemplate, in advance, various facts connected with and bearing upon the In-

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carnation. The hearts of the people are thus fitted to rejoice with the true joy of an intelligent faith in the Word made flesh, when Christmas morning ushers in the anniversary of the Son of God as the babe of Bethlehem. In like manner does Easter involve the propriety of Lent. To say the least, the profound regard and earnest love of the Reformed Church for the festival of Easter, would not endure the prohibition of Lent. On the contrary, this regard and love for Easter implies a corresponding regard, though not developed nor expressed, for the season set apart for humiliation, fasting and prayer. Whether generally observed at present or not, is of no account. It is generally felt that an inward and close connection exists between Easter and Lent. The faith which leads to the formal celebration of the one, begets a sense of the propriety of the other. And in the course of time this connection will manifest itself. The slumbering sense of propriety will develop itself in practice.

No law will be enacted requiring the observance of Lent. No specific regulations will be adopted in regard to abstinence from particular kinds of food. Just as there is no law commanding the observance of Christmas, Good-Friday and Easter. There is a deeper force at work in the Church than any external rule could be. That force is true faith in the person of Christ, as the sum and life of Christianity—faith in the birth, death, resurrection and ascension of Christ as the essential constituents of the Gospel. In the degree that such true faith in Christ and His Church strikes its roots deeper into the general mind, will the existing connection between Easter and Lent—between the celebration of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord and a season of humiliation and prayer—be seen and acknowledged.

Such, at least, is the legitimate tendency of an enlightened and living faith. The season of Lent is an integral part of the Church year. It belongs to that order of human life which is governed and pervaded by the life of Christ.

THOUGHTS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the creed the article of Christ's suffering follows immediately upon the article of His birth: "Born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate." This is strictly according to the order of events as they actually occurred in the life of our adorable Saviour.

Two reasons appear why His sufferings and His birth are thus brought together in the Creed:

1. His entering into our nature in the way of conception and birth involved suffering. He was holy, and our nature, which He through His conception and birth assumed, was a fallen and depraved nature; and hence the union must bring Him into contact with the penalties and pains incident to that nature which He assumed. The true human nature in Him could not be assumed out of the false nature, the depraved nature, the un-

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nature without such conflict, struggle, and severely contested victory as must have carried suffering with it. The pure could not come out of the impure without the spiritual throes of a birth.

2. His sufferings actually *began* immediately upon His birth. As we, whom He came by His holy life, to lift out of our death and misery, are born in sin, so He had to begin His life by feeling our sorrows pressing upon His holy life. He had to carry His own holy divine-human life through the burden, the penalty, and the pains which were inherent in that human life which He assumed; for He was made of a woman, made *under the law*.

Thus, then, for a double reason may we say, as in one breath: born—suffered. This being the true relation of His birth to His sufferings, it is highly important that in all our meditations upon the sufferings of Christ, we should keep in mind this significant fact—and connect His sufferings with His birth.

This, we think, is often overlooked by Christians, both in their theological and practical contemplations of our Saviour's passion. There is a disposition in our minds and hearts to make *all* His sufferings—at least all those in which we are interested for the purposes of faith and salvation—cluster around the close of His life. It is true His sufferings there reached their *highest* point—they *ended* there in an intensity of anguish and agony which an archangel cannot fathom! But they did not *begin* there—they were not *all* there.

His closing sufferings were not only intense, but also *crowded* together. They came treading upon each other. The garden—the Judgment hall—the cross!—It was wo upon wo! Herein lies the reason why the meditations of our hearts settle there. No wonder that we, impelled by a peculiar tenderness of love, choose the mournful shades of Gethsemane—follow Him as He is scourged, and bears His cross—and, when we behold it erected bow in its shades, and with humble gratefulness sing,

"Here will I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears."

What a width, what a depth, what a power has here the stream of our Saviour's love! But to sit and view from this point only, and not connect this with the past, would be like sitting upon the bank of a mighty river just where it pours into the ocean, and suppose that we take in by that view all that belongs to the stream. Such a view would be very inadequate. We must rather follow the stream back into all its branches and primary tributaries, by the combined force of which alone the stream receives its volume at that point, where it pours its aggregated flood into the grand ocean.

This is a natural mistake. When a friend of ours dies, our deepest sympathies are enlisted by those sufferings which cluster around his last hours; and after that friend has gone to where they weep no more, and we, in those hours which memory consecrates to the departed, call him to mind, and think of the sufferings from which he is so happily released, we find that to us it seems as if all that he suffered was in connection with the last struggle—all our thoughts of his sufferings cluster around the death scene.

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But is this a just, a full, a true picture? Certainly not. Could all the sufferings of his whole previous life, as they extend back to his cradle, be gathered into the same space of time, how vastly greater their sum!

In like manner we have an inadequate picture of our Saviour's sufferings, when we confine them, in our meditations, to his last hours.

In our most excellent symbol—the Heidelburg Catechism—we are rightly instructed on this point. Here we are asked the question: "What dost thou understand by the word 'suffered?'" and we are taught to answer thus: "That *all the time he lived on earth*, but especially at the end of His life, He bore, in body and soul, the wrath of God against the sins of the whole human race."

Here it is correctly stated, that though His sufferings at the end of His life were specially marked, yet those sufferings extended over "all the time He lived on earth."

We are not only taught, that His suffering extended thus back over the whole of His life to His birth; but also that those sufferings were part of that satisfaction which he made, by suffering, for our sins. Not only at the end of His life, but all the time he lived on earth, He bore the wrath of God against the sins of the whole human race. There was virtue in those drops of blood that fell from His wounded feet, and side, and hands, and head on the cross; but also in those drops of sacred sorrow which oozed from His body in the Garden—in those tears of sympathetic grief which fell from His eyes at the grave of Lazarus, and on the brow of Olivet. Those tears! The strongest evidences of His humanity! How near he comes to us in His tears! Here the heart instinctively exclaims, "Surely He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

There is a passage (Heb. v. 7.) which, by its very indefiniteness as to the time when the sufferings to which it alludes took place, opens to us a world of sorrow and suffering, of which no page makes record. Speaking of Christ as our High-priest—priest and sacrifice—the writer says of Him: "Who *in the days of His flesh*, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though He were a Son, yet *learned* He obedience by the things which He suffered."

These sufferings are said to have been, IN GENERAL, *in the days of His flesh*. That there is not reference to His last sufferings merely seems to be plain from the last clause, in which it is said that He *learned obedience* by the things which He suffered. Which implies that obedience succeeded the sufferings, and that they prepared Him for it—trained Him for obedience unto death.

This also corresponds with another passage (Heb. ii. 10): "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering."

Such passages, open to us a view into what may be called, the secret history of His sufferings!

We commonly say that Jesus wept twice—at the grave of Lazarus, and on Olivet. But are all his tears recorded? Did his most intimate friends see them all? They saw him, in general, as one "Despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" and twice they saw him weep, and recorded the moving events; but who followed him through

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all "the days of the flesh," and heard all his "strong cries" and saw all "his tears?" Only his Father's eye!

Does not the deepest grief seek retirement; and hide itself even from its nearest and dearest friends? Did not our adorable Jesus, choose to pass the deepest waters alone? How readest thou? When he entered the Garden he at first dismissed all his disciples except three, and then afterwards these three also, going still a "little farther" into the depths of the garden where he wrestled in his agony *alone*. (Matt. xxvi. 36—46.)

May not this be but an example of what was common in his history? Who can tell what transpired, when he was on the mountain apart and alone until the fourth watch of the night! Who followed him in his lonely strollings along the sea-shore of Gallilee.

Let us reflect a moment. Do we not often read that he passed suddenly out of their sight, and company, away? That he left them at one place, and met them again at another? Who will write the history of those intervals when no human eye saw Him?

John says, at the end of his Gospel, in beautiful hyperbole: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Ah! John the bosom friend of Jesus—John who knew more of the deep workings of the Saviour's mind and heart—who was admitted into the inner circle of that Holy of holies, in which transpired the secret history of the God-man—ah! yes, John could say this, for he had at least some glimpses into the history and experiences of His hidden life, which were not vouchsafed to others.

Among that which is not written, are those "strong crying and tears"—the *secret history* of His sorrow and sufferings.

They are not written—we cannot know them now. We shall perhaps, know them hereafter. Here, in humble devotion to our blessed Saviour we will gratefully remember them till we die.

There is manifest in our Saviour's earthly life, as portrayed to us in the gospels, a certain feature of loneliness. This shows itself in His disposition to retire from crowds, and even from His disciples, and to be alone, in lonely places. He was found also at such times, as far as we know, in very intimate and earnest communion with his Heavenly Father.

What is it that underlies this habit and spirit of our Redeemer? It leads us into one of the very deepest conceptions of his sufferings—namely, the fact that he found no adequate sympathy in the world. He was, in the deepest sense, alone in the world. There was no response to his deepest feelings. There were no hearts that could measure His. There was no spirit that could enter into his mission. He moved among those to whom he was a stranger.

His most ardent feelings, his most earnest thoughts were repelled, if not by opposition, still, what was equally painful, by stupid indifference. The Sadducees ignored that very world in which His Spirit had its home. In the spirit of the Pharisees, the letter was bound like heavy chains upon his spirit. The publicans, either fell in with the cry "thou art mad, and hast a devil," or followed him by a blind force not much higher than the instinct of the lower orders. Even his own disciples, could respond only to the lowest conceptions of his exalted mission. How was his mind, which knew heaven—which was at home in the highest sympathies—which was

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met by the responses of the highest natures—how was that mind alone in the world! Even when the look of the kindest of his friends met his, it was but as when an innocent lamb looks into our face—it would speak if it could—its very affection only awakens a painful sympathy, and causes the heart to groan, and say: 'Alas! I measure the instinct of your love, but you are not my companion, you respond not to my spirit, you do not measure and fill out the mysteries of my nature. With you I am alone.' The illustration is not too strong! He must have felt rather pained than comforted, by even the offered sympathy of those friends, whose thoughts and feelings, fell so infinitely short of being a response to his own.

How painfully alone, is an enlightened Christian in the midst of the pagan world. How painfully lonely in any social sphere, is an exalted spirit where all social life lies far beneath! This is the highest martyrdom. What is martyrdom but to fall under lower powers? And this is the kind of bitter, lonely sorrow, which extended over the entire history of our Saviour's martyr-life, from the manger to the cross. What are the wounds of the lash, the nails, the spear, what is this transient bodily pain, compared with this abiding sorrow of soul!

This our minds and hearts must take in, when we would fill our souls with the full conception of those sufferings of the man of sorrows, which he endured "all the time he lived upon the earth."

On what subject can we reflect, better adapted to prepare us for the proper celebration of Good Friday. Our hearts need *softening*. The cold world wins us—chills us—weakens our higher sympathies. Religion becomes to us too abstract and theoretical. We need the warning presence of our Saviour's earnest life. We need to follow him, poor, hungry, destitute, friendless, outcast, weeping, dying! We need to look at his sorrows, as he lived in them, for us, in his every day life. This we need to soften our hearts.

When we study his sufferings in this way, they will not merely start our emotions in an evanescent outburst, only to permit the heart to sink back into deeper deadness; but they will cause our gratitude to flow in a steadier and more constant stream. We will not merely *think* of his sufferings, but the sense of them will live in us. We will see him, not as the man who suffered; but as the "man of sorrows"—the man, whose life was a life of sorrows for us—sanctifying our own sufferings, and binding our lives to him in enduring gratitude and love.

We need *penitence*. In his sorrows we see our sins. His suffering life shows us, as we see it no where else, into what depths of misery our nature has sunken, and with what tearful earnestness we ought to seek deliverance.

We need *faith*. In his life of earnest, painful devotion, we have the strongest encouragement to hope in his mercy. His sufferings give to our hearts a holy confidence, because they give a truthfulness to all his promises. The earnest sincerity of his suffering life, invites our hearts most sweetly to repose all our trust in him.

We need the spirit of *obedience*. In His sorrowful life we have obedience from the proper principle, and in the right spirit. Obedience steady and full. Most emphatically he "learned obedience" from that which he suffered. There is no spot—no inconsistency in his life. No suffering turned him aside—no favor allured him from the path. For what higher blessing can we pray, than that we may learn obedience from his beautiful example?

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BARTHOLOMEW ESTEBAN MURILLO;

OR, THE LITTLE BANNER-PAINTER.

Very early one autumn morning, the door of a small house in Seville was softly opened by a man still young, but, to judge by his wan aspect and feeble steps, only recovering from recent illness. A young woman followed him. "If you have strength, Estèban," said she, "you will go to the picture dealer, Ozorio, and say the child has not yet finished the little pictures he ordered. In truth, I don't know what Bartholomew has been doing for the last six weeks. Don Manuel's banner is not even begun; the Marquis de Sylva's not unfolded; those of the three brothers Henriquez' little better; and Ozorio's pictures untouched."

"In a few days I shall be able to work," said Estèban; "my eyes are better; and then I'll assist him, Therésina."

"That will not explain to me how he passes his time—he who was so good a workman formerly, and who had his banners finished as soon, almost, as received."

"Oh! wife, he is not turning to evil, I hope? Does he go out all day?"

"Alas! the greater part of it. But, after all, I am wrong in suspecting him. All the money he makes, he gives to me. Since you have been ill, Estèban, Bartholomew has supported the whole family. It has not been my lace-making that has paid either your doctor or apothecary. If I am anxious, it is because a mother cannot help it. He often comes home late, and he is scarcely thirteen."

"I hear noise in his room, said Estèban," listening.

"Little Ozorio is with him; his father sends him to study under my son," said the mother, with a feeling of pride that made Estèban smile. The husband and wife stood silent, and the following words met their ears:

"You shall laugh, or you shall cry, just as I please," said a young voice, in a tone of the most imperious command.

"I must go keep the peace up there," said Therésina, whilst Estèban walked slowly away. Therésina ran lightly up a little wooden staircase that led to the first floor, and the spectacle that presented itself, as she opened the door, made her burst into a merry fit of laughter. An easel stood in the middle of the room, and near it a boy of ten was tied to a chair, gesticulating and crying with all his might. Before him stood a taller lad, tickling the little fellow's sides, and repeating: "Laugh, now! come, laugh, I say!"

"What are you about, Bartholomew?"

"O mother! is it you? Come and help me. Tickle Menesès for me, while I paint."

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"No, no, Signora, pray don't!" cried Menesès, in a piteous tone.

"Tickle this poor child?" said Therésina. "Are you crazy, Bartholomew?"

"Crazy, because I do like Velasquez?"

"He has always that Velasquez in his mouth," grumbled Menesès.

"Velasquez is a great painter, and, please God, I shall be one too. Velasquez had a peasant, who laughed and cried, just as he was told."

"But I am not a peasant," passionately cried Menesès; "I am the son of Master Ozorio, the picture dealer at the sign of Apollo's Palette, in the Square of La Plata, Seville. My father sends me here to study, and not to be tickled or beaten from morning till night."

"If you laugh when I order you," said Bartholomew, as seriously as possible, "I shall not tickle you; and if you cry when you are desired, I shall not beat you. Do you suppose it is very amusing for me to tickle and beat you?"

"And do you think it amuses me, either, to be beaten or tickled?"

During this droll colloquy, Therésina had the greatest difficulty in keeping her gravity.

"Velasquez," said Bartholomew, "after he studied at old Herrera's and Francis Pacheco's, would have no other master but Nature; so he had a peasant boy following him everywhere, putting himself into all the postures he wanted to draw, and laughing and crying as he was bid. I want to do like Velasquez; and I mean, one day, that Seville should be proud of having given birth to Bartholomew Estèban Murillo. But the hour is gone by; we must go. Come, Menesès."

"May I ask where?" said Therésina.

"By-and-by, dear mother. I am in a hurry. We are going to walk in the fields."

"Take your large straw hat, then; a stroke of the sun is dangerous."

"You are the best and most careful little mother in the world," said Bartholomew, embracing her, and running out, followed by Menesès.

Day was closing, and Therésina sat at the window making lace, with her husband beside her reading the Bible; a knock at the door made them both start. "The Signor Ozario," announced Therésina, as a man of middle age entered, so badly dressed, that at first sight he might have been taken for a beggar.

"I come to fetch my son, and to speak myself to Bartholomew."

"They are gone to draw in the fields."

"What an idea, with this heat! But youth, now-a-days, is very fantastic, Signora! It would not have been I who would have gone to paint flowers out of doors, at their age! I always liked to take care of myself. I take precautions always, and that is why I am so seldom ill. I turned picture-merchant for that reason—one can always remain at home, and need never walk out. I hate walking out! Fancy, Signora, at the age of Menesès, I bought—not pictures, but little casts,—and sold them again at a profit! But Menesès—I never saw *him* either buy or sell anything. Ah! the children, the children, now-a-days!"

"Do not speak ill of them, Signor Ozorio. If my cousin, John of Castile, who gave my son lessons, had not gone to establish himself at Cadiz, Bartholomew would have been a great painter ere now."

"No, Signora," said the dealer, with that peculiar tone which people

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assume when they are about to say something disagreeable, "your son is a charming child, who supports you, and does not color badly; but you must not fancy he will ever do more. Dreams are very pleasant things, but then they seldom come to pass. Murillo will just manage to make his living by painting pictures for America; because the folks there know little about such matters; provided they see plenty of color on the canvass, and you put the noses of the figures tolerably in the middle of the face, and show two legs and arms; provided there be green, which means trees, in the landscape; and blue, which means water; and yellow, which stands for a sun-shining sky, America will be satisfied. But in Spain it is different: we want more and better painted"———

"There is my son," interrupted Therésina, and quickly rising, opened the door before he had time to knock. After kissing his father's hand, the elder of the two, a handsome, dark lad of a tall and graceful figure, addressed the dealer: "I took Menesès to your house, Signor Ozorio, but as we were told you were here, he came back with me."

"And my pictures?"

"Half of them are ready; but instead of eight days, I mean to require three months to paint a picture."

"Impossible! How will you do them?"

"Why you see, good merchant, I will do them better."

"Come, come, Bartholomew, no more chaffing! I do not want good pictures: I want numbers of them. Who in the world has put such ideas into his head? Only paint good pictures, indeed!"

"Ah, Signor Ozorio, six months ago I went to the Signor Antolines, who proposed to take me to one of his friends, named Moga, who was passing through Teville, on his way Castile. O, father! O, Signor! had you only seen the copies of Vandyke which he showed me! Vandyke had been his last master. What a difference between them and what I do! or what even my master, John del Castillo can do! Since then I have done nothing but study and study; that is why I am never at home."

"And where do you study?" asked the mother.

"Everywhere; in the fields. I try to seize the true color of the flowers."

"What need, I pray you," said Ozario, "to go into the fields to paint a rose, a pink, or a poppy? Give me your brush, and I will paint them for you here now, with my eyes shut."

"Badly!" said Bartholomew.

"Well enough for what I pay you now."

"But when my pictures are better painted, you will pay them better, old Ozorio."

"Not one penny more, young Murillo!"

"Then I shall paint them better for my own pleasure, father Ozorio; and to hear such compliments as were paid me by Signor Moga, for example. I made a sketch yesterday which I showed Antolines. If you knew what he said! That there were touches of Valasquez in my penciling and toning." As he put the canvass into the dealer's hands, the latter could not altogether conceal a smile of satisfaction, which he instantly changed to a grimace. "Bad, very bad," said he, with a contemptuous sneer; "A mere daub of a picture. How much do you ask for it?"

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"Ten ducats; but to speak frankly, I shall like as well to keep it. It is my first composition, and I have prayed so earnestly to God whilst I have painted it, that I fancy, somehow, it will bring me good luck."

"Well, six ducats. Is not that good luck, rogue?"

"It is money, father Ozorio; but I am resolved I will not sell it for less than ten."

"You will repent it, you little fool! Come, Menesès!"

After breakfast, next day, Bartholomew, putting his picture under his arm, took the way to the cloister of St. Francis, sought out the St. John, established himself right before it, and began to paint. Absorbed in his occupation, he heard some low voices murmering round him. He looked about, and beheld a stranger, splendidly attired, and of noble figure, looking at his picture. "Not badly done, my little friend! Who is your master?"

"Alas! Signor, I no longer have one."

"That is a pity! At the same time, my child, in studying great masters, as you are now doing, you are following the secret path to excellence, and can do without a master."

"Ah! there is one I should wish to be inspired by; but unhappily, I know nothing of him except his great reputation."

"Who is that?"

"Valasquez!"

The stranger smiled. "You have better than he, my lad! Vandyke, Rubens, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Poussin."

"I am only a boy, Sir, it is true," replied Bartholomew, looking suspiciously at the unknown; "but I think Valasquez may be classed with those you have just mentioned; and perhaps you, Signor, are not an artist!"

At that moment Menesés came up, and Bartholomew whispered to him: "The servants of this stranger are down near the door; go and ask his name."

"It is Signor Jaques Rodrìguez da Sylva."

Bartholomew, looking again at the stranger, answered,

"Then I am not surprised."

This little manœuvre did not escape the stranger, who had comprehended and heard all.

"Why?" said he.

"Because, in despising Velasquez, you have spoken more like a great lord than like an artist."

"And cannot one be both, my child?"

"It is rare, Signor. We have seen it in Rubens, but such things don't happen twice in the same age."

"Well, you may be right, and I am not offended, my young master; but to show you that a nobleman can at least appreciate the talents of an artist, I see so much merit in your picture that I will buy it.—How much do ask?"

"I refused six ducats for it yesterday," said Bartholomew; whilst Menesès touched him on the elbow, and whispered,

"Say ten; it is a dealer's trick I see played at my father's every day,—say twenty."

"That would be a falsehood," replied Bartholomew.

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"You say, my young master," said the stranger, looking keenly at both boys, "that yesterday you refused—hem!—how much did you say?"

"Six ducats," unhesitatingly replied Bartholomew.

"Well, I shall give you twenty; is the picture mine?"

"But it is not worth that," said Bartholomew, blushing up to the eyes, with both pleasure and fear.

"I know that," said Don Rodriguez. "I am not paying the artist that is, but the artist that will be, some of these future days. You cannot study at Seville—there is no school here—you must go to Madrid."

"Oh! if I had enough to go to Italy," exclaimed Murillo so sorrowfully, the stranger seemed touched.

"You will go to the native Spanish school; I will give you a letter to its chief."

Young Murillo rose from his chair, trembling with agitation.

"For Velasquez," said he.

"And I shall see him, shall see him!"

"As you see me."

"Well, Signor," said Menesès, "you have made Bartholomew happy at last. Velasquez is his hero—his model; he wants to do every thing like Velasquez. And that is net all. Velasquez has a peasant who laughs and cries at will. I am Murilio's peasant, and as I can't laugh and cry just as I am told, I get many a bad day of it, I can tell you."

Young Murillo had remained stupified by the splendid visions this promise had conjured up. See Madrid and Velasquez! Don Rodriguez aroused him by shaking his hand, and saying,

"Come this evening at 7 o'clock to the hotel on the Square of Castile," and disappeared before Murillo had recovered himself.

As Bartholomew returned home, followed by Menesès, carrying his drawing materials, Therésina met him in the street.

"Good news," said she. "You were scarcely gone, when Ozorio came, and gave me ten ducats for the picture."

"Am I not unfortunate," replied Bartholomew. "I have just sold it for twenty."

"But why grieve?" cried Menesès. "Give the ducats back to my father, and tell him the picture was sold before he came."

"Hold your tongue, Menesès: you are my evil spirit; what is done, is done. After dinner I shall go and apologize to Don Rodrigues. I only hope he will still give me the letter."

"Ah! you have brought me the picture," said the nobleman, when Bartholomew was shown into the room where he was writing.

"Signor, my mother had sold it before I got home."

"Dearer?" asked Don Rodriguez.

"Cheaper; but that is nothing."

"What is your name?"

"Bartholomew Estèban Murillo."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Both, Signor."

"Take me to them," said Don Rodriguez, looking at the boy in a way that made him feel confused.

It was quite dark when they reached the house of Estèban. "I beg you will forgive my impatience, Signora; but it is not so much the parents of my

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young artist that I wished to pay my respects to before I leave Seville, as the father and mother who have inculcated such principles of probity and morality in the heart of their child. Murillo, I am rich and influential; tell me what I can do for you.—What do you wish?"

"The letter for Velasquez," said Murillo, hesitatingly.

"I can do more; I can present him to you now, if you like."

"Is he at Seville?" cried Bartholomew, eagerly.

"He is here, my child," taking the boy's hand.

"You, Don Rodriquez!"

"Da Sylva Velasquez. I am going into Italy to join Rubens. I shall not then receive you at Madrid, but I shall give orders about you. Do not fail to send him," added Velasquez, turning to Estèban. "Your son is no ordinary painter; he will be a very great one some day."

But Estèban falling ill again, and dying, Murillo found he must remain to support his mother. At last, when he was abont sixteen, and his mother able to take care of herself, Murillo decided on leaving. Having little money, he bought canvass, cut it into little squares, made a number of small pictures representing saints or religious subjects, and flowers, and sold them for America. Dividing the profit with his mother, he left Seville. When he reached Madrid, he found Velasquez returned from Italy. He went to him. Velasquez at once recognized his young protège, and procured him abundant work in the Escurial, and other palaces at Madrid.

Murillo remained there three years. After that, he returned to Seville, and having painted for the cloister of St. Francis "The death of St. Clare," and a "St. Jean giving alms," these two pictures made such a noise, that all the religious communities at Seville were eager for pictures by him. Murillo was one of the greatest painters that ever honored Spain. He died at Seville, the 3d of April, 1682. His chief pupils are Antolines, Menesès Ozorio, Jobar, Villavicenuo, and Sebastian Gomèz, surnamed the Mulatto of Murillo.

THE SELF-MADE BOY.

Many years ago, a poor boy of seventeen was seen travelling on foot and alone in England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, containing a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when with a prayerful heart, she took leave of him near her own cottage.

Our young traveller was the son of poor, but honest and pious parents, small farmers in a village called Ugborough. John Prideaux, for that was his name, had six brothers, and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard on the farm for a living. Being a pious boy, he used to assist the parish clerk in singing in divine worship. When the old clerk died, John hoped to fill his place, but another young man was preferred by the parish, and John Prideaux, to his great grief and trouble, lost the clerkship.

He now wished to leave home and try to get his living elsewhere. His

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parents at last consented, and sent him forth with their prayers and blessing. He first went to Exeter, where he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and at the books in the shop windows, a strong desire sprang up in his mind to become a student, and he at once set off for Oxford, two hundred miles, walking the whole weary way. At night he sometimes slept in barns or by the side of a haystack. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with a little milk now and then.

When he reached the splendid and ancient city of Oxford, his clothing was nearly worn out, his feet were sore, his spirits were cast down, and he scarcely knew what to do. He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and engaged himself as servant to the cook. Here he might have been seen scouring his pans and at the same time reading a book. His love of study soon drew the attention of the learned doctors, and they took him into the college as a "poor scholar," and provided for his wants. John felt grateful for their kindness, studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. It was not long before he was made Fellow of the College, and received the degree of Master of Arts; soon after which he was ordained to the ministry. Afterwards he was chosen Rector of the college, then Professor of Divinity, and then Vice-Chancellor of the University. While he had the charge of the college, his learning and his winning manners caused it to flourish more than any other college in England, and more foreigners came to it for instruction than ever was known before.

In 1641 he was chosen Bishop of Worcester, and he used often to say, "If I had been chosen parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He rose to a great honor as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, in 1650, when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a good bishop.

He was a man of gentle and winning manners, of great piety, and of such extensive learning, that he was called "a pillar of the faith." He was also to the last very humble, and kept part of the ragged clothes in which he came to Oxford in the same closet where he kept the robe in which he left that university. Such was John Prideaux, the pious and diligent boy, and the learned but humble bishop.—*American Messenger.*

REST.

We have never, we believe, says an exchange, seen verses more true and touching than those which we give below. They are a new and perfect expression of a world-wide feeling. That nameless soldier had a cultured mind and noble spirit, and on his poor pallet in the Southern Hospital went out a light that might have illumined many. The world loses, but he has gained his "Rest." The *Living Age* says:

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"The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital, near Port Royal, South Carolina:"

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God;
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI.

They gave to Thee
Myrrh, Frankincense and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy majesty,
Whom thou didst purchase back when we were sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither;
Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it Lord, and say, this thou hadst rather;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor, 1650.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—APRIL, 1866.—No. 4.

UPWARDS!

BY THE EDITOR.

"The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath." This, in the common German version of the Bible, is translated: "The way of life leads upwards to make wise, that we may avoid hell downwards." The meaning of it is plain: The way of life is an upward way; the wise will find it and walk in it; and in this way they will escape from the way of hell, which is downward.

Solomon tells us, in the beginning of his book, that his object in presenting these proverbs, is to give "to the young man knowledge and discretion;" and the truth of this particular saying of the wise man is worthy of being adopted by, and illustrated in, the life of every young man.

It has, in fact, been made the watchword of at least one great, useful and beautiful life. Prof. Dr. J. P. Lange adopted it as his life-motto; and hence, it appears under his name in his portraits: "The way of life leads upwards." With this wise and inspiring word in his heart, he started from the humble station of a farmer-boy—from cultivating the soil, driving a team, and carrying farm products to market—started, even at the advanced age of nineteen years, for the Gymnasium of Dusseldorf, and from thence, a year and a half later, to the University of Bonn. Under the same banner he passed sixteen years of earnest and successful labor in the pastoral office, followed the Divine intimation, in 1841, as Professor of Theology, to the University of Zurich, and in 1856, followed the call to labor, in the same capacity, in the University of Bonn. It is as if his motto shaped his life, and, in return, his life illustrated his motto. As he began, so he could easily have continued and ended his life in obscurity; but he was willing to follow the leading of Providence, to listen

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to the stirring of a high mission within him, and thus to follow that way of life which leads upwards.

It has been said, truly, that every one's life is a plan of God. He designs that some part of the great history of human life shall be wrought out by every one of us. Only when we find our place, and earnestly and truly do our work, are we in the way of the wise, which leads upward; and only then do we "avoid the way to hell, which is downward."

Though God designs us for a certain work in life, and gives us the necessary talents for it, He does not force us into it. Men are not created slaves, nor is God a driver of slaves, forcing them, by arbitrary power, to unwilling labor, or into paths in which they choose not to walk. God calls us not to bondage, but to freedom. The way of life leads upwards *the wise*. Wisdom consists in choosing a good end, and in striving toward it in every lawful way. For him who does this, the way of life leads upwards.

There are many among the young who *never enter upon this upward way*. They are content that their life shall run on a dead, monotonous level. They care not to be either wiser or better than they are. Their hearts grow not in grace—their minds increase not in knowledge—they gather no influence, no power, and their lives become, consequently, of no force among their fellow-men. There is no upward tendency in their lives. Though they may gather somewhat for themselves, they in no way become an increased power for good to others. For all the purposes of life, their life runs on a dead level, and they never discover that the true way of life leads upwards.

There are others who do know, and who often feel, that there is a higher aim and purpose in life, but they *have not the decision and the courage* to attempt it. There are lower interests which call for less courage, less purpose, less perseverance. They would rather have little, with ease, than more, with toil. They would rather be content with a narrow view in the valley, than climb the heights for a wider and more inspiring vision. They would like the way to a higher and sublimer life, if it could be travelled loitering and resting.

This, however, cannot be done. The other way, downward, you can glide; this way, upward, you must climb. The way of life is *upwards*. That very word speaks of hinderances, difficulties, toils, discouragements; and the need of perseverance, courage, self-denial and self-sacrifice.

If this were no fallen world—if there were no sin in it—consequently no ignorance, no error, no opposition to the good—then the upward way might be smooth, flowery, pleasant and easy; but as it is, life can only rise out of the dread oppression, and triumph over the down-bearing powers of sin, ignorance, degradation and death by a brave, courageous and determined laying hold of all the divine helps which are extended to apprehend and raise up, up. Upward in knowledge, grace, influence, means, study, labor, self-denial, earnest service, and unwearied perseverance.

How many, alas! find themselves inadequate to these demands! Every little difficulty is as a lion in their path, which arrests them, and turns them, timidly, back. They go not on—they keep not the path. Though they have laid their hands to the plough, they look back. They only cast a wishful glance at the shining temple on the summit, but have not the courage to reach it by conflict that cuts into the blood and the life!

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Notwithstanding these difficulties to be overcome, there is a *way*. It is not an unbroken, untrodden wilderness through which our course upward lies. It is a *way*, which indicates that it *has* been, and, consequently, *may* be travelled. Though those gone before us in it, have not left it so open that there are in it no obstacles to be overcome, yet their footprints may be clearly seen for the encouragement of those who come after them.

This difficult way is the one which the great and good, of all ages, have travelled. Those whom John saw clothed in white robes, with palms of victory in their hands, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, had come through "great tribulation." Prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints, of all ages, found, by their own experience, that the way of life is an upward-tending, difficult way. Yet they walked in it. They have left us their example. We see their foot-prints in the way. The records of the past show us their toil—we follow them as they went, step by step, upward. We see them at last, victorious and crowned, entering through the gates into the city of blessed deliverance. Beholding the issue of their lives, our own courage rises, and we feel stronger and more determined, as we say to ourselves: What has been done can be done!

The upward way is the way of *life*—that is, only in it is the true idea and meaning of life realized. He only truly lives who lives for a high and noble end. The brute lives only to eat and drink—its life is a kind of monotonous and floating being—it is drawn upward by no motive, it is intensified by no inspiring purpose. Allied to this is that human life which is not ennobled by the high inspiration of life's true aim. The Psalmist speaks of "brutish" men—men who see not what is high in life, or high above life—men who live, move, and have their being only amid the poor, temporary, perishing interests of the present world, and the present life.

Life intensifies as it rises. It feels its glorious freedom in proportion as it approaches its true aim and end. It becomes heavenly as it rises nearer to heaven—it becomes God-like as it approaches nearer to God. The upward way is the way *of* life, as well as the way *to* life. In the way of life the soul moves in a consciousness of vigor, freedom, satisfaction and inspiration which "only he who feels it knows."

Even in this world there are higher spheres, in which life is life in a higher and a truer sense. It is the glorious community of the wise, the good, the pure, the pious; it is the goodly fellowship of those who live to be good, and to do good; it is the noble army of those who find their highest joy and honor in the service of their generation. To be fit, to be worthy, to be prepared to join our labors and lives with the labors and lives of such, is to find life in its highest and truest sense.

The way to this high communion of life lies open before us all. But it is an upward way. We must wish it—we must will it—we must win it.

If this is not, then what *is* worthy of the noble, holy ambition of the young? To them, every thing is still to be gained, or every thing to be lost. Life still lies before them, and may still become just what they, by the grace of God, determine to make it. What a solemn thing it is to stand, as every youth does, just outside the threshold of life, and look out and forward upon one's own future; there to ask oneself, and there to answer oneself, what that future shall be! With what power and holy inspiration ought then this word of wisdom and indirect counsel to fall upon the heart: "The way of life leads upwards."

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Let it not be overlooked, that to follow the upward way of life, is the only sure way to "avoid the way to hell, which is downward." He who has no high purposes of life, is sure to sink lower. To stand still, is to go backward. Those who move in fellowship with the wise and good, thereby escape many dangers to which their associations with a different class of persons would expose them. Those who are going forward in the upward way of life, are ever more and more escaping from the power and influence of those whose way tends downward. Thus the upward way of life is the way of safety.

In what we have said, we have insisted on the necessity of courage, purpose, and perseverance. We have spoken almost as if every young person held his destiny in his own hand, and could determine and shape his own future. In one sense, this is also all true. Yet it must not be understood as if the help of God were not needed. It *is* needed—but it is also freely offered, and ever at hand. God is ready always to help those who help themselves. An earnest young person will look to God as if all help came only from Him, and at the same time use his own efforts as if there were no God to help.

One thing is clear: By nature we are without strength. Our own might, our own power, without God's grace, is only weakness. We need strength, wisdom and guidance from God. It is He who lays the plan of our life. He will show us what it is, and enable us to fulfil it. Left to ourselves, we miss our way—lose our purpose and courage—and make our whole life a wreck and a failure.

Have not thousands done it? Are there not thousands who are now doing it. The old words of Jesus Christ stand fast: "Without me ye can do nothing." He who would walk in the upward way of life, must start with his own life hid with Christ in God. Here is the basis and beginning of all success. He who stands in Christ, is strong. He who humbleth himself at the feet of Christ, shall be exalted. He who trusts in Him, shall succeed. In Him, is the true power of elevation. He is the true master of all difficulties. He can open to us the upward way of life. He can give us a place of usefulness in His vineyard; and imbue us with that steadiness of purpose in His service which shall at last receive recognition in His own blessed words: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

What a sublime thing it is *to live*. What a blessed thing it is to be young, and thus to have life to begin, and the whole of life to live. What a great thing it is to begin life wisely; and how wise it is to listen to God and the good of all ages when they speak to us of the true meaning and end of life.

What a sublime thing it is to live *in this age*. What means and opportunities for mutual, moral, social and spiritual elevation. Who need remain in ignorance? Who need grope in error? Who need perish in sin? Who need be without a high and glorious calling?

What a sublime thing it is to live in this age, for God! What fields of labor are all around! What spheres of influence invite on every hand! What positions of power and trust, where faithfulness is usefulness, and diligence sure success! What pulpits are vacant and waiting! What crowds are ready to gather around him who will show them the way, and

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lead them on! What minds to be enlightened; what wills to be moved; what hearts to be softened by the eloquence of truth! What slumbering resources to be roused and rallied in the great conflict of holiness with sin, of light with darkness, of life with death, of heaven with hell!

Who can afford to stand still? Who can be so cowardly as to go backward? Who dare draw downward? The state, the church, the age, all call on the young of the land to assume their grand responsibilities, and to enter upon the sublime work of life.

Are you ready for the solemn challenge? Are your ears, is your heart, open to the earnest voice of God and men? Have you heard the call to the great and earnest work of life, and are you ready to show obedience to the heavenly vision? If so, rouse up—look up—the way of life leads upwards.

LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR."

BY ULRIC.

Few poems in the English language touch and thrill us more than Longfellow's "Excelsior." It is to us a sacred poem. For years we have loved it, and looked upon it as the expression of a pure and noble principle, as the bearer of a lofty watchword, as the inspirer of heroic devotion, in the conflict of life. Nor is it at all probable that we are alone in admiring and loving this little poem. Hundreds and thousands of other readers, we are ready to affirm, have felt their hearts beat high, and the blood rush more quickly through their veins, and their devotion to the cause of truth grow purer and stronger, as this simple but wonderful poem has set before them the youth of sad brow and flashing eye, scaling the rugged Alps at nightfall, in spite of snow and storm, and torrent and avalanche, holding in his hands "That banner with the strange device—Excelsior!"

We cannot endure a word spoken or a deed done, in disrespect of "Excelsior." Well do we remember our indignation, when, several years since as we were walking one of the streets of an inland city, we observed, on the opposite side, in the shape of a sign, a picture of the youth immortalized by Longfellow, representing him, not as climbing into the regions of storm and snow, leaving behind him the Alpine village and the peasant's cot, but as making his way up the steps leading to some mercantile establishment; setting him forth as carrying the well-known banner, indeed, but bearing upon it, side by side with its mystic motto, such advertisements as are wont to be sprinkled upon these public signs! Oh, shame! thought we, boiling with indignation. Is it possible for men to turn so sacred a thing to so profane a use? To make "Excelsior" a shop sign! We felt a strong impulse to step across the street and tear the slanderous caricature from its hangings. Nor perhaps, were we much to blame for not being able to refrain from giving place in our mind to some modified malediction

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upon the individual who could be guilty of perpetrating such an act. 'Twas thus we muttered to ourselves as we went on our way: "Bad luck to that man! May his customers leave him; may the grass grow around his door; may his shadow become less; may 'the blues' haunt him by day, and the nightmare by night, until he repent him of his wrong, and take down from above his door that almost sacrilegious sign!"

This offence proceeded from a source whence perhaps nothing better could be expected. It was committed by one of those shop-keepers, in whose hands nothing is so sacred that it may not be turned, if possible, into some money-making form. We were more pained, when we recently found disrespect, downright, intentional disrepect, cast upon this noble poem from a more respectable quarter. The genial author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," in one of his essays, entitled "How I mused in the Railway Train," undertakes to show that the poem in question is "nothing better than childish." He is arguing against "the false notion that there is something fine in doing what is disagreeable, merely for the sake of doing it." According to him,—and in all of this we perfectly agree with him—self-denial, when some definite good is to be reached through it, is grand, heroic and religious; but self-denial, for mere self-denial's sake, is foolish and to be condemned. When he goes further, however, and, by way of illustration, condemns "Excelsior," as an example of the foolish self-sacrifice above-mentioned, we humbly and respectfully beg leave to differ with him.

Before proceeding, we quote the disputed passage entire:

"As for Longfellow's conception of the fellow who went up the Alps, bellowing out *Excelsior*, it is nothing better than childish. Any one whose mind is matured enough to discern that Childe Harold was a humbug, will see that the lad was a fool. What on earth was he to do when he got to the top of the Alps? The poet does not even pretend to answer that question. He never pretends that the lad whose brow was sad, and his eye like a falchion, &c., had any thing useful or excellent to accomplish when he reached the top at last. Longfellow wishes us to understand that it was a noble thing to push onward and upward through the snow, merely because it was a very difficult and dangerous thing. He wishes us to understand, that it was a noble thing to turn away from warm household fires to spectral glaciers, and resist the invitation of the maiden, who, if the lad was a stranger in those parts, as seems to be implied, must have been a remarkably free-and-easy style of young lady—merely because average human nature would have liked extremely, to get out of the storm to the bright fire-side, and to have had a quiet chat with the maiden. I don't mean to say, that about ten years ago I did not think *Excelsior* was a wonderful poem, setting out a true and noble principle. A young person is captivated with the notion of self-sacrifice, with or without reason for it; but self-sacrifice, uncalled for and useless, is stark folly."

We confess that we were at first surprised and astounded by this criticism, coming from a writer otherwise so just and appreciative. All that we propose to do, however, is, quietly to inquire whether the Parson be just in this attempt to make "Excelsior" a mere exhibition of "stark folly."

Granting that self-sacrifice when uncalled for, is not a praiseworthy act, can the poem be condemned for teaching the contrary? Because the poet has not chosen to state, in just so many words, the particular "useful or

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excellent" object which the youth had to accomplish when he at last reached the top of the mountain, is it a necessary inference that the adventure was an entirely aimless one? Who knows what motives may have urged the young hero forward and upward on his perilous way? To gain the summit of the mountain, may, for aught we know, have been to him a matter of the utmost importance. The critic has no right to argue that, because no reason for the act is given, no reason, therefore, existed. The utmost he can say, is, that the adventure may or may not have been without an object. The question is left in doubt; but the doubt is one which certainly is no more against the poem than in its favor. For, if it appears probable that the youth turned away from pleasant household fires, from pure love of snow and storm and danger; it is quite as probable, on the other hand, that he did so to accomplish something worthy of the effort. And, indeed, if any difference is to be made here, the latter case must be regarded as the most probable of the two; for to scale the Alps by night, in the face of perils from tempest and avalanche, is not to be deemed so agreeable to "average human nature," that men would be more likely to undertake it without, than with some definite and sufficient purpose.

But we are ready to go further, and maintain that the object of the undertaking is stated, or at least implied, not only with a distinctness quite sufficient for the purposes of the poem, but with such a perfect fitness to the meaning of the poem, that the beauty of the production would be marred and its harmony destroyed by any alteration. It was the object of the youth *to gain the mountain-top*. It is sufficient for us to know this. Whatever may have been the ulterior object of the hazardous adventure, it is enough for us to know, that the immediate and for the time all-asorbing one, was to reach the summit; and that the young hero struggled to accomplish this, in spite of all intervening obstacles. For does not the very essence of the poem consist in the lesson which it teaches, that, having fixed for ourselves an object, lofty and grand in the moral world, as the Alpine heights are lofty and grand in the world of nature, we must struggle to attain that object, against every obstacle, in spite of every wayside-temptation, and in the face of every danger? Surely, this, if any thing, is the meaning of "Excelsior." Longfellow wishes us to understand, not, as the critic falsely represents, that self-denial for mere self denial's sake, is a noble thing, but that self-denial and self-sacrifice are necessary and praiseworthy and glorious, in the attainment of some glorious end. The poet does not "pretend to answer" the critic's important question as to the useful object to be accomplished by the youth on reaching the top of the mountain, simply because it was foreign to his purpose so to do; nay, because such a statement would have been a superfluous addition and a blemish to the poem. But the object which the poet's meaning does require to be stated, is set forth with clearness and runs through the whole production with wonderfully thrilling power. No; the lad was not a fool, nor was his act an aimless one. To all such charges, it is a full and sufficient answer to say, that it was his object to gain the mountain-top; and that this he struggled like a hero to do.

Moreover, Mr. Parson, we respectfully protest against the painfully confined literal matter of fact manner in which you seem determined to judge this poem. As we regard the jewels more than the casket containing them, and the painting more than the frame in which it is set, so should we not

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rather regard the beautiful lesson of this little production, than the form in which this lesson is conveyed? If the poet *carries his intended point;* if he succeeds in setting forth the truth which he wishes to teach, with a startling plainness and power, (and who can deny this merit to "Excelsior?"),—if he accomplishes this, is it just to pick out small defects in his manner of doing it? If the frame of a perfect painting be a poor one, must we condemn the painting on that account? Or must we pronounce the richest wine unfit to drink, because it is offered in a goblet of inferior workmanship? We are not willing, however, to grant, what this language might seem to imply, that the manner in which Longfellow sets forth his meaning, "in Excelsior," is objectionable. No facts more appropriate to the poet's purpose could have been introduced. We only maintain that they are to be judged, not with a reference to themselves merely, but with a reference to the purpose for which they are employed. As for the criticism upon the invitations of the maiden, dear Mr. Parson, are you not heartily ashamed of having made it? In this sweeping style, how easily and soon could the most sublime be reduced to the most ridiculous. If we judge by the letter alone, disregarding the spirit, we may easily diminish the distance between the sublime and the ridiculous to less than a step. But further argument on this point becomes unnecessary, when we are able to cite our critic's own words, to prove his injustice. Out of his own mouth let him be condemned. "The enjoyment of all things beyond eating and drinking," says he, in another essay, "arises out of our *idealiziny* them." May we ask, why not idealize somewhat in this case? The inconsistency of the critic is too plain to need further remark.

In bringing these unpretending remarks to a close, it may be in place to add, that we are by no means certain, that the above quotation fairly represents the opinion which our excellent author entertains of the poem in question. We have seen that it contradicts a principle of his own, elsewhere laid down. We think we can account, in a plausible manner, for the unfortunate criticism which has involved him in this contradiction. The essay from which we have quoted, grew out of the writer's musings on a rail-way train, on a day, when, as he himself informs us, he was compelled to rise by candle-light in the morning. A considerable portion of the essay is devoted to showing the uselessness and inconvenience of getting up by candle-light. "It is impossible," he writes, "to shave comfortably; it is impossible to have a satisfactory bath; it is impossible to find any thing you want;" and, he might have added, it is sometimes impossible, for half a day afterwards, to assume the position and act the part of an impartial critic. This is the secret of the worthy parson's ill-humored assault on so noble a production. If getting up by candle-light is for him so disagreable as he declares it to be, it cannot be expected to produce that equanimity with which a just critic should deliver his opinions. May the Parson never again be guilty of so hasty and ungenerous an act! We hope that the literary world may have the pleasure of receiving more essays from the graceful pen of this charming writer. But we would also humbly venture to express the hope, that, in future volumes, he will use the utmost caution in advancing criticisms in any essay, written after rising by candle-light in the morning.

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THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

We here add to what we have before published, some interesting matter pertaining to the familiar child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The first we transfer from the Presbyterian Sabbath School Visitor.

I.

PATTIE'S LAST PRAYER.

A beautiful, little, bright-eyed girl, was lying upon her bed, rapidly wasting away. It was evident she would not last long, unless there was some sudden and unexpected change. For several days, she had been apparently unconscious and was growing worse and worse.

She had been a child of prayer, and her lips had been taught to breathe, nightly, an offering to the children's Friend. The rosy cheek had turned pale, the little form was a mere skeleton, and her little hand had become as white as the sheet.

A mother sat by her, watching the pale and silent sufferer. It seemed as though God had already come and closed her little eyelids and shut out the world; that she might sleep her last sleep, and awake refreshed in heaven.

All at once she opened her soft blue eyes, so long closed, looked into her mother's face with a sweet confiding look, and said:

"Ma, ma; I forgot to say my prayers."

Summoning what strength she had left, she clasped her little white fingers together, and audibly repeated her little prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The prayer finished, she never spoke again. Jesus heard those sweet words, and the little sufferer went where pain and death are no more. So died little Pattie Buford, only daughter of Major John Buford, U. S. A.

Children, was not that a sweet death to die? The last sight of earth was "mother!" the next word was "Jesus!" The last words she ever uttered were a prayer: the next, a song of praise in heaven.

Little reader, do you pray? If so, may your last breath be a prayer, and the children's home in heaven your home!

II.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER IN LATIN.

The following very neat translation into Latin was made by the Rev.

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Edward Ballard, and has been kindly furnished us by Dr. L. H. Steiner, of Frederick, Md, :

Nunc reclino ut dormirem,
Precor te, O Domine,
Ut defendas animam;
Ante diem si obirem,
Precor te, O Domine,
Ut sevares animam.
Hoc que precor quo Jesu!

III.

Here is a translation into German by the venerable Mr. Zahm of Lancaster, Pa. Besides being quite literal, it has other merits.

Nun leg ich mich zu schlafen hin,
Ich bit den Herr in meinem Sinn,
Das solt ich sterben eh ich wach,
Er meine Seel gen Himmel trag.

IV.

A friend sends us a prayer in German, which is in substance, very similar to the old "Now I lay me, &c.," and, which, he says, his mother taught to all her children, and had them repeat it before they went to bed. It is a little faulty in the rhythm, which may be the result of long traditional use and preservation. He adds: "I have never seen it in print, but it is still fresh in my memory."

Nun will ich mich legen und schlafen
Und mich auf den lieben Gott verlassen;
Wenn mich der Tod erschleicht,
So nim mich Gott in das Himmlische
Reich. Amen.

V.

DR. NOTT'S LAST HOURS.

Very touching is the following incident.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "The last few hours of Dr. Nott's life were peculiarly impressive. He sank into a second childhood that was peculiarly tender. He lay on his bed blind and apparently unconscious. His wife sat by his bedside and sang to him day by day the songs of his childhood. He was hushed to repose by them like an infant on its pillow. Watt's Cradle Hymn, 'Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber,' always soothed him. Visions of home floated before him, and the name of his mother was frequently on his lips. The last time he conducted family devotions with his household, he closed his prayer with the well-known lines:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc."

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'S GLATTEIS FAHRE.*

BY E. K.

Wie ich als noch en "Buw'li" war,
Un' ware' all dehem;
Do sim mer mit de' Schlittcher g'fahr',
Un' mit de' Board—'es same.

Ach! Oweds, wann's hell Mondschei' war,
Was war doch des so schoe!—
Die Sterne hell—der Himmel klor—
Un' Glatteis uf 'em Schnee!

Dann hem mer g'schwind die Erwed weck,
Die Board un' alles g'fixd—
Die Händcher ware' aus de' Säck',
Un' Kenner hod gedrixd.

Dam sim mer uf die Felder 'naus,
Bis owa an die Fens—
Was hod's gekrachd—un' g'schalld in 's Haus!
'S war Fun—ich wett en Bens!

Un' wie mer dann mol g'*fahre* sin—
En langi—schwarzi Raa!
Was hod's geruschd—Un' is dohi—
Wie alde Hinkelwai!

Der "Wasser"—der is ah noch mid,
Un' hod sich an Ens g'henkd—
Der hod gekrische: "Wasser quid!"
Un' hod 's ihm schier verdenkd.

Uf e'mol rufd der "Dad:"—"Kummd rei!"
Was kosded des die Schuh!"—
"'Sis now schun zehe' Uhr vorbei!"—
"Ehr Buwe!—sell musz duh!"

* We cheerfully make room for this poem, in the Pennsylvania German dialect. The author of it resides at present in Ohio, but "claims to be a Pennsylvanian." He considers this peculiar German dialect "too good to be lost." He adds the following, which is interesting, as showing the variations in this dialect in the various counties. Some one ought—before it is too late—trace out and record these variations at length. He says:

"When at Mercersburg already, and afterwards still more at Lancaster, I noticed a difference between the dialect, as spoken in Lancaster and Lebanon counties, and that spoken with us, viz. in Northampton, Lehigh, &c. With *us* the sharp sound of the English a is generally used, where *you* have its broad sound—as: "gewe"—(geben) and "gewē"—"schicke"—(ſchicken) schickē, &c. So also with us the sound of t is never heard at the end of a word—in that case the sound is always that of d."

The reader will bear in mind, that the peculiar dialect exhibited in this poem, is that which belongs to the Eastern counties of Pennsylvania, as the author claims in the extract just given.

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"Was in der Weld!—is 's schun *so spod!*"—
"Des kann doch scher ned sei!"—
So hem mer g' denkd—un' hen's ah g'sad—
"*Was gehd die Zeid verbei!*"

Dann sim mer ruhig—All' in 's Haus,
Un' Nix war g'sad, von "Blame"—
Lustig un' fröhlig sim mer 'naus—
Un' frohlig wi' der heem!—

Die "Mam"—die sitzt am Licht un' strick'd—
Die "Enn"—die sitzt un' spinnd—
'S Feuer brennd—die ald Uhr tickd—
Un' drause'—bloszd der Wind!

Dann dud mer Alles weck, un' bringd
Der "Zollikoffer" bei—
Mer leszd's Gebet—un's Lied—un' singd—
Un' fühld vun Sorge frei.—

Sell war gewisz *en schoni Zeid!*—
Ich denk noch ofdmols dra—
'S war Fun far uns—ich claim's noch Heud'
Un' hod uns *Nix gedu.*

THE SENTENCE OF CHRIST BY PONTIUS PILATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is some notice of the trial, sentence, and death of Christ in history outside of the Sacred Record. Pearson, in his work on the Creed, says of Pilate: "He did not only profess, to the condemnation of the Jews, that he found nothing worthy of death in Christ; but left the same written to the Gentiles of the Roman Empire. Two ways he is related to have given ample testimony of the truth: first, by an express written to Tiberius, and by him presented to the Senate; secondly, by records written on tables, of all things of moment which were acted in his government."

In a note he adds: "That Pontius Pilate, wrote unto Tiberius, of the death and resurrection of our Saviour, is testified by Tertullian, who was best acquainted with the Roman history." Eusebius quotes the sayings of Tertullian concerning this matter in his Ecclesiastical history. The authority of this "Express," said to have been sent to Tiberius, rests upon "the great reputation of Tertullian, and the general custom by which all the governors of the provinces, did give account unto the emperor, of all such passages as were most remarkable." We are told that "the governors in the provinces, took care that all things worthy of remark should be

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written in public tables, and preserved as the *Acta* in their government. And agreeably to this custom, Pontius Pilate kept the memoirs of the Jewish affairs, which were therefore called *Acta Pilati*, in which an account was given of our blessed Saviour; and the primitive Christians did appeal unto them, in their disputes with the Gentiles, as to a most undoubted testimony. Justin Martyr urged them even unto the Roman Emperors. And in the differences between Christians, they were cited by both parties."

The *Kölnische Zeitung*—the Cologne paper—has published the following, which is curious, if nothing more:

CORRECT TRANSCRIPT OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED AGAINST JESUS CHRIST.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the journal Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been published in the German papers. It was word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the 17th year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion, Quirrillis Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are—

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorobabel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of Arts in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept

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in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of Arts. Denon had a *fac simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet for 2890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those in the gospel.

A PEEP INTO THE PARSONAGE.

BY F. W.

If any body should feel a curiosity to know how the little ones are put to bed in the "Knob" parsonage up here, we will gratify their curiosity, by informing them (the reader will please excuse me, I am so accustomed to write every thing under "three heads and a conclusion," that I must have a first):

1. That we always have prayers first, before they retire, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which they all join, sometimes adding the Apostle's Creed.

2. That the bedroom lies adjoining the study.

3. That after they have been put to bed, their papa generally plays them to sleep on the melodeon which he keeps in his study, sometimes playing "Little drops of water," and sometimes the following, which they think hugely funny and edifying. The text and music are all my own; but as the tune is somewhat similar to that of the "Swiss boy," in that it is so peculiarly sung by the Swiss peasants, that it cannot be properly set to music, and as I do not think that any body could play it exactly as I do, your readers must satisfy themselves with the text.

Fred, Willie and Charley, the three little darlies,
They do so much mischief, and make so much noise;
They're quarrelling and screaming, from morning till evening,
And fretting and teasing, about their old toys.

Such fuss and such clatter, such music and chatter.
Such wonderful doings, I never did see.
Their father has told them, their mother does scold them,
For being such naughty, such bad little boys.

When their mother gets weary, of her young little dearies,
She sends them "to papa," to try a new game;
She thinks he may train them, and ought to restrain them.
But alas! he's unable, such young ones to tame.

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When they're out of doors playing, they use such queer sayings,
And oft in their passions, come nearly to blows;
They roll and they rollic, they tumble and frolic,
Till their clothes get in tatters, clear down to their toes.

We are told by Ward Beecher, a great man and teacher,
That the sons of the preachers, are mostly bad boys;
But this does not relieve me, and dare not deceive me,
For in this kind of comfort, I cannot rejoice.

Our dear little Katy, the prim little lady,
She bears with their pranks, till her patience gives out,
She talks and she coaxes, she amuses and hoaxes,
But all to no purpose, for their mischief will out.

'Tis true they do pray, sir, and well too they may, sir,
But, alas! it's like snow, which the sun melts away,
We'll hope they'll grow better respecting this matter,
Improve and grow wiser, as time rolls along.

Should they live to get older, and their minds become sober,
They'll surely feel sorry, for what they have done.
I think they'll remember, the account they must render,
And lead a good life, till their race here is run.

And when we're done weeping, and waking and sleeping,
And no more compelled, on this earth here to roam,
Then father, and mother, Kate and the three brothers,
Will sing a new song, in their heavenly home.

F. W.

APRIL NOTIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a book we have just opened, we read as follows:

"The first day of April is called in the English language, April Fool's day, but the custom of sending people on empty errands and laughing at them, is common in every country of Europe, and wherever the European races have settled on this Continent. Two accounts are given of its origin. The oriental scholars say that it is derived from the *huli* feast among the Hindoos, where a singular custom prevails. The older opinion is, that it comes from a celebration of Christ's being sent about to and fro between Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas. In France, the fooled man is called *poisson d'avril*, meaning a silly fish, like a mackerel, easily caught. In Scotland he is gowk, which means a cuckoo."

The facts in regard to this custom as they have been developed by more modern researches in Eastern Asia, we gave from the "Asiatic Researches" in the May number, 1862. It seems clear, that it had an oriental origin earlier than Christianity; though it may have been, and no

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doubt was, adopted in the Church, and connected with the mockery with which our Saviour was treated in His shameful trial. Its wide-spread existence, even at this day, shows how strangely customs travel and how tenaciously tradition preserves their form, even when the original ground on which they rest is forgotten.

The first of April has other customs. This is *the* day of the year, when money is borrowed and money paid; and though in another way, yet effectually does this day, if not make, yet reveal and exhibit foolish men. This character belongs to the man, who finds on this day to his disappointment and sorrow, that he has borrowed more money than he is able to return—a thing which not unfrequently happens. A heavy trouble it is, which borrowed money sometimes lays upon men's hearts and minds. It must be paid, unless the accommodating capitalist from whom it is borrowed, kindly consents, in view of an exorbitant and ruinous bonus, to extend the time! This is sometimes done, it is said; not in any of the regions where the "Guardian" circulates, but in the ugly world beyond! The borrower, in hope of relieving himself, consents to pay the ruinous demand, but it is only to open a larger hole to stop a smaller one. Instead of getting out, he only gets deeper in. Pay day comes again, and as sure as it comes, it brings its greater grief.

We do not deny the moral right of borrowing money, nor absolutely question its duty and propriety in certain cases. But we would advocate the same kind of caution in regard to it, which the Irishman gave to the dentist, who was about to pull out one of his teeth: "Be aisy, and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can." A legal paper in which we "promise to pay," is easily drawn up, and it is but a small trouble to sign, seal, and deliver it; but when it comes to make good the clause "without defalcation," then comes the tug of the war! Many a man has been ruined by a too ready disposition to borrow money. Any one can see on the first of April, that the bright faces belong to those who have money to receive, the sad faces to those who have it to pay; and the saddest of all, belong to those who have to pay, and are not ready for it.

We earnestly advise our young friends, who are setting out in business life, to hate borrowing money as they hate snakes. It is one way, and a sure one to get into a habit of venturing beyond the proper depths, and surely involves the danger of getting into the power of dangerous men. A wise man has said: "The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender." Another proverb not inspired, but tested by long experience, is, "Make haste slowly." The solid men in every community, are those who have increased in wealth, at what young America would call the old fogy rate. Remember the fable of the race run between the rabbit and the snail!

We must not, however, forget that the first of April is also, at least in the Middle States, "Moving day." What an interesting time that is! But we cannot help thinking of the saying, "Three removes are as bad as a fire." What a rubbing and scratching of "household goods," and what a smashing of "kitchen furniture!" Whoever has experienced it—and there are few in this world of change who have not—knows that there is more than considerable wear and tear, before the *impedimenta*, as the Latins very significantly called such goods, are transferred and arranged in their new location. But it is a thing that must be, and it is well to take it in good humor, a thing more easily advised than carried out.

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With all its drawbacks there is one encouraging thing connected with moving. We always discover how much we really own! Few persons, who have never moved, are aware of the quantity of things they possess. In the case of Goldsmith's learned schoolmaster, it was difficult to conceive, how one small head could carry all he knew; so, in the operation of moving, it is hard to believe that all the goods tumbled out, had actually been deposited in a single house. There seems to be no end to it! When kitchen, cellar, garret, and all the other apartments have given up their treasures, one still feels like crying out, "more teams!"

But unless we would be so impolite as to give the reader all the April notions, and leave nothing for himself to think and imagine, we must bring our disquisitions to a close. We may yet express the hope, that all who read may experience on the first of April crisis, an easy and pleasant termination in their financial and moving transactions, and, in the month as a whole, a genial passage from winter into all the cheer and the charms of spring.

"THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

BY MARY.

There is said to be in Italy a sun-dial bearing the following inscription:

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

This is the secret of a cheerful and truly grateful heart; and if we did this, we would find in our daily life more hours that shine than are clouded, and would ever have occasion for thanksgiving. They are to be marked—counted, as so many precious jewels, laid away in memory's casket, thus affording pleasure even when numbered with the past, lending a reflected light to many that would otherwise be dark; and they are to be daily increased in number and brightness. Instead of this we often treat the hours that are past, as we would the grave of one whom we have injured.

Taking the clouded ones as our rightful inheritance in this "vale of tears," these shining hours are to be received as free gifts from a loving friend, as that for which we may be thankful, but never can repay: to be warmly appreciated, and diligently improved while they last.

It has been said, hours of pleasure are short. Were we careful to choose pleasures of an elevated character, and then endeavor to draw from them true enjoyment to its fullest extent, this would not so often be the case. Hours of true pleasure are those in which the immortal part of man is elevated and ennobled; for though it is generally acknowledged, that his "affairs tend downward," yet the consciousness of injury done to his best and noblest powers robs him of all true enjoyment until he is reinstated to the dignity for which he was intended by his Creator.

Music, as the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life, does much to increase the number of hours that shine. It is the recaller of the past, the giver of present joy, and the brightener of the future. Southey,

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in one of his letters, says,—"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

The hours that shine may be said to be the most valuable ones. Many things in nature are valuable only when brought to the light, however necessary the darkness has been, to the formation of the qualities which render them valuable. It is thus with gems. They are costly, only when flashings and gleamings of light, reveal their brilliant hues, but are worthless in the dark, since their sole value consists in the gratification they afford to the eye, for the exercise of which, light is necessary. The hours, each having its own rich hue, "like a pearl in an ocean shell," must have all that clouds their original brightness removed, in order to become costly. The number of shining hours may be vastly increased by overcoming those evil passions, which cloud so many that would otherwise be bright, and by learning patiently

"——to endure
Ills and woes we cannot cure."

There are no really *dark* hours in life for the true child of God: many are clouded by sorrow, as the pearl is shrouded in its shell, but the power to shine is still there, and it will come forth all the more glorious for its long confinement. Many a bright vision of heaven's own light, is revealed only by sorrow, as the stars are by night, or as the rainbow, amid drops of grief. Our heavenly Father has wisely mixed the cups of joy and sadness, has placed the power to smile and to weep in the same countenance, and gives us many occasions for the exercise of both, that we may set our hearts on things above, remembering that we are but pilgrims and sojourners here. They are like the two forces that hold the earth in its centre. Were joy given us in full fruition, earth could no longer contain our spirits, or were sorrow allowed to hold its full sway, how rapidly would we sink into oblivion's sea! But He who "ruleth all things well" has ordained it otherwise.

The hours spent in meditation on the goodness and wisdom of the great Author of the universe, may be classed among the noontide hours of those "that shine;" for if true happiness be found only in that which elevates the immortal, and man be prone to imitate that which he conceives to be higher than himself, surely herein he can find his highest enjoyment, to gaze, wonder, and adore the great Infinite.

While sorrow is the lot of all, many receive it to a fuller extent than others, and it is not only a *duty*, but——

"To lighten the load of human woe
Is a joy that every heart may know,"

and we are often surprised to find our own sun shining brightly through the "rift in the cloud" we were making seemingly for another; and this can be done in the little affairs of every day life. A little child once beautifully said of the stars, "They are pin-holes for the glory to shine through;" only pin-holes, and yet how glorious!

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Yet many borrow trouble, and imagine great clouds in their skies, when all that is wrong is a mote in their own eye, and that mote is distrust of the love of God, and want of true gratitude for the "hours that shine." Our Saviour has drawn our attention to the lilies of the field, a beautiful example, teaching us to flee all doubt and unnecessary anxiety concerning the things of this life.

"If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound,"

to mark only the hours that shine would yield no permanent benefit; the hours would "brighten but to fly," and once fled, their influence, and the opportunities they had afforded, would perish with them. Like the bright fancy that seizes the brain of the artist, but which he suffers to float off unpainted on his canvass, unchiselled in his marble, and becoming finally obliterated, he loses the glory and fame, that might otherwise be his. He must realize that he is working to perpetuate his name, after he is dead. So must we "paint for eternity," while these bright hours exist, not always in light; for shade is also required to give form and feature to the work of our pencils.

We must keep in view "the glory which shall be revealed," of which the hours that shine are but sunbeams, belonging not to earth, but sent on a mission of love to cheer, warm, and beautify it. The soil of this earth is dark: above, all is light, and we are placed between these, so that both light and shade may be given to our life's pictures.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the time when at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision."

CHRIST THE BURDEN-BEARER.—Christ is not only "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," but is the burden-bearer who bids us cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us. Many overburdened and anxious Christians find their unbelief illustrated in the following:

"A poor man," says one, "was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he was allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. 'O, foolish man,' was the reply, 'If I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able to carry your burden?'"

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GOD'S WAY OR MAN'S WAY—WHICH?

BY THE EDITOR.

Men are prone to think that in religion, in the worship of God, they can take their own way—that God will be pleased with, and accept, their acts, if they are only sincere and well-meant. They forget that God has not merely taught men that they should worship, but also *how* they should worship Him. He claims the right to His own will and way in the salvation of men, and of prescribing to men instead of having men to prescribe to Him.

Why should not God have a right to His own way of saving men? Why may He not insist that His own signs, seals, sacraments, and ordinances shall be sacredly respected and submitted to by men who seek His favor? Yea, this is absolutely *necessary* that God should in this way prescribe His own order of grace, and maintain His own honor.

This solemn truth may be illustrated by a similar necessity existing among men, in their dealings one with another.

What would become of the authority and position of a king, ruler, or public officer of any kind, without a seal by which to authenticate his own acts and ordinances?—If all grants or prohibitions, drawn up by any one of his subjects of their own notion and in their own way, were to be regarded as his, binding him to honor them!—if he would allow even his own under-officers to draw them up in legal form, and use them without his authentic seal? That moment there would be an end of his sovereignty, and an end of his government!

Not only rulers, officers, but every man, is solemnly entitled to the right, the use, and authentic confirmation of his own name—in other words, to his own signature or seal. It is necessary that he should be. If one man may use that of another in his own way, when and how he pleases, there is an end of order, and of all social and business intercourse.

It is enough that a ruler is willing to dispense the benefits and resources in his power, on just and gracious terms, in the way he sees and knows best; and so as to be authenticated by himself. A man of wealth may be benevolence and mercy itself, but he cannot surrender and give up to the caprice of every one the right to authenticate a draft of benefits at his own will, and by his own hand, and in his own way. It is enough that he should be willing to offer his aid to all who are willing to accept and receive it on the draught authenticated by his own seal.

But what is this that is asked of God by those who are not willing to receive what they need under His covenant and sacramental seal? It is by such, first of all, denied that God has any right to His own name—that He has any control over His own resources. It is practically held that he is a king without rights, that His resources are not His, but belong

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by natural right to all—that His kingdom has neither laws nor ordinances, but that every dependent subject is in fact independent, and that such as are no subjects may become such in their own way, or without becoming such, draw for themselves from the resources of the government after the imagination of their own hearts!

Behold several parallel cases. You are rich. A man comes to you who is poor, and in want, and begs of you one hundred dollars. You offer him your check on a bank, signed by yourself, for that amount. He refuses to accept it *in that way*. He now goes and draws up an order for the money, signed by himself! Or having declined your permission and grant, he endeavors by some certificate, legal *in form*, secretly to abstract it from your resources.

Take another case. A serious Canaanite, living on the borders of the Jewish nation, in frequent intercourse with the Jews, learns something of God's grace to Israel, and is at length moved by a desire after it, feeling his need of just such salvation. He is told that it is freely offered and given to all who will join themselves to the Lord and his people in the covenant of circumcision. He turns away from such offer. He attempts to offer himself to the God of Israel in some secret way; or he goes into some grove, builds an altar, offers on it a vulture and a jackal, and in connection with it dedicates himself to the God of Israel! He imagines that will do—believes it is a reasonable service—cannot see why it should not be just as good as the other—does it all sincerely and with the best intentions—feels comfortable; and in his own stubborn pride and presumption, supposes that he has now brought the Lord to his own terms!

Now take the case in hand. A person in a Christian land has lived in a kind of careless worldliness. He has some vague ideas of Christianity, which have been incidentally caught up from his neighbors, from papers and books, and from an occasional sermon or funeral address, and also from now and then looking into the Bible. He knows, perhaps, many things about Christianity, but nothing truly and connectedly. Though he may have heard incidentally of every doctrine, duty, and privilege of religion, he knows less of it as a glorious system of salvation than the man who has seen paint, pencil, brush, and canvass, knows of the sublime paintings of the divine Raphael or Michael Angelo. Yea, he may be intelligent in many things, but he has never earnestly sought to know the divine system of grace and salvation. What then, does he know?

But now, he has been somewhat impressed. He feels the need of salvation. As he has been accustomed to help himself, and depend on his own wisdom, and pursue his own way in other matters, he feels disposed to do so in this; and straightway he goes about to establish a righteousness of his own, in his own way, and by means of his own devising. Getting along poorly, he is often discouraged. At length he is told that God offers to him all he desires and needs in His covenant of mercy and grace. He is told, that by Baptism he may be admitted into the kingdom of grace, where he shall receive the remission of sin, the gift of the Holy Ghost, and all that is promised, and all that is needed—that through His Holy Supper, Christ will nourish him in the life of grace; and that by faith he may thus appropriate to himself all that he needs—that all this is in fact promised, signed, and sealed to him of God in this covenant sacramental act, of which he has only to accept.

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Glorious offer! But it does not please him—does not at all accord with his views—those views which he got in his own way, without any trouble to himself, and which he now values above all that God's word, God's Church, or God's ministers can teach him. Vague ideas, which he has caught on the wing, confused echoes, from the surrounding air, are to him a greater and surer word of God than any that ever prophets, apostles, fathers, confessors, martyrs, and eminent saints lived to illustrate and died to confirm!

He turns away. He thinks within himself: "I have my own Bible and can read for myself;" and he is careful to read and ponder all, except its uncompromising demands of submission to God's own covenant ordinances. He thinks within himself, "I can pray for myself;" and he does pray for every thing, except for grace and humility to submit to, and accept of, God's own order of salvation.

When such views are held, and such a course of conduct is pursued, where is God's honor? and where His instituted order of grace?

What is worse, where is the test of man's submission to God. What is submission? To do what seems to me right and necessary, or to do what God commands? Is the test of obedience my own judgment, my own feelings and pleasure, or is it submission to a divine order and ordinance? To set these aside, instead of being submission, is positive, daring rebellion.

If God wishes me to become His by the way of the covenant, and requires me to accept its sign as the warrant of, and the way to, His grace, and I, neglecting this, seek His favor in some other way, though I may be willing, after having found His favor in my own way, to submit to the covenant act as a matter of form, am I not a rebel?

When I despise His mercy, offered in his own way, I can in nothing be approved of Him. Having turned away from His mercy, His justice will slay me.

When God told Elijah to do one thing, he fled and did another. The word of the Lord followed him and asked, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" He pleaded zeal for the Lord! "I have been very zealous for the Lord God of hosts." Zeal for the Lord in shrinking from duty! in disobedience and unfaithfulness!

So when I submit not to His order, no difference where his searching word may find me—at my Bible, at my prayers, or any where working out a righteousness of my own, in my own way, He will say, "What dost thou here?" "Who hath required this at your hands?"

Where is the test of the true worship of God, if the covenant test be set aside? If reconciliation to His favor is not to be secured in His way, by submission to His covenant test, but is to be left to man's endeavors and judgment, then what curb is there to the vain imaginations of men? On what principle then shall worship stand? Shall every man make his own test? Is not this the very ground from which all heathen religions have sprung, and on which all heathen worship rests?

What is heathenism but a departure from the covenant. Noah and his sons were all pious and clave to God. There were then no heathen in the world. But in time, some of their descendants took their own way, broke away from the divine order, and worshipped as *they* thought best! In a few graphic words the holy apostle Paul gives the origin and downward history of heathenism. "Because that when they knew God, they glorified

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Him not as God, neither were thankful, *but became vain in their imaginations*, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Therefore God also gave them up to uncleanness, through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: who *changed the truth of God into a lie*, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen."

The fact that, throughout the Old Testament times, the covenant preserved the true religion against being swallowed up by surrounding heathenism, is as clear as the records of history can make it. That in Christian ages the covenant was the only banner under which the cross prevailed over paganism, and extended the power and light of Christianity, is equally clear. The noble and innumerable company of martyrs, confessors and saints, who during 1800 years have stood in the ranks and done glorious service for Christ, for the Church, and for the world, all wore the badge of the covenant. This was the strength of their position—this made them feel in every trial that God stood behind them as their stay—by this sign they conquered their enemies and overcame the world.

If now, in our age, the tendency, fearfully apparent and strong, towards practical heathenism is to be checked, it must be done by calling back the minds and hearts of men to the strongholds of the covenant. Parents must see why their grown children are not His. The sacrament that begins to redeem in infancy must be called to its legitimate honor. Individual fancies must give way to faith in the virtue of God's covenant acts. Men must be taught that to come to Christ requires not a mere feeling, but an *act* of surrender. Instead of seeking Christ in the world they must seek him in the Church, and instead of seeking to make covenants of their own, they must humbly accept that which is made, and is confirmed by the oath of God, and sealed by the blood of Christ.

May God speedily arise as in the days of old, and bring forth salvation out of Zion, that the voice of joy and rejoicing may be heard in the tabernacles of the righteous.

THE GREAT CHANGE.—Once it was the dark carbon that kindled our fires, and yet, through some unknown laws of God, the darkest has become the most brilliant. Is there any change like this? Yes, a far nobler. See that small worm feeding on the coarsest food. We shrink from its touch, but it becomes the butterfly which lives in a higher world, sips from the delicate flower, and charms us by its beauteous colors. But mark a change far greater—see the sensual and worldly becoming pure and refined—the child of Satan the child of God. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" This is a change which all others typify, and before which the diamond fades—sins like scarlet, white as snow; red like crimson, pure as wool.

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THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

All four Evangelists make record of the burial of Jesus. (Matt. xxvii., 57—60. Mark xiv., 42—46. Luke xxiii., 50—56. John xix., 38—42.) This may show the importance attached to it by them.

There was a Providence presided over the burial of Christ. For though it was ordinarily regarded as a sacred and pious duty to bury the dead, yet those who died on the cross were, according to Roman law, not allowed burial, but their bodies were directed to be exposed to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field (Pearson, p. 330), or at least to remain exposed to the wasting influences of wind and weather. "A guard was usually set about them, lest any pitying hand should take the body from the accursed tree, and cover it with earth." (Idem, 331.) We find that true to this Roman regulation there was a centurion, and others with him, "watching Jesus." (Matt. xxvii., 54.)

In spite of this law, Jesus was buried. Though the Roman law, as we have seen, forbade burial, yet it allowed the magistrate the privilege to permit it. Pilate, who believed Him innocent, and yet crucified Him because the Jews requested it, also allowed Him burial when it was requested of him. He was also probably influenced in giving this permission by the fact that the Jews wished the body removed from the cross before the Sabbath day, from considerations of ceremonial cleanness. (Luke xix. 31.) Whatever may have been the motive in allowing it, the providence of God fulfilled both type and prophecy in His burial. For that He should be buried was typically represented (Matt. xii., 40) and prophetically foretold. (Ps. xvi., 9, 10.)

The Heidelberg Catechism gives one specific lesson for His burial. He was buried "To show thereby that he was really dead." There is a strong proof that he was really dead in the fact that Pilate *allowed* Him to be buried. When Joseph of Arimathea, in the evening, asked for the body, Pilate was astonished that He should already be dead. Hence he quite satisfied himself on that point by "calling unto him the centurion," and asking him "whether He had been any while dead. And when he knew (*it*) of the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph." (Mark xv., 43—45.) That His enemies gave His body for burial, and that His friends actually buried it, may be regarded as a double proof "that He was really dead."

His burial also symbolizes the going down into death, and the coming up into life of all who are united with Christ. (Col. ii., 12. Rom. vi., 4.) It is thus a constant lesson, and a striking illustration of the true way of life, which leads through death to life.

His burial furnishes a sacred and touching lesson on the decencies and proprieties of Christian burial. (Acts v., 6; viii., 2; ix., 37.) "Before,

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and at our Saviour's time, the Greeks did much, the Romans more, use the burning of the bodies of the dead, and preserved only their ashes in their urns; but when Christianity began to increase, the funeral flames did cease, and after a few emperors had received baptism, there was not a body burnt in all the Roman empire. For the Christians wholly abstained from consuming the dead bodies with fire, and followed the example of our Saviour's funeral." (Pearson, 338.)

The repose of Christ in the tomb has sanctified the graves of the saints. The grave is a different spot now from what it would have been, if the sacred body of Jesus had never lain there.

> The graves of all His saints He blessed,
> When in the grave He lay.

As His death on the cross made that instrument of horror and symbol of shame a standard of glory and the honored badge of Christianity, so His rest in the grave has forever made it for every Christian a sacred bed of repose.

It is a beautiful fact that He was buried in a garden—amid a scene of life and beauty. All the wrath and power of His enemies were not able to doom the sacred body of our Lord to the common soil of the Potter's field.

In short, there is a great combination of beauties, decencies, and proprieties clustering around our Saviour's burial, which are the more wonderful as the opposite was evidently intended, and in the circumstances of His death most likely, to occur. Think of the dignity of the person who begged His body for burial, Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor, a rich man, and, what is still better, a man just and good, who waited for the kingdom of God; of Nicodemus, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, who also once came to Him by night, to ask Him concerning the mysteries of redemption, and who now came with spices for His embalming, taking the sacred body under his care, and winding it in linen clothes with the spices; of the Marys who went about in sacred and earnest silence on the same beautiful errand; of the new sepulchre, in which no one had ever been laid, in the midst of the garden—in which at that springing season of the year, the young vigor of vegetable life was silently uttering the hopeful prophecy that His burial there should be unto resurrection and life. What a combination of affectionate interest, what a bosom of beautiful love, is that hallowing the sacred quietude which reigns around the grave of this glorious Prince of life and love! And all this comes into the charming picture of our faith, when, in the language of the creed, we devoutly confess that He was BURIED.

MELLOW AGE.—"I love to look back upon the past. Memory lives there, and in treasuring up what we have acquired or observed, it expatiates upon the resources of Infinite Goodness. I love, too, to look forward to the future. Faith lives there, and in her brightest anticipations sees Him whose presence and love are the joy of earth and time, and also the everlasting joy of heaven and eternity. It is a delightful thought that God is there—God, our own God. There are sombre hues in the past; but there is radiance even in the darkest cloud."—*Dr. Spring's "Life and Times."*

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A LITTLE EPISODE.

[In an article by "Cosmo," in the February number, page 44, appeared a passage, to which an excellent friend of the GUARDIAN took exception; and expressed to us his belief, that it tended to undermine faith by "stabbing the genuineness of the New Testament, and would consequently do injury." We knew that it was not so intended by the excellent author. We accordingly called his attention to the passage. He has furnished his views on the subject in reply to the charge, from which we give that which afforded, what seems to the writer sufficient historical grounds for the views expressed. This is due both to him and to the one who objects to the views expressed. We must, however, yet add, that we have not the same confidence as he has in the authorities quoted by him in support of the idea that such a quantity of inspired writings was destroyed. Yet if even some were destroyed, we do not see that such fact would affect the genuineness of those which remain, as the objector holds. We have the pleasure of an acquaintance with "Cosmo," and can bear testimony to his decided Christian views, as our readers can to the interesting character of his articles.—ED. GUARDIAN.]

I have certainly no explanation to make beyond what I supposed was so plainly expressed in the misconstrued paragraph, that not even an infidel would appropriate it as capital.

The obnoxious lines written by me read thus:

"Besides that, our early translators took out from the MS. records of the evangelists only what they considered to be the *pith* of the matter, consigning the remainder to destruction and consequent oblivion; whereas, had they considerately left the MSS. to later and more competent translators, the *pith* would have been found infinitely wider, deeper, more consecutive and satisfactory."

I find in the writings of Lampridius, the historian of the fourth century,—of whose works only a few scraps remain,—this declaration:

"It is to be greatly regretted, that the human mind in these dark, miserable times, is fast degenerating, so that all men are again becoming pagans and idolaters. People of all ranks are wholly uneducated, and contracts are made in spoken words, because there are not those capable of writing them. It is only the ecclesiastics and scribes who can read and write; and of these latter, those appointed by Julian, surnamed the *Apostate*, to translate into the Latin language many of the writings of the apostles, culpably destroyed them through ignorance and pagan fanaticism."

Eutropias, who was cotemporary with honest old Lampridius, writes:

"Morals every where, both among the clergy and laity, are at a lamentably low ebb. Christianity bears none of its original excellence, but is corrupted into a degrading superstition. Few of the teachers understand that which is their duty to teach daily, and not many of the bishops have

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ever seen a copy of the Scriptures in their lives. Many of the writings of the apostles, and testimony that ought to have been preserved to the world, have been wantonly burned, and so forever lost."

Will the critic, who accuses "Cosmo" of "*Stabbing* the genuineness of the New Testament," question the knowledge and veracity of these old Roman historians, who lived and wrote at the beginning of the Dark Ages, who held fast the Christian *Faith*, notwithstanding all Christendom was drifting rapidly back to pagan idolatry? Or, admitting their testimony, will he candidly confess, that had the 63,900 MSS. consigned to the flames by the seventy *pundits* employed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, 204 years B. C., and those of the New Testament destroyed during the reigns of Julian, Jovian, Valentinian, and Valens, from A. D. 340 to 476, been carefully preserved and placed in the hands of our Christian scholars of the nineteenth century for translation, the *pith* of our Bible history would have been "wider, deeper, more consecutive and satisfactory?"

"Cosmo" never intentionally "stabbed" any thing—least of all the *Divine Truth* of *Holy Writ*, which by study and investigation in Bible lands, he has endeavored, in his own way, to help establish beyond the question or cavil of unbelievers.

COSMO.

A PLAUSIBLE MODE OF TEACHING ERROR.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have lately read in a religious paper a statement and a story about an old man, who prided himself on the fact, that he had, during seventy years, never once retired at night without having repeated the prayer which his mother taught him in infancy. At length he became sick, and then he declared that he took no more pleasure in the fact stated—but confessed that he never prayed at all, in fact, although he had every night said the prayer taught him by his mother. He rather condemned his former habit of repeating his mother's prayer.

This is the substance of the story. Then we have the moralization, which is to the effect that the habit referred to is not only vain, but pernicious. Thus the tone of the article is designed to strike at the root of that sacred and beautiful custom, which many Christians think lies at the root of steady and solid educational piety. Plausible as such a representation may seem to the popular and superficial reflection of the times, we have the following strictures to make on the story and its moral.

1. First of all, without wishing to reflect on the old man's professed superior piety at the time he made the declaration, we must firmly disbelieve his declaration. That he, during seventy years, or even during any one single year of the seventy, repeated that prayer as a mere form, without any heart in its words, and without any seriousness, sincerity or devout reflection—this we most decidedly disbelieve. It is impossible. He was himself mistaken when he made the assertion. The very fact that he kept

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up the habit of piety so long, shows that he retained with those habits the deeper instincts of piety. Did he through all the various experiences, the earnest trials, the doubts, fears and sorrows of seventy years, never find and feel that the solemn words he repeated fitted the state and the needs of his spirit? When he was about to lie down, after the duties of the day, in the quiet hour of evening, when the duty of repeating the prayer suggested itself to his mind, did he not once think of God, of his dependence on Him, of the pious example of his sainted mother, of the needs of his own soul; and did no wave of penitential feeling ever pass over his heart; and did his soul never sigh and seek with something of trust for repose in Christ by faith? Who can believe this, even when declared by an old man of perhaps four-score years? We disbelieve it most decidedly. His own mind and memory were warped when he made the declaration.

2. When he made the declaration, sickness was upon him. Now, of course, he had an experience, and felt a need that was new to him. A new strait called for new earnestness, and he prayed as he had never prayed before. This is as it should have been. It is natural and scriptural that his pressed spirit in the hour of trial should earnestly call to God out of the depths. How could he pray, as a sick and dying man, when he was lying down at night in perfect health and strength? Now he prays like a sick man, because he is sick, and like a dying man, because he feels that death has actually begun its final work with him. But he is sorely guilty of ingratitude to God, and has a very mistaken view of his former pious training, and his own life-long religious instincts, when, amid these new experiences he feels it his duty to ignore and condemn those pious habits of his long life, which are the best evidences of his constant sense of dependence on God, and which were the procuring means of his daily blessings through so many merciful years. This is as if a tree, when at length the blossom and the fruit appear, should say that all its long and silent previous life and growth were of no account. So when a Christian by many earnest and steady steps reaches at last the Jordan which "divides that heavenly land from ours;" and finds its passage a little dark and stormy, so as to awaken in him new anxiety and earnestness, he must not say that the many steady steps before taken through the wilderness of this world and the soberest thoughts and prayers under every evening tent, had nothing to do with bringing him there—but that only his last cries took him safely over!

The story which we have reviewed is only a specimen of others, which constantly float about in the columns of religious papers. Sayings uttered by Christians under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, and often of men not at all deeply and thoroughly informed in regard to the operations of the Christian life, are hawked about as the very highest wisdom in practical theology. Their words, without any farther examination, are regarded weighty enough to set aside venerable customs in piety, and at once to condemn as foolishness and deadening error the anointed wisdom of ages.

This kind of religious delusion—if it be not sometimes even mere trickery—needs constant watching and faithful exposure. Its plausibility commends it to simple-hearted and unreflecting Christians—so that, instead of laboring to mould their religious life according to the solid pattern of the

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life of Christ, they are unconsciously aiming to realize in their own *ordinary* religious experiences, those manifestations which belong only to the *extraordinary* ordeals of life; if they are not even bewildered by the sporadic gleams of some abnormal and sickly flashes of religious light in others. Thus their consciences are troubled, their faith and foundations in the regular life of grace unsettled and they are led deviously by erratic phantoms, which vanish the moment it is attempted to grasp them.

It is a grave error, and one which is at present fruitful in mischief, to suppose that the everlastinng gospel, either theoretically or practically, is founded on the ever-varying moods and experiences of even Christian men, women and children.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most,—feels the noblest—acts the best."

To the Patrons of the Guardian:

Having the Kaleidoscope committed to our care, it shall be our *constant* care that the confidence of its publishers and editor shall not be misplaced, or a picture presented that shall not have in its intention the entertainment, instruction and best interests of every reader.

R. C. KENDALL—*alias*—"Cosmo."
MRS. M. E. KENDALL—*alias*—"Madeline."

BREAD.

No other article of diet is with the people of the United States, of such direct importance, and nothing else of which we partake as food, is so universally abused as bread. We are more indebted to our bread makers —whether our wives, daughters, hired house-maids, or outside bakers, for just about seven-tenths of all our fashionable complaints, as indigestion, head-aches, heart-burns, dyspepsia, flatulency, acidity, delicacy and debility, than to all other causes combined.

By no possibility can bread made light by fermentation, ever be wholesome. We have subjected several as beautiful fresh loaves as ever came from a baker's, or any other oven, to a powerful microscopic test, and there was the white, delicate structure, light as a feathery sponge, up-borne by myriads of mischievous fungi—*toad stools*, if you please. Bah! Proceeding with experiment, chemical analysis gave us on an average, forty per cent. of the best food properties of the flour, in the third stage of decomposition—incipient *rottenness*, reader; only in degree more fit for aliment than putrid meat, or rotten potatoes, or cabbage.

All fermented bread, no matter by what combination of materials fermentation has been achieved, must show similar results. Therefore all leavened bread is unwholesome. In degree poisonous. A very large per cent. of its best life-giving properties poisoned by impure carbonic acid gas—changed by fermentation into obnoxious *fungi*.

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What is to be done? Feed on unleavened gutta percha bread? No, that does not necessarily follow. Until we shall have bread made as light as bread possibly can be made, by thorough aeroation, *i. e.*, by forcing atmospheric air into, and all through the loaf, which we shall have one of these days, the next best thing we can do, for making bread, of all kinds of grain, cakes, pastry, pie-crust, whatever we would make light, whatever we would have wholesome, will be to resort to *Azumea*, the chemical invention of Prof. Morris, of Philadelphia.

By using this material, which is, all things considered, as cheap as any leaven in use, always reliable, and in condition very convenient, all the laborious process of kneading is obviated, the tedious waiting for the "batch" to get light enough to bake is dispensed with, and good, sweet, wholesome bread, with from an hour and a half to two hours' time saved, the inevitable result. For further instructions and information, we refer the reader hereof, who shall take a fancy to mend his or her bread diet, to the manufacturers of the material, E. Mockridge & Co., No. 62, N. 4th St., Philadelphia, and 102 Warren St., New York. Only we beg to present, in conclusion, two or three of the uses to which we put Azumea in our daily practice.

AZUMEA ROLLS.

Three tea-spoonfuls of Azumea to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly by passing two or three times through a sieve. Rub in a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water (milk is best), barely stiff enough to permit rolling out. Do not knead the dough: cut in any desired form, place *immediately* in a hot oven and bake quickly.

MILK CAKE.

Three tea-spoonfuls of Azumea to one quart of wheat flour sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs beaten; make the dough up with milk, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

LOAF BREAD.

Azumea, three tea-spoonfuls; wheat flour one quart; sift well together; work up into dough with milk or water, cold-milk, if you have it; and bake immediately in a moderately hot oven.

BROWN BREAD.

One pint of yellow corn meal, one pint of flour, three tea-spoonfuls of Azumea, all sifted together; add one gill of molasses, two beaten eggs, make a thin paste with milk, and bake slowly.

All these, and a good many more capital things that Azumea can do, we can vouch for, having practised them to perfection.

COSMO.

OUR WOODLAND WARBLERS.

Boys and girls of the rural regions, and my friends of both sexes who have gone on life's journey a good many years beyond childhood, don't you remember when sometimes you have been listlessly sauntering along in the vicinity of some beautiful grove, or low-growing, umbrageous tree at

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early morning, or just as the glowing summer's sun was bidding our side of the world good night; how your step has been stayed, your ear enraptured by a burst of low sweet melody, clear and metallic, as if a silver throat, and lips of ruby were singing:—"*I-r-r-ilee-re-al-real-ir-re-li-li-re-al-lir-ril-lirril-lee?*

That is the Vireo *V. gilvus*—Warbling Fly-catcher, chanting his matin or vesper hymn to the Giver of all good, breathing out in exquisite melody, with all his might of lungs, his bird-worship of God.

Look in among the foliage, and you will find, perched upon a twig, the beautiful worshipper, half sitting, almost standing, wings slightly drooping, head up-turned, every feather in a quiver of ecstasy, as the low, rich melody floats out from his tiny throat in volume and cadence that make you wonder how so much music can emanate from such a mite.

He is a dear, sweet little fellow—the Warbling Fly-catcher, and though not so gorgeous as the Gold finch, or so gaudy as the Jay, the Vireo is a very beautiful bird, nevertheless. In extreme length he is about five inches, the tail included, which is a trifle more than two inches. The wing is about three inches, making the span from tip to tip, when both are extended, seven and a half inches. The outside of the wings, back and top of the head, is a delicate olive green. The throat, breast, and within the wings is white, toned with a pale, beautiful yellow.

The Vireo is strictly insectivorous, feeding almost exclusively on flies, so that if he were not so provokingly shy a little fellow, and his family a great deal more numerous, what a blessing he would be about our kitchens and dining-rooms in summer time.

Don't harm the pretty Warbling Fly-catcher, I pray you. He is himself harmless, innocent, and such a delightful songster.

MADELINE.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

In many parts of western Missouri, and in portions of several of the other western states and territories, these little *groundlings* are so numerous as to prove an annoying pest.

The Prairie dog—*C. Ludovicanus*, is about the size of a half grown kitten, but thicker—more in shape like a guinea pig. The color is a brownish red on the back, and yellowish gray below. Their habits are much like those of the gopher and wood chuck, and frequently their colonies are so densely populated that the earth for a considerable area will be perforated with their burrows like a heavy comb.

Each burrow has a mound at its mouth, on which sits perched night and day, fair weather and foul, a sentry dog, to give warning of danger, at the first intimation of which—*pop*, goes every prairie puppy into his hole.

In the same burrows with the dogs, and always in perfect harmony with them, live great numbers of little horned owls and rattle snakes, making a most incongruous, but inevitably a very happy family. The animal has a shrill, chirping bark, and hence its popular name—Prairie Dog.

COSMO.

CANNA. NAT. ORD. *Manantaceæ.*

For the adornment of the drawing-room, the cottage window, conservatory, rural flower garden, or city parterre, the Canna has no rival in the flora of the world. Its majestic growth, gorgeous and thousand-hued

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flowers, its luxuriant foliage, make it the most strikingly picturesque and beautiful of all our ornamental plants, and when promiscuously mingled with other plants and flowers, or placed in pots along terraces, walks, or the borders of lawns and miniature lakes, it gives an oriental splendor to the scene, that no other plant can impart. Being of easy culture and rapid growth, no lawn, parterre, flower garden, or homestead, however small or humble, should be without it.

There are in all, about thirty varieties of the Canna, all of foreign origin, but naturalized in the United States, so that with us now, they are all half hardy *perennials*.

To grow them from seed, soak the seed for twelve hours in water kept pretty warm, say at about 120 degrees. Sow in rich sandy loam and garden mould, in pots, and place in an active hot-bed. When up a few inches, thin out into separate pots, and keep under glass until the last of May, when they should be shifted into larger pots and distributed in the open air whenever required. Before fall frosts, the roots should be transferred to a dry cellar, from whence in the following spring they may be planted out after all danger from frosts is past, for early growth and bloom. But as twelve of the most beautiful varieties may be had from any first class florist and seedsman, for about $3.00, the best economy is to begin the Canna stock in that way.

MADELINE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST: The Miracle of History, with a reply to Straus and Renan, and a collection of testimonies of unbelievers. By Philip Schaff, D.D. Boston: The American Tract Society. Pp. 375.

In the February number, 1865, we gave a chapter from this book on "The Childhood and Training of Christ," the work being then in course of publication. That chapter may serve to give the reader a glimpse at the character of this excellent little book. It is written in the well known style of Dr. Schaff. He has the rare ability of combining learning with popularity of style. This is a timely work, and we are glad to know that so able and yet so popular a work has appeared in this country against the bold infidelity of Straus and Renan. The collection of the testimonies of unbelievers to the moral character of Christ is a new and interesting feature of the work. The book is nicely gotten up, and we wish it as large a circulation as its merits deserve. To *our* readers a work of Dr. Schaff need not be recommended.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—MAY, 1866.—No. 5.

GOD'S MARK ON US.

BY THE EDITOR.

In an article, published in the last number, we showed that salvation must be accepted as God himself presents it. "God's way or man's way—which?' We showed that to be saved requires a submission to God's sacramental covenant institutions—that God owes it to His own order and honor to require this. We wish now to show that sacramental signs and seals are equally necessary to authenticate the divine way to man. The sacraments, as visible tokens, marks, seals of God's covenant are also necessary to establish the faith, and to satisfy the needs of man. Without sacraments there is no system of salvation; we can be assured of none, and we can have no hope and assurance of salvation.

If, in making a will, his own seal is necessary to him who makes it, to witness its genuineness, and to defend it against any false substitute, it is no less necessary to him in whose favor it is made, that a counterfeit will may not be imposed upon him.

It needs only a little sober and earnest reflection to convince any one, that if it were not for the existence of the sacraments, as signs and seals of the covenant, it would not have been possible to establish and perpetuate the truth of Christianity. Without them we could not now have any infallible evidence of its truth. The actual existence of the sacraments connects the present with the past; they bring the past ever down to the present, or they connect us, by an infallible chain of evidence, with the time of the origin of Christianity; so that we see its truth as those saw it who were witnesses of its rise. A superficial judgment would lead us to think, that from the Bible we know that the sacraments were instituted; so we do, but before this: it is, in fact, by the existence of the sacraments

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that we know that the truths of the Bible are given of God, and are really true as we now have them.

Suppose for a moment, that the word of God had merely been spoken to men in general; to men as in the world, and not to a communion or society of men separated from the world. Do you not see that it would have evaporated, or disappeared as water in the sand? So far as it would have been retained, it would have been apprehended in different senses. Like any story oft repeated, it would soon have drifted far from its original; and who would have been taken as its correct and true reporter?

Its being written, and in that form given to men in general, would not materially have helped the matter. The first danger is that, opposing as it does the natural spirit of men, it would soon have failed to interest, and thus would have been lost. If not this, the prejudices of men would have added to it or taken from it. Versions and readings without end would have appeared. Even as it was, this was the case. Apocryphal gospels, acts, and epistles almost without end did appear. Interpolations and omissions were made in the genuine books. How could these ever have been detected and excluded, and the scriptures have authenticated themselves, had they been sent forth into the world in general?

But in the wisdom of God, provision was made for the guarantying of their genuineness and truth. How was this done? He committed the word to a fellowship of men, a community of persons called out of the world, and initiated and bound together by covenant transactions that were signed and sealed by a visible rite and token.

John, the forerunner of Christ, already formed a community of disciples by baptizing them with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. (Acts xix. 4.) Here the Jewish Church, marked by circumcision, came to an earnest concentration of waiting and expectation for Christ, the seed. Christ Himself entered this fellowship as its soul and end, by receiving baptism at the hands of John, thus taking up in His mission the highest sense and meaning of the Jewish Church.

He formed a consecrated circle around Himself. *He* "baptized not"—He was Himself the substance of sacraments—but His disciples did. To these He committed His word. To the multitudes He spake in parables, the full sense of which they did not apprehend; to His disciples He explained those same parables, saying, "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given," (Matt. xiii. 11, &c.)

After His departure, He sent the Holy Ghost on Pentecost—established fully the Church, to whom many were added by baptism. Here was now a fellowship. To the Churches all the epistles were written, and to them intrusted.

Thus the word of God was authenticated as the word of God, by that communion of believers, to whom, and by whom, it was delivered; and this communion was first constituted as real and visible in the world, by the signs and seals of the covenant.

Now, by these same initiatory and authenticating signs and seals of the same everlasting covenant, has this communion been extended and perpetuated, preserving and holding forth the word of life. Thus these covenant signs and seals say to us now, "The truths and promises of the covenant we have received from the lips of Christ and His apostles." We ask them,

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what evidence of this do you present? They reply, our own Christian existence. We ask again, what evidence do you give of your veritable Christian existence? They say, we point you to the historical existence and continuity of that community of people, separated by our mark from all the world beside, whom, for God, we made the people which they are, and who are, and have been, kept a separate and peculiar people by God, through us. The Bible says we are true marks of the covenant; but that is only of true account, when we have brought down the infallible testimony that its teaching itself is truly what it professes to be.

Here is an ancient book called the Bible. It teaches many things. True, they commend themselves to unprejudiced persons as true and excellent. But facts prove that natural men, before they are influenced by the spirit of Christianity, are not disposed to receive these truths. How may we show them infallibly that they are true? We point them to a company of baptized persons, gathering around the altar, engaged in a solemn service, which the spectator sees to consist in eating bread and drinking wine. You ask them, why they do this? They answer, perhaps, it is commanded in the word of God as appointed by Jesus Christ. You say, I know not that the Bible testifies truly as to what has been. They answer, we know this service to have been instituted by Christ, as the Bible records, because this fellowship of Christian people, to which we belong, has an actual, unbroken, historical existence back to the days of Christ.

You say, may not this service have been invented? Yes; but its invention is thus traced to Jesus Christ himself! Hence we know, not only that this service is true, but also that all else beside it and around it in the Bible is true; for had not all the works of power and mercy, had not all the words of wisdom and love ascribed to Him in the Bible, actually appeared in Him, so apparently simple a service as His supper could not, from that time on, have engaged the attention of thousands, and perpetuated itself by historical continuity till now. Not only did it introduce itself, but it did so among those who had been before observing a different service, the Passover—displacing that, and establishing itself. Its *history* and its institution cannot be sundered; they are one fact. Its existence proves its truth; and its truth proves all beside it, that the Bible contains of Jesus Christ, and of His salvation!

The truth, that it is the covenant sign and seal alone that makes all that God has revealed and promised to us in regard to grace and salvation *sure* to us, ought to be solemnly laid on our hearts. Without these, revelation would be only a vast letter, without author or authenticity. It would be to us exactly the same as a letter without name or signature, which we might find in the wide world. We could only rely on its contents, having no surety that it concerned us at all.

What does a document, purporting to be my father's will, concern me unsigned and unsealed? Without the signed and sealed covenant we are orphans in the world—aliens and strangers, without God and without hope. All faith would be without foundation; all hope without a reliable object; all love would be but a feeling in the dark after an unknown good.

When our first parents sinned, they broke away from God. The just penalty was banishment from the garden, and a cessation of all friendly communion. Eden's gates closed behind the exiled rebels, and a lonely

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wilderness was their home. The only hope that could linger in their hearts was that inspired by the promise. This promise God guarded and confirmed to them by God's returning and meeting them in their gloom by His covenant. By this He allured them, cheered them, and redeemed them.

In a similar situation are all who are in the world unmarked, unreached by the covenant. A sense of guilt troubles them; a sense of want distresses them. They seek they know not what; false lights mislead them. Nothing is sure to them. They live, driven about by vague unsatisfied wants, and find not again that lost Paradise, the dreamy memories of which linger in their hearts, to make the land of their exile more dreary.

O, why turn ye not to your strong holds, ye prisoners of hope? Why do you cling to these dreary uncertainties? In the *word* of God you have a *will*, but you will not be adopted as His child and made an heir. In Jesus Christ there is salvation full and free, which you will not suffer to be ratified to you. In heaven you have a home, the title of which you will not accept.

Before your face is the ark building; but you decide it shall not be for you. You see dark, threatening heavens above you, and a chasmed earth around you; but amid the gathering waters you cling to floating wrecks in preference to entering the only bark that can outride the waves.

Before your eyes march the people, whom God leads to the Canaan of promise, that lies in living green at the end of the desert. But you prefer the inhospitable wilderness. In its dreariness you hope to find a home. In its soilless, burning sands you lay the seed of your hope. At its stagnant and bitter pools you seek to slake an eternal thirst. Its unsatisfying waters but increase the want, which you would fain have them satisfy. And this you do, while from the friendly tents near comes to your ears the pleasant song of waters, "Ho, every one that thirsts, come unto me and drink."

Before you is the altar of consecration; before you is the font of washing; before you is the table of the saints; before you moves the goodly fellowship of those, whom Jesus has marked as His own with the blood of atonement, and whom the Holy Spirit has sealed unto the day of eternal redemption. Before you is the open door of the ark, in which you may safely "pass the waves of this troublesome world, and finally come to the land of everlasting life;" before you is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth, the friendly, peaceful tabernacle, which shelters those who journey under the sure guidance of the angel of the covenant.

Will you enter? Or, like another unyielding, infatuated Balaam, will you stand afar admiring the heavenly vision which you refuse to realize, saying: "From the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him! How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river side, as the trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters." And yet, while you still refuse, you say: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Behold the Ark of God;
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And sadly rove no more.

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There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill;
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

MAN'S EXALTED DESTINY.

BY T. G. A.

A certain poet has said, "The proper study of mankind is man." While this sentence needs some qualification, we think, because the highest and most important knowledge for man is the knowledge of God, and because we can only know man truly as we come to know God, in whose image he was created; yet we grant that it is highly important for us to know ourselves. It is only through revelation, however, especially the revelation made in Christ, that we can learn to know ourselves. Without divine revelation, man is unable to know his origin, condition, and destiny. Without revelation, he does not know his place in the order of creation, or his proper relation to God his Creator.

These things in regard to man are clearly revealed, however, in God's Word. There we are told when and how he was created,—there we have a record of his fall and subsequent history,—and there we have described also the plan of redemption and the great and glorious destiny for which he was originally created, and to which in Jesus Christ, he is now called.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, first chapter, the inspired writer shows that Christ is pointed out in the Old Testament already as the author of the absolute revelation of God to man, and that He is higher than patriarch and prophet, and even the angels. In the second chapter, after an exhortation to give earnest heed to this revelation, he proceeds to show that in Christ man also is raised up to his true and proper condition as the highest of God's creatures. He draws his proof from the Old Testament, quoting for this purpose the viii. Psalm: "But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels! Thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands: Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him." Then come the words, "But now we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor."

In the 8th psalm, the correct rendering is,—"For a little while lower than the angels." Man was made *for a little while* lower than the angels,

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to be exalted in the end, however, above all creatures,—even above the angels. It seems necessary, in speaking of the comparison between man and angels, to inquire who and what the angels are.

The difficulty in this inquiry is—not that so little is said of angels in the Bible, but that so much is said of them. All through the Bible, from beginning to end—they are frequently referred to as performing important acts in reference to man. In the morning of creation the sons of God, or angels, shouted for joy. A fallen angel tempted man in the garden. Angels guarded the entrance to Paradise after man was expelled. Angels appeared to Abraham, to Jacob, to Joshua. Michael, the arch-angel, contended with Satan concerning the body of Moses. An angel passed over Egypt and slew the first born in every Egyptian family. An angel stopped Balaam, and destroyed Sennacherib's army. An angel fed Elijah, announced the birth of John the Baptist and the birth of our Saviour. An angel appeared to Christ, strengthening Him in Gethsemane,—angels appeared at His resurrection and again at His ascension. An angel opened the prison doors to Peter. In revelation they appear as messengers of God, taking part in the worship of heaven, and active in the history of the Church and the world. And yet with all that is said of them, we must remain to a large extent in ignorance of their nature, because they belong to another order of creatures, with whom we, man, have so little conscious intercourse in this present state.

We know they are intelligent creatures—possessing a knowledge, no doubt, far above man's present attainments. They are powerful—more powerful than man, in his present state, else how could they destroy a whole army—or open prison doors. They possess means of locomotion superior to man's, for they come from heaven to earth and return again, as in Jacob's vision. They have the ability to appear and disappear. They are not dependent, as man, on food and drink, but feed upon heavenly manna. They enjoy freer and more intimate communion with God. They are immortal—and finally, those unfallen are without sin, which has produced the greatest separation between man and God.

From all this it will appear, that man has been made, for a little while, lower than the angels. He was so in his original creation in the garden of Eden. He was lower, however, only because he was then in the infancy of his being. In the essence and possibility of his being, he was even then greater than the angels, we think; for he was created to be lord of creation. In his fall this being has become sadly perverted. He has now lost even his power over nature around him. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." This is the prophecy—but how far short man comes of realizing it now!

By the mere power of intelligence he does indeed, to some extent, subdue nature, and thus give forth some signs of what he now would have been, had he not sinned. He levels forests and builds cities—he tames some of the animals, he chains the winged lightning in its course, and rides fearlessly on the billows of the ocean. But yet with all this strength, how weak is man. The wild tornado sweeps him and all his boasted works to destruction. The lightning not always obeys his will, but often comes to deal death to him who should have been its lord. And when the ocean

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is lashed into fury, how weak is man! "When for a moment, like a drop of rain, he sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

Man has no longer that spiritual power over nature, which he would have had, if he had not sinned. With such true spiritual power, he would have been able to restrain the savage nature of the wild animal, with a word or a look—he would have stood forth lord of the lightning and the storm—not needing the inventions and discoveries of science to assist him.

And if so weak before the powers of nature, how much lower is he now than those higher heavenly powers—angels and archangels, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers? Compared with these, he appears indeed a clod of earth, bound down to weakness and shame.

But now, in contemplating this state of weakness and shame, we must bear in mind, what we have already stated, that man's first condition after his creation was only a preparatory state, only the infancy of his being, and that sin has degraded him, and so prevented his reaching that position of honor and glory, for which he was created. That as originally created, he belonged to an order of being which was essentially higher than the angelic order of being, we have intimated, we think in the fifth verse of the second chapter of Hebrews: "For unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak." Not for angels, but for man was it reserved to be lord of creation. Man was the last, and as we think, the greatest work of God. Angels are spirits, clothed indeed as they must be with some sort of body, and have the power of assuming the human form; but man takes up into his being permanently two orders of existence, the material and the immaterial. He was made in the image of God, looking for his completion, originally, we think, to a union with God in His Son, more intimate than is enjoyed by any other creature.

For we can hardly suppose, that man is now made greater because of sin, than he would have been made, if he had not sinned. As though his great elevation now is an after thought of God, or sin was in any way necessary to his great exaltation. He is indeed made greater in Christ than he was in his creation, but we think he only attains now to the position through suffering and death, yea, through the suffering and death of Christ, which he would have attained without any such suffering and death, had he not sinned. This seems to imply, that in some way our nature would have been joined to the divine through Christ, "the first born of every creature," even if man had not sinned, and that sin only rendered it necessary for Christ to be a *suffering*,—*dying* Saviour and Mediator. Many of the wisest and best in the Church of every age, have held to this view —while others have disputed it. We present it as a subject worthy of earnest thought and meditation.

But whatever we may think on this point, there is no room for any difference of opinion as to this, that Jesus, who for a little time was made lower than the angels for the suffering of death, is now crowned with glory and honor, and that in Him, man also is elevated to a position above all other creatures.

Let us now proceed to consider this point. Our attention is directed by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews parenthetically to the fact, that Jesus was made for a little time lower than the angels for the suffering of death. This refers to the state of Christ's humiliation. How lowly He became for us men and for our salvation? Look at Him as the humble

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babe of Bethlehem. Look at Him as the humble Nazarene—as the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Behold Him fasting and tempted in the wilderness, when he was a hungered and angels came and ministered unto Him. Behold Him agonizing in the garden—where again an angel came to His relief—to strengthen Him. Behold Him yet once more in the hands of His enemies, buffeted, scourged and contemned, led to Calvary—nailed to the cross, and giving up the ghost. Angels never hunger, nor thirst—never grow weary, are not now buffeted by Satan—are stronger than men—do not die. In all this, we behold Jesus in His state of voluntary humiliation, for a little while lower than the angels.

Yet even in His state of humiliation, we have signs and prophecies of His subsequent exaltation. Though a helpless babe, yet angels came down to sing His birth, and shepherds and sages did Him homage. Behold how, when He enters upon His ministry, He began to show forth His glory—when He changed the water into wine—when He calmed the winds and the waves—when He healed the sick and raised the dead. Behold the glory of His person when He was transfigured on the mount, when His face shone as the sun, and even His raiment was white as the light.

All this was prophetic. He came to take the place in human nature as the head of creation. The powers of nature must obey Him, the winds and the waves obey Him,—devils tremble at His presence—and all human pain and weakness are overcome.

Not, however, until His resurrection from the dead, do we behold His real triumph and exaltation. Now He stands, really and truly above all nature. His body is glorified. In a little while He ascends up on high, far above all principality and power. "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father." Phil ii. 6–11.

But now, how does all this really explain and answer the former words of prophecy, that God has crowned *man* with glory and honor, and made *him* to have dominion over the works of His hands, and put all things under *his* feet?

Evidently the meaning must be, that in this exaltation of *Jesus* we behold at the same time the exaltation of *man*.

In Jesus man is exalted to his true and proper destiny. He is to enter into a state of similar glory and honor. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Man is to attain the true lordship over the world. He is to rise above the powers of nature, and they are to become subject to him. All things are to be put under him. In the new heavens and the new earth, which are also to be glorified through Christ, man will have dominion over the works of God's hands.

There have also been acts prophetic of this. Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea. The waters of the Jordan parted before the feet of the

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priests carrying the ark. At the command of Joshua the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Aijalon. The storm in which St Paul was overtaken—the serpent which he unharmed shook into the fire. Daniel in the lion's den—the three in the fiery furnace—are all so many prophecies or intimations of man's exaltation to dominion over the natural world.

This power over nature is not the same in kind with what we now see in the onward stride of man's intelligence, as shown in constructing railroads, telegraphs, &c. This is not moral or spiritual power—does not prove man's moral elevation. Devils have intellectual power, too.

But man's power over nature is to be really and truly moral and spiritual. When the animals passed before Adam—they felt his superior power. Man, in his exaltation, is to possess a similar, yea, a still higher power.

But this is not all. Man will share with Christ, in His dominion over angelic powers. This we are led to conclude—not only from man's nature as such—but from his relation to Christ. Nothing indeed can give us so high a conception of the destiny of man, as the intimate relation into which he is brought to Christ.

Only consider for a moment, that God, the Son, the second person of the ever-adorable Trinity, chose human nature in which to join himself in everlasting union with His creatures!

This is the deepest, most intimate union that can be conceived of—the union of God and man in one person.

God did not assume the nature of angels—and hence, although angels enjoy close and blissful communion with God—yet angelic nature is not elevated to union so intimate as human nature.

Go out now in your contemplations—over the vast universe of God.

Look up into the sky and remember that each twinkling star is a sun.

Pass through the thousands and myriads of angelic hosts.

And consider that man is to be, yea—has been, in Christ, raised up above them all!

But for what end is this glorious destiny of man revealed to us? I answer—Not to excite our pride. It cannot do that when we remember that God made us and not we ourselves—and that Christ rescued us from an equally great degradation.

It ought to excite devout praise and thanksgiving to God for having made us—and placed before us so inconceivably grand a destiny.

It ought to keep us from degrading what is designed to be so great and glorious.

It ought to encourage us in all our trials and troubles.

Only in Christ, however, can we reach it. Out of Christ—nothing so hopeless—so dreary—so dark—so despairing as man's future.

EARTHLY DISTINCTIONS.—A certain minister, Dr. Martin Geier, used to say: "The treasures, pleasures, honors, and distinctions which mankind are so ardently striving to obtain, remind me of a display of fire-works by night. When ignited they are very brilliant and dazzling in appearance. But how long do they last? At the furthest only a few hours, and then nothing remains but ashes and a little burnt paper. So there are many who esteem themselves happy, because the world regards with admiration and astonishment their honors, their wealth and sumptuous manner of living, little dreaming, that in a little while all will turn to ashes."

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THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life of many brave—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry:
O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truth which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, thy flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot,
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, surging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance borne.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

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Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE EPICURE.

BY ZETA.

In all ages and countries of the world, ever since the forbidden fruit was plucked in Paradise, has the human heart betrayed a painful feeling of the want of true happiness. Man has incessantly been longing, sighing and panting after the lost treasure. Many have undertaken to teach the science of happiness. Huge efforts to fill up the dreary void of the human heart with pleasure were put forth, especially in Greece, the birth-place of profound speculation, and the land so fertile in great men. There various systems of philosophy arose. The "freest" and "noblest" of them was that of Plato, in whom philosophical thinking grew unto its greatest height possible without the food of revelation. Having not attained unto the *true* principle, philosophy exhausted itself in Aristotle, the disciple of Plato, and after him it began to wane.

Epicurus, the founder of the last sect of ancient philosophy, could arrive at no greater certainty than sensation. That earnestness of speculation which characterized many of the former philosophers, found no home in him. He made happiness consist in pleasure, the chief end of life. True, this pleasure as the highest good, was not that of the senses, but that of the mind. He himself was a man of moderation. Whenever he wished to fare sumptuously and to have "good cheer," he added to his bread a little *cheese*, unaccompanied by *lager beer*, as the epicure now-a-days enjoys it. He also taught, that pleasure can only consist in virtue, in the "untiring practice of benevolence," and in a life unimpeachable, chaste and moderate, so as never to be disturbed by the outbreaking of passion, remorse for the past or anxiety for the future. Yet, with all in the system that is gentle and excellent, its tendency is towards debasement of the human mind. The whole system was extremely lax. There was too much room to *let loose* sometimes—even to the most brutish self-indulgence. One of its most prominent principles was to place humanity on a level with the brute. In vain did Epicurus preach the excellency of virtue after he had taught that death was annihilation, and thus robbed man of that mightiest charmer, hope, the "sweetest consolation of indulgent heaven," and man's dearest treasure. If man has no hope to enjoy hereafter what he here learns to love and admire, the very longing after mortality becomes perfect torture. The great truth that happiness and virtue cannot be separated, comes only into the picture of the mind's eye, when it dares look beyond the skies for the completion of its being. This stimulus was entirely wanting in the Epicurean philosophy, and hence the good feeling and gentleness of its father did not yield any precious fruit.

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The Epicure has altogether forgotten the comment, but holds stiffly fast to the maxim, that pleasure is the highest and only good. Though the ancient systems of philosophy and polytheism passed away before the glorious light of Christianity, the Epicure, the man of pleasure devoted to voluptuousness and refined sensuality, still lives, and will continue to live as long as there is so much to eat in the world. The summum bonum of life is the pleasure of sensual indulgence. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and the epicure could see no pleasure in dying with an empty stomach. All the faculties of the mind are locked up in sense. Sense sits proudly enthroned and holds the empire over the spiritual nature undisputed. It calls largely and often for reinforcements, and the full quota is always furnished without the serious question whether the call is "*constitutional.*" Sense, the despot, may by his unreasonable demand, even threaten the suspension of the epicure's "*habeas corpus,*" and yet never does he cry out "*tyranny.*" He, so loyal a fellow—especially to good eating—stands firmly by and faithfully supports, with every gratification possible, the administration of his senses, in order to enjoy the dear liberty of pleasure, and to keep suppressed any insurrection of conscience.

The Epicure does not apply to sages and philosophers to be taught how to pass the pickets of pain, misery, sorrow, and wretchedness over to true happiness. He only reads the dictates of fallen nature in his own inclinations and passions. The degree of a man's pleasure upon earth depends upon both the quality and quantity of the food that passes down his throat. The huger the feeder, the greater his happiness. No wonder, therefore, that the epicure envies with an indescribable envy, the rare powers of that blessed man who ate once "a wild hog, a young pig, a whole lamb, one hundred pieces of Roman bread, and drank, besides, a bucket full of wine." His theory—which he of course bears out into practice—is, *a man's happiness is inversely as the cube of the diameter of his stomach.*" What a blessing that the stomach is elastic! Of this indulgent quality, the epicure takes large advantage. Were we speaking to ladies only, we would be sorely tempted to tell on him—because then we could tell confidentially—how he even sometimes abuses this power of gastric elasticity so much, that he is forced to the tough study of gastrology, and above all, to the bitter necessity of drinking tea of white oak bark to contract the over-stretched membranous reservoir home again within stomachical bounds. He has indeed an enthusiastic disposition, which forbids the enjoyment of things —*eatable*—by halves.

The epicure, besides being so voracious an animal, has also a good taste for quite a variety of drinks. He cannot be charged with the sin of infidelity, because he believes in inspiration and spirits—at least in ardent spirits. Moreover, the cup often replenished, makes him a social, generous, high-spirited fellow—almost too *high-spirited* sometimes. Ah! it, the cup, is his soul's inmost delight; it makes his heart bound with joy; it vivifies and wings his imagination, and gives him a *strong head.* Whenever he sits down to the inspiring glass of social entertainment he can always rise corporeally and spiritually refreshed. Then he can talk of subjects profound and sublime, and see things as they naturally lie on the retina—upside down. Indeed, from the fascinating cup with its clear, rosy depth and rich glow when heavily filled to the brim with the purple wine, the epicure bibes his greatest happiness. How mournfully he weeps over the death of those good old customs, when all public celebrations, dedication of churches and even funerals were occasions of most delicious eating

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and dram-drinking. In those blissful days funerals were well attended as yet; but alas! times have grown melancholy. These are days degenerated; the "most fine gold" of former customs "is become dim!"

This epicureanism is not something good only for city *gentlemen*. Like fashions, it works itself into the country also. Some of our Pennsylvania German relatives in the country, though celebrated in history for their sharp, half-suspicious looking at things before they touch them, against being entrapped in these abominable Yankee tricks, are somewhat under its sway. If the delicacies of the table do swell but slightly beyond sour kraut and potatoes, the quantity eaten may betray epicurean proclivities. There are those who will toil and labor and deny themselves a live-long summer, all with an eye single to feeding well and smoking much during the winter. Some country parsons have even a sneaking love to the system. We must, however, not forget charity when we speak of them. Being frequently besieged with all the luxuries and delicacies that the six-legged tables of wealthy farmers in that sumptuous, glorious sausage aud mince-pie season of the year can afford, and being deeply instamped with a solemn sense of doing justice at all times and to every thing, we see how easily they may become afflicted with the unlucky weakness of a little epicureanism. Sometimes we find the disease of plunging into the tide of the pleasures of eating in a somewhat worse form, so that the preacher—and be it reverently told—cannot possibly resist the invasion of a deep, self-complacent smile on his calm countenance, when one of the brethren or sisters tells him, that he likes "short sermons and long sausages."

Poor Epicure! led into *Babylonish* captivity by the senses! Why not display more moral bravery? Shall the pure feelings of the heart, the glorious faculties of the mind and the noble qualities of the soul all be surrendered, and man become a prisoner to appetite? Wretched slavery that, when all the godlike powers of man must serve in the feasting of the senses! Happiness derived from sensual gratification and indulgence, is altogether artificial and soon swallowed up by the physical and mental misery and woe, that inevitably follow such an epicurean course of living. Pain will irresistibly ensue the indulgence of pleasure. The Epicure always pays dearly for his happiness, if not with "greenbacks," certainly with dyspepsia, gout, poker, and finally perhaps with entire insanity. When he shall have eaten himself altogether to death, his counterfeit happiness will eternally cease.

Virtue and happiness are twin sisters. Whoever wishes to court the latter, must keep in the good graces of the former. Where is the virtue in eating himself so full, that scarcely oxygen enough to feed the circulation of the blood, can be inhaled? The flesh and the spiritual nature are at variance, and the one can only be made happy at the expense of the other. The appetites dare not be allowed to make inroads on the mind. The body *must* be made to express the virtues of the higher nature, and *must* be controlled by it. By the acquisition of knowledge upon a Christian basis, and by pious contemplation, the desires of the animal life must be forgotten.

The problem of man has at length been solved. *Pleasure* is not the true end of life, nor is *self;* and the epicure is extremely selfish; for could he, he would himself eat the whole world without leaving merely a breakfast for any one else. Man does not live to eat, and drink and be merry. He must eat and drink to live. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," we must "do it to the glory of God;" then, indeed, and then only can we be *truly* happy.

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A VARIETY ARTICLE.

BY ASIWOL.

I.—KINDNESS.

Kindness is manifest in the bestowment of favors. One who sympathizes with another in distress, and endeavors to afford comfort and consolation, is said to be kind. Kindness, is in part the origin of the benevolent institutions of our country, established for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of mankind. There is frequently, a feeling of self-interest in persons who do acts of kindness. They relieve the wants of others only, that they may have it returned, if placed in similar circumstances; but in this, is wanting the true principle of kindness. Many persons have been distinguished for their acts of benevolence, and are mentioned as having visited distant parts of the world to perform works of this character.

There are many motives that may prompt the bestowment of favors. One is, the reward that follows. From history we learn that the rulers who treated their subjects with kindness, had the longest and most peaceful reigns, while those who conducted themselves in a tyranical manner, frequently suffered the most violent deaths. By kindness, we not only win friendship, but by the exercise of it, may be the means of restoring to many happiness, and it always affords us pleasure, when we are conscious of having discharged a duty.

Kindness is indeed the best means of conquering enemies. When persons are disrepected or injured, the only justifiable revenge is obtained through acts of kindness. Those who extend the hand of true kindness to others, will have friends in adversity, and will derive as much pleasure from it, as those on whom the benefit is conferred. Many instances might be added in favor of the salutary influences of kindness. Though often it may be repaid, yet when understood, it always brings respect and admiration, and is followed by satisfaction, which is in part the substitute for a suitable return.

It often shields one's name from attacks of envy and slander during the present life, and forms an essential part of our happiness in a future state of existence.

II.—LOVE OF FAME.

Love of fame is a desire to become celebrated. It is a spirit possessed by every one, in a greater or less degree. Love of fame requires an ambitious disposition, and inclination to enterprise and industry. He, who would reach the summit of fame, is obliged to use exertion, and make self-sacrifice, and he must not think to gain renown without the least effort, depending entirely on some movement made by others. There are different kinds of fame. Some seek it in teaching, others in oratory. It produces activity both of mind and body, and often has salutary effects upon the

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character. When it is desired in communicating instruction, it is pursued with industry and care, by which knowledge is increased, and beneficial influences exerted throughout communities. But the evils arising from the love of fame are numerous. The inordinate desire of it, leads to unjust actions, and very frequently persons resort to the most debasing means, thereby hazarding reputation and endangering lives. It was through love of fame, that Alexander conquered Darius king of Persia; and through it also, the English have been anxious to excel in their Army and Navy.

III.—BOOKS.

By means of books, chiefly, knowledge is acquired. Those persons who make a proper use of books, gain a great deal of happiness for themselves, and they are gratified to place their attainments in such a light as to engage the attention and benefit those with whom they are connected. There are disadvantages attending books; those which are written merely for amusement, and are altogether fictitious, so employ the minds of some, as to destroy all desire for beneficial reading, and consequently, the mind remains in ignorance, destitute of that real pleasure and strength, which springs from a cultivation of those intellectual and moral powers, with which man is endowed by his Creator.

Book is the general name of almost every kind of written composition. Books are chiefly the means by which the knowledge of one part of mankind is conveyed to another. They, like many other noble discoveries, originated in the necessity of human nature. In all ages of the world, man was inclined to cultivate knowledge, and books were written to communicate it. A great amount of time was consumed in writing books in ancient times, and yet, they were not as legible as those which are now in use. They were written on stone and on leaves of plants; afterwards, wax and leather were introduced, and parchment was prepared, and lastly paper.

But the extension of knowledge was comparatively small, until the fifteenth century, when the art of printing was discovered, since which time knowledge has been widely spread. There was a large library at Alexandria, which was burnt by the Saracens. By books the knowledge, which is extended to all parts of the land, becomes the property of every individual, and thus it is that every one has opportunities of improving the mind. They enable the mind to form almost as distinct an idea of the customs of the people of past ages, as though they were now existing. The effects books have upon mankind, are remarkable in raising them above animals void of reason. An exorbitant price is not required for them now, nor are they so long a time in the process of publication. A multiplicity of books does not in itself constitute the means of improvement; but such as contain important and useful facts, and these read with attention. The advantages of books may be seen, by making a comparison between the effects of the possession of them and the want of them. Without them, we would have no histories, which are indispensable in a complete education. Books are a great source of wealth to successful authors; but, while there are many books that are greatly beneficial, there are others that do immense injury. Books may be compared to springs; they are sources of useful learning, which refreshes the mind.

IV.—INDUSTRY.

Industry is application with diligence. Whatever is the employment engaged in, it must be pursued with industry in order to obtain any advantage by it.

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Industry originates in a desire to be provided for and happy; and no one, who indulges in idleness, can possess this happiness. A person of industrious habits is esteemed, while the opinions of an indolent one, are disregarded and himself shunned. At Rome, a person of industry was generally more respected than the Consul. Industry produces happiness in a community as well as on individuals. One engaged in any affair, and who is not attentively employed, is the cause of great disturbance and disappointment to others, and finally, all confidence is lost with respect to all that is attempted to be performed. There could be none of the great inventions which distinguish late ages of the world, except through industry.

We see examples of industry in early ages. Through it, the pyramids of the Egyptians were constructed. By industry alone we ascend the hill of Science, and by it we accomplish almost every undertaking. The only path to wealth and happiness is that of industry. There has never been a distinguished person who did not cultivate the spirit of industry. Genius itself may be outstripped by intense application, in the attainment of any object. Franklin distinguished himself in natural philosophy and literature. By it, Demosthenes surpassed in eloquence, and Archimedes in mathematics. A person who wishes to excel in any employment or study, cannot indulge the least hope of that attainment, as long as he remains indolent. The advantages of industry may be seen by comparing it with the effects of idleness. One who is industrious, is an ornament to the society in which he moves, while one of idleness is its bane. Industry is a quality which is much to be esteemed by all persons of good sense.

V.—HISTORY.

History is a record of truth. If a book be written in which all the important facts of a country are noted, it is called history. It acquaints us with characters and transactions, and gives us a knowledge of the most distant nations, as well as those of the present day. Numerous are the subjects of which histories may be written. Some of the distinguished historians of Ancient times, were Sallust, Pliny, Livy and Rollin. Among the Moderns are Gibbon, Robertson and Hume. It is history in general that causes the improvement of mankind, by giving them a view of the powers of each other, showing how they have improved from the most barbarous state to that which we now see in the most refined nations of the world. What a different picture do the inhabitants of the forest present, in their favorite exercises of hunting and fishing, and in their wars, from that now exhibited in the advancement made in all the arts and elegancies of life! History presents to us an idea of the Roman people, as well as an example of many other nations, showing what course they pursued to become great, how they prospered, and also how their ruin was accomplished, and in what it originated, so that we may avoid it as far as it is wrong, and imitate it wherein we see it is right.

In the example of nations, it gives us a rule by which we may judge what government is best, and it teaches that virtue is the great principle on which the happiness of a nation depends. History is not only useful, but it is a source of amusement. The singularities of the ancients afford amusement, as well as the anecdotes and witticisms of distinguished men. Had there been no history, probably, the arts and sciences would have remained in the same uncultivated state they were centuries ago. Every

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country should have its own history, if not to preserve its glorious deeds, at least to have on record those of its great men.

VI.—COMMERCE.

Commerce is the exchange of the productions of one country for those of another. Manufactures increasing, and produce becoming great, means were taken to dispose of some, hence the origin of commerce. One country is supplied with productions which were requisite in another, and commerce was introduced for mutual benefit.

As soon as men were formed into large bodies, and the productions of other countries were known to them, they desired to purchase them with the productions of their own. We read in history of the Phœnicians and the Jews exchanging with the Tyrians, by which they accumulated great wealth, therefore commerce is of an ancient date. In ancient times it was confined chiefly to the Tyrians and Phœnicians, but more recently it has been undertaken by the Carthagenians, Italians, and Spaniards, and at the present time, the English, French and Americans, together with almost every nation on the globe, are engaged in it.

But the commerce of the ancients was not to be compared with that of the moderns, who, from their extensive cultivation of the arts and sciences, have made it a great source of wealth and improvement. The people of the United States have distinguished themselves in commercial pursuits.

Commerce produces a spirit of industry, and promotes intercourse among nations, which tends to remove the prejudice existing and advance civilization. The spirit of commerce prompted the discovery and civilization of America. Columbus, sailing west to find a nearer passage to the Indies, for the purpose of increasing commerce, discovered the western Continent. If it did not exist, countries would be crowded with produce, and the people would live in indolence, ingenuity would lie at rest, lands uncultivated and going to destruction. Without commerce, no nation would aspire higher than another, all would be at one common level, and consequently there would be little improvement of any kind. In short, had it not been for commerce, there would be no civilization, except that of the Egyptians, perhaps, and some of their colonies.

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CURIOUS ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

There are many traits of character and customs in which the Arabs and Turks are our antipodes. They shave the head, but not the chin, and we the reverse. With us the uncovering of the head in the presence of another is a mark of respect; with them a mark of disrespect. When they go into a place of worship they keep on the hat, and take off the shoes and slippers; we do the opposite. They mount on the right side of a horse, and we on the left. They write from right to left, and we from left to right. We show our good-breeding by taking the outside when we pass persons on the street; they by passing nearest to the wall. They do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; we by serving ourselves last. If a friend inquires after your wife, you regard it as a compliment; to inquire of theirs is an insult. Their mourning dress is white; ours is black. They finish their wooden houses from the top downwards, and we from the foundation up.—*Bausman's Sinai and Zion*

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THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

See, the fire is sinking low;
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,—
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night wind answers: "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art:
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the heart-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries, "Despair!"
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks!

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"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought:
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Church-yards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumors of renown:
And alone the night wind drear
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer;
"'Tis the brand of Melager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I answer: "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

PLANTED IN THE LORD'S HOUSE.

BY REV. S. H. GIESY.

The spring-tide is again upon us, with its beauty and its lessons. Above all the seasons of the year, is this one, of quickened germs and renewed vitality, replete with moral and spiritual instruction. Nature is a prefigurement of grace. In the lower world of nature, in all its seasons and in all its kingdoms, the Christian mind perceives apt and beautiful illustrations of the truths and operations belonging to the higher, supernatural world. In his inmost soul the poet felt this, when he penned these lines:

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven and things therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is taught."

This striking analogy between the natural and supernatural worlds is not a happy accident, but springs from inward necessity. They belong to each other, like the seal and its impression, like the mould and the casting, like the type and the thing typified. Products of the same Divine mind, they are linked to each other by secret but sensible affinity. This harmony between the two worlds has been continually recognized by the deepest minds. If one characteristic of the teachings of our Lord be more marked than any other, it is His constant use of nature in the illustration of higher, spiritual truths. The most casual reader of the gospels has not failed to note the frequency and force of this oft-recurring phrase: "The kingdom of God is like unto" this or that. The ancient scriptures are also full of this deep, inward agreement holding between the natural and spiritual worlds. Hence, the recurrence of those figures, by means of

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which it is sought, through the acts and operations of nature, to bring within the compass of human comprehension the higher truths and mysteries of grace, by the known, and perceived, and out-lying, to explain the unknown, and unseen, and in-lying. Besides, the writings of the Church fathers, from the earliest ages, show a deep appreciation of these mysterious harmonies, and in their use, a ready acknowledgment of the "force of the arguments derived from them." "All things in nature," says Tertullian, "are prophetic outlines of Divine operations, God not merely *speaking* parables, but doing them." Nature, thus apprehended and used, is a help at once to our faith and to our understanding.

Every where, you see a busy preparation for *planting*. The seed-time has come again. The gardener is fertilizing and digging up the incrusted ground. The husbandman, with a sharp ploughshare, is seaming, with deep and long-drawn furrows, his inclosed fields. The fallow ground is being broken up, that after its year's rest it may be more productive. And although this "pent-up Utica" contracts a garden-spot into the narrowest dimensions, yet what are we doing? Subsoiling, renewing, fixing up our small flower-beds, planting seed in this spot—in that one replanting a rose-stock.

From all this, now, we are taught the necessity of bringing the seed into direct connection with the ordinary and indispensable conditions of vegetation. Seed must be brought into contact with the soil, in order to their germination and growth. They cannot sprout on the stony street, on the beaten road-side. They must have the moisture of the earth; they must be put in the ground; they must be *planted;* and the richer the soil, the more luxuriant their growth. All this, now, we know full well, is, in the world of nature, absolutely necessary to flower and fruitage. We act accordingly. We plant the seed in a fertile place, that in summer we may have flowers. The farmer sows his seed, that his heart may be gladdened in the harvest-time.

The Psalmist tells us, that a like necessity exists in the higher, spiritual world. The soul that would bring forth the fruit of pious living, must be planted in the house of the Lord. Spiritual growth needs spiritual surroundings. Christian life needs Christian influences. A gracious state needs gracious conditions—means of grace. These are only found in the Church. The soul, then, that would be spiritually "fat and flourishing," must be planted in the Church—the garden of the Lord. The fruitful vine must stand on a fruitful hill. By nature, wild exotics, and if ever trees of righteousness, we must have a divine planting—a planting "by the rivers of water."

The analogy of nature bears us out in this fundamental thought, that spiritual growth, the development of Christian character—any degree of spiritual vitality and fruitfulness, is inseparable from personal connection with the Church of Christ. There must be an individual planting in the house of the Lord.

Let us look a little more narrowly at this analogy of nature. In every seed there is the plastic power of life. You may hold a thousand of them in your hand, but in each there is the hidden principle of vitality—a germ capable of producing a stock of fruit exactly like the parent plant. But there must be a power *around* that seed in order to call out the latent power *within* it. With what beauty and force does our Lord give us to understand this, when, foreshadowing the necessity of His death, in order

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to His own and the resurrection of the race—life through the grave. He says: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit"—*i. e.*, the unfolding of its hidden vitality requires contact with the quickening and nourishing properties of the soil. A seed is a living possibility, a slumbering germ, destined to be no more than a seed until brought into organic connection with the necessary conditions of growth. When that is done, it bursts open its prison doors, shoots a tiny blade above the ground, a green sprig instinct with life, an actual living thing.

Several years ago, wheat was brought from one of the Egyptian monuments. Who shall fix the date when it grew in the fat valley of the Nile? Who shall tell by whose hands, and when it was placed in that safe garner? Those monuments were ancient things when Christ, to escape the wrath of Herod in the slaughter of the innocents at Bethlehem, was brought, in earliest infancy, down to Egypt. Older, then, than our Lord, was that wheat, taken from the tombs of Egypt's unknown kings. The inscriptions on the monuments warrant the supposition of extreme antiquity. They reach back of Daniel, of Isaiah, of David and of Samuel, in sacred history, and back of Virgil, of Cæsar, of Herodotus and Homer, in classic history. The particular age in which they were reared is, and, in all probability, will forever remain an unsettled point. For centuries upon centuries, had that wheat remained there, safely garnered, its germinant properties preserved unimpaired, its vital power, in the absence of vegetative conditions, continuing dormant. But no sooner, after the lapse of untold ages, is it planted, than that wheat of the Nile valley, ripened, perhaps, in some Pharaoh's time, is grown in American soil. The germs which had so long slumbered, standing in the midst of the means of germination and growth, is apprehended and laid hold on by that mysterious power which calls out the long-hidden life.

You hold in your hand an acorn. It is, in possibility, an oak. The trunk, and branches, and leaves of the future tree, are all wrapped up in that tiny vessel. Plant it, give it richness of soil, let vegetative powers touch it, and that imprisoned life will burst the outer shell, and, in after ages, wave grandly in the swaying boughs of the majestic oak.

All nature is full of this; that a power *around* the seed is necessary to evoke the power *within* it. The whole agricultural world is acting just now upon this fact. Upturned fields show what has been done, that, when the reaping season shall again have come, granaries may be well filled, and gaunt famine kept from our doors. Seed-time and harvest are linked to each other by inward and inseparable necessity. The seed must be planted, must stand in midst the means of growth, be apprehended by vegetative powers.

But all this now is not any more necessary and true, in the sphere of nature, than in the higher sphere of grace. The natural is here the pattern and type of a supernatural necessity. The presence and operation of heavenly powers are alike indispensable to a gracious life. To be individually reached by the grace which sanctifies and saves, we must stand in the divinely-constituted order of grace; or, as the Psalmist expresses it: "Be planted in the house of the Lord, and flourish in the courts of our God." If a seed must be encircled and laid hold upon by vegetative powers, in order to its sprouting, it follows that there must be the presence of gracious powers, both in order to the quickening of a soul "dead in

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trespasses and sins," and the steady progress of a "tree of righteousness" in spiritual vitality and fruitfulness.

We have read our Bibles to little purpose, if we have never discovered this: that the most common representation of religion is under the form of *life*. Believers are called spiritual plants, trees of righteousness, cedars of Lebanon, fruitful branches in the true vine, babes in Christ, little children, young men, fathers; and steady growth in grace is represented as a going on to perfect manhood, "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." All life requires the continued presence and operation of nourishing powers. This is just as true and necessary of spiritual life as of vegetable and animal life. Hence, the Church is called a nursery, a garden, a fertile hill, the house of the Lord, the family of God, where, for the children, is spread in the wilderness a table bearing the cup of salvation and the bread of life. In the Church, by sacramental institutions, the soul is mysteriously apprehended by the necessary conditions of a gracious life. Hence, we can no more have Christians outside of the Church, than we can have a forest of oaks growing on barren rock, or blooming roses in that stone-paved street.

Spiritual life needs a supernatural order of grace; must stand in the midst of heavenly powers; in the communion of the saints; in the use and within the operation of sacramental grace; and the quickening activities of that spirit moving within the bounded sphere of heavenly places and powers. The phrase: "The house of God," indicates the need, the fertility and suitableness of this prepared soil.

The wicked world is like a barren wilderness, a dreary, sandy desert. It has not the resources and means of spiritual growth. Nay, we have not yet to learn that, as now constituted, all its powers and influences are adverse to holiness. Its reigning life and spirit are hostile to all pious inclinations and duties. Its foul breath is the hot, destructive simoom. In all its arrangements and forces, it is ministering to and intensifying the demands of human depravity. By malign influences, more numerous than can be definitely marked or now specified, it is working out man's moral degradation and ruin. At every step and turn of life, it is meeting man with solicitations to sin adroitly suited to every one's tastes, temperament and time of life. The avaricious man is met by much to excite his greed, and rivet upon his soul the chains of indurating selfishness and sordidness. The epicure, the sensualist, the inebriate, are met daily by temptations to sinful indulgence and excess. The world, in all its relations and activities, its maxims and customs, its fashions and follies, its vices and pleasures, its friendships and enmities, its smiles, no less dangerous than its frowns, is directly opposed to a religious life. The very atmosphere with which it every where encircles the sinner, is foul with pollution and profanity. It is the sphere of impiety and wickedness. It hinders instead of helping on holy living. It is a hot-bed of iniquity. It ripens the soul only and rapidly for hell. Its forces forward, as plants are in a hot-house, all man's prurient desires and evil propensities. In the world, there is in fearful operation every thing tending to drag man down to the dust and devil; nothing to help him on to God and glory; every thing to make his heart the dwelling-place of the vilest passions; and nothing to restrain, purify and ennoble him.

"This vile world 's no friend to grace
To help us on to God."

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In the world, there are no restraining agencies, no sanctifying influences, no gracious means, no heavenly powers. In the absence of all these, and with all the tendencies and activities of the wicked world arrayed in bitter hostility and incessant opposition to the claims and duties of personal relations, is it possible for a man thus situated—apprehended only by adverse influences—to become a Christian in feeling, thinking and acting? Hence, the absolute necessity of being surrounded through our entire earthly life by heavenly powers; of standing in heavenly places; in a word, being planted in the house of God, and drinking up the juices of that divine garden.

And here is another powerful fact which we must not fail to take into consideration, viz.: That which surrounds us, moulds and fashions us. The character of the soil is every thing to the growth of plants. In thin soil, vegetation is dwarfed and stunted, the cereals are not so productive as when sown in richer ground, nothing, trees or plants, attain their usual size. They are affected by the place in which they stand. This is equally and necessarily true in the higher sphere of morals and grace. The reigning life of the family in which we stand, and the society in which we move, have left their deep impress upon us. It makes all the difference imaginable whether worldliness or piety be the reigning order of the family circle. Silently, but potently, does its influence operate upon the members thereof, making them giddy and gay, or serious and sedate. The scriptural adage thus holds good: "As is the mother, so is the daughter;" as is the family, so is the child.

All this is equally true in the sphere of grace. We are here apprehended, by a higher order of life, to our spiritual advancement and increasing good. We are seized by the mysterious power of a Divine life, and steadily we find our old, corrupt, Adamic nature falling away, and we are lifted into the sphere of the new man in Christ Jesus. The heavenly communion and heavenly powers, here finding place, are continuously operating to our own advancing sanctification. These holy surroundings are steadily intensifying our holiness, increasing our love for God and our hatred to sin. Enjoying here intimate fellowship with the Father and with His Son, our Saviour; brought under the sanctifying operations of the Holy Ghost; commingling with the society of the redeemed; in the holy sacraments standing in the direct line of the communication of saving grace, we do find ourselves steadily lifted up to a higher and holier sphere of being, more and more assimilated to the character of our heavenly Master, ripening more and more for the communion of the glorified in the immediate presence of the great God. The fact, now, that it is in the fellowship of the Church and the use of its positive means of grace where only a fitness for eternal life can be secured, must force upon the mind of every one a deep conviction of the necessity of being individually planted in the house of God.

The Church thus serves the place and purpose of a fertile and well-attended garden. It is not a garner, where ripe sheaves are gathered, but it is a garden in which plants are to be cultivated. Here, the soul is watered, cared for. Here, it is refreshed by the continual dew of God's blessing. Here, it is replenished with the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. Here, it grows in meetness for the Church above. Here, it is encompassed on every hand by the powers of grace instituted by God for its salvation.

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There are many persons who lightly esteem the Church. They see no great necessity in standing in its communion. They count its holy sacraments of no special advantage. They deem salvation just as easy and certain outside of its pale. We can believe that, just so soon as we can believe that corn will sprout, if you throw it into a pile of stones, or trees root themselves on the surface of the flinty rock. It is in the Church only where we have access to those means of grace, and the use of those Divine helps, by which, alone, we can grow in grace. And to stand aloof from its communion—its Divine nourishment and nurture—is, in the exercise of our own perverse will, to refuse to allow ourselves to be apprehended by the supernatural powers of grace, absolutely essential to our spiritual quickening and our maturing for the heavenly garner.

"In the Church, the Saviour's garden,
Trees, and plants, and flowers, I see;
Guarded, water'd, train'd and cherish'd,
Blooming immortality:
All transplanted
From thy soil, O Calvary!

"But above all gardens precious,
See the Heavenly Paradise:
There the Tree of Life is bearing;
There the springs of glory rise:
And the richness
Every want and wish supplies."

"OUR GEORGIE."

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

On resurrection day—
The Holy Easter of our blessed King;
The sun at highest noon moved on his way;
Kissing the earth with the first love of spring:
We bent around the cradle of our suffering boy,
And many tender tears of love were shed;
Around the holy Church, in Easter joy,
Chanted, "The Lord is ris'n—our glorious Head;"
But some one in our tearful circle said:
"Georgie is dead!"

II.

On resurrection day—
Bending around his weary pillowed head,
I heard a fellow-weeper sadly say:
"Georgie is dead!"
These were the words of sorrow, not of faith;
"He is not dead, but sleepeth," Jesus saith!
I will not hear it when they sadly say,
On Holy Easter, on the resurrection day,
"Georgie is dead!"

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III.

On Holy Easter—on the resurrection day—
Our faith must chide us when our sorrows say:
"Georgie is dead!"
He is not dead. His life hath found its rest;
In Christ, the glorious Prince of Life, he sleeps.
Upon his bosom pillowed—that is best;
He suffers not, nor wants, nor weeps.
There rest, sweet spirit, from this earthly strife;
There drink forever at the font of life.
Thy beauteous form awaits an Easter day,
When no one of the risen throng shall say:
"Georgie is dead!"

THE HEART'S HOME.

BY OSCAR, KING OF SWEDEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

Where is thy home? Thus to my heart appealing
I spake. Say, thou who hast had part
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart!
Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,
And silvery brooklets lap in easy measure?
No, no, my heart responded, No!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempest's anger,
And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?
Calmly my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic splendor,
In golden luxury of light, calls forth
The purple grape; perchance, midst roses tender,
Thou revellest in the beauty of the South.
Is that thy home, beneath the palm tree shadows,
And ever verdant summer's flowery meadows?
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,
The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory
Of sunset and sunrise, hand in hand;
Where 'twixt the pine-trees gleams the snow-drift's whiteness,
And starry night flames with auroral brightness?
But still my whispering heart said, No!

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Where is thy home? Is it within *her* presence,
Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love,
Who taught of suffering the divinest essence,
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove?
Is that the home in which thy wishes centre?
Yes, of a truth, the shrine which none may enter!
But mournfully again my heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Say if perchance it lieth
In that prefigured land of love and light,
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised flieth
When earthly bonds no longer check her flight?
Is there thy home? Those unknown realms elysian
Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision?
Then first my heart made answer, Yes!

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion;
My primal home, to which I am akin.
Though earthly fires may call forth my devotion,
Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth,
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God, who is my home!

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

We are again indebted to Rev. M. Sheeleigh of Stewartsville, N. J., for interesting incidents of the little child's prayer. The first is taken from "Child at Home," and the poem is by Rev. Geo. F. Worthington, an Episcopal clergyman of Maryland.

I.—"I MUST SAY MY PRAYERS."

Through the dusk, an express train was rushing over bridges and long lines of rail, showing through the windows, glimpses of lights shining here and there in homes, bare trees, and barren fields. A child had been travelling all day, amused by various devices into good-humor and happiness. Now the night fell, far away from his crib, and the dark eyes looked sleepy. From his silver mug and a homelike plate the boy made a tolerable tea; but the sleepy time came of longing to be undressed, and rocked in the familiar room.

The cars thundered on, regardless of childish fatigue; the lamps were shedding a dim light; when little Howard was told that he must lie down in his mother's arms, and sleep. The child looked incredulous: "Where is my night-gown?" he exclaimed. The mother explained that he was going to see his grandmother,—with whose memory were connected all privileges of petting and spoiling,—and that he could be just as comfortable in the warm rug and shawl.

The child sat in his mother's lap, looking with large, wondering eyes on the strange prospect, with red lips parted. "But I must say my prayers, mamma," he lisped in sweet baby-fashion. In new scenes, unconscious of

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the eyes around him, he folded his dimpled hands, and repeated reverently the old prayer beginning, "Our Father," embracing all our wants and dangers. As he prayed, "And deliver us from evil," the mother clasped him more closely, and prayed, too, that they might escape the perils of the way.

Then followed the "Now I lay me," in the same sweet voice, the child's faith clear and strong.

The passengers in the seats adjoining could not avoid hearing these childish words. Some of them turned away in scorn; others smiled; one woman with a peaceful face looked lovingly on the child, who did not forget, even in a railway car, to say his evening prayer. The rosy lips murmured, "God bess papa and mamma, and make me good for Christ's sake." Then his curly head was pillowed on his mother's arm. Onward the cars swept in the darkness; and still the boy slept profoundly, fearing no evil, while the echo of those prayers lingered in hearts unused to praying in the hardness of their older lives. One man seemed to brush away a tear hastily, as he thought, probably, of the time when he had not forgotten to pray.

The angels who watch over our little ones, kept Howard in peace and security all the night long, and brought in safety to his grandmother's arms, the boy who remembered to say his prayers.

II.—A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh! how sweet, upon my bed
To lay in peace my little head:
On earth to take delightful rest,
And then to sleep on Jesus' breast!

Saviour, who didst die for me,
Nailed on the cruel, shameful tree.
Help me to love, and watch, and pray,
And serve Thee better every day.

And when here my race is run,
My conflict o'er, my work all done,
Oh! may my head at last lie down
To rise with glory's shining crown!

THE HAPPY HOME.—Every home should have a room set apart for books, where they may be arranged in order, and kept neat and clean. Books, in these days, are abundant and cheap, and libraries should be constantly and carefully replenished. Nicely bound books are ornamental, arranged on shelves, or lying on the table. A good book is a beauty, in and out, and every where.

Young persons, by reading the literary notices in newspapers and magazines, can form a pretty correct idea of the new publications that are is-

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sued from the press; and by consulting parents and teachers, may, from time to time, add to their libraries such volumes as will be of perpetual value. But great caution is necessary in the selection of reading matter. The world is flooded with a muddy overflow of literary trash.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

IN THE KITCHEN.

I am not of that number who endorse literally the doctrine, "Be ye all things to all men." Were I cosmopolite, as Cosmos is, perhaps I might. But being only Madeline, my ambition runs a range less universal, and I shall be content with the best efforts I can make to be as many things serviceable as my education permits, to all women, and girls, and boys who may some times take a peep into our *Kaleidoscope*.

Let us, in the present instance, go to the kitchen for our morning's amusement and the better condition of our breakfast tables, perhaps.

I am glad that we are fast drifting around in society's ever-revolving circle to the good old customs of our grandmother's days, in which there was neither indignity nor vulgarity in the first lady in the land repairing to the kitchen, putting on work-day apron, tucking up sleeves, and preparing, with her own hands, a meal more inviting and appetizing than any we can reasonably expect from the hands of our hired cooks—always more economical as well.

It is in the spring months that our systems are more relaxed, the digestive faculties less active, and appetite more querulous and fastidious than at any other season, that we ought to exercise most all our skill, tact, and ingenuity in the preparation of dishes, particularly those for the breakfast table, that shall be the most inviting, palatable, and at the same time most nutritious and wholesome.

As in the spring months our appetite looks longingly after something sour, let us see how well we can satisfy it with

RHUBARB RUFFLES.

Have ready over night as much of rhubarb as will be required for breakfast, prepared in this manner:

Nice, fresh, tender stalks, washed clean, cut in about six inch lengths; then lay down on the table a linen towel, or a strip of soft cotton cloth will do. Begin at one end, and lay down on the cloth two of the cut stems; give the cloth a roll over and lay in two more stems, and so go on until you have rolled in so many as you will require for breakfast. Then, having the steamer in position, or in default of a steamer, a kettle of water already boiling, lay in the rhubarb roll, and boil moderately about twelve minutes. Take the roll from steamer or kettle and lay it by, rolled up, till it is wanted.

In the morning, a quart of flour, more or less, according to the size of the family—but these are the proportions:

A quart of flour, one pint of yellow corn meal, one dessert spoonful of salt, mix in three tea-spoonfuls of Professor Morris' Azumea, pass through

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a sieve, wet up with milk, stirring with a paddle or strong iron spoon (not an atom of kneading), until the paste is stiff enough to roll out readily in crusts a quarter of an inch thick.

Cut the paste thus rolled out into breadths four inches wide, and so long as will lie snugly in your bake-pans, and then unrolling the rhubarb stalks, cut them in the middle, thus making two three-inch lengths; take them up tenderly on a knife blade and lay them as unbroken as possible, in heaps of four, across the slips of crust, and quite an inch clear of each other.

Have beaten up all ready, two, three or four eggs, according to the quantity of material you design to prepare; stir in with the beaten eggs two table-spoonfuls of clean brown sugar, and as much flour as will make the whole into a paste so thin as to run readily from a spoon; cover over the rhubarb with the egg batter; lay over the top crust—use thumbs, or any sort of fancy thing at hand to stamp the crusts together between the rhubarb ridges, pinch in, turn up in scollops, the edges all round; then into the pans and a pretty hot oven as soon as you can, bake till the crust is a rich, delicate brown, serve hot, and I doubt if you can find in all this world a more palatable, appetizing or wholesome breakfast dish than rhubarb ruffles. Please ask the *doctor* if he thinks you can.

MADELINE.

COFFEE.

There are a good many modern compounds, by courtesy called coffee, whose constituents are as mysterious as the Sphinx; and there are three in thirty thousand of those who drink *real* coffee, who have some vague idea that a weed, bush, shrub, or something of the sort produces coffee, which grows in a husk, pod, or burr; but I have never met above two coffee drinkers, out of coffee producing countries, who know that the kernel which affords the genuine beverage is the seed of a fruit, itself edible, and of which coffee, in many coffee-growing countries, is made.

Almost always in Asiatic coffee regions, the plant grows a deciduous, low, shabby, untidy bush. In Japan, Niphon, Java, Malacca, and generally in the islands of the Indian Ocean where it is found at all, it grows a compact, symmetrical evergreen shrub. At Natal, on the east coast of Africa, in portions of the Cape settlements, at Loando, and Sierra Leone, it attains the dignity of a tree, growing frequently to an altitude of eighty or ninety feet, with a trunk ten or twelve inches in diameter at the base, in some instances deciduous, in others evergreen. In the West India islands, and many regions of Brazil, Peru, Equador, Venezuela, the United States of Colombia, and some portions of Central America, the plant takes on again its Asiatic habits of growth, while in Nicaragua, and the majority of coffee districts in tropical Brazil, it assumes a condition of structure very little like either the Asiatic, African, or West Indian; but always true to its kind in its product of fruit and aromatic kernel, though, of course, very greatly modified by different conditions of soil, climate and culture.

There is no plant, bush or shrub, more strikingly singular or modestly beautiful than the coffee tree of Nicaragua, and several of the coffee regions of South America. There it is of rapid growth, beginning to produce fruit in its third year from the seed, increasing in growth and production until its sixth year, when the tree, being full grown, averages about four

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and a half pounds of coffee per tree, stands from seven to ten feet high, with a trunk stout and stocky at the base, but diminishing rapidly upwards, so that it is not unlike an immense old fashioned dinner-horn in shape, and as the long, pliant, spine-like branches, very like the trailing twigs of the weeping willow, all spring from or near the head of the trunk, forming a round, flattened cone, clad in their long, lanceolate and brilliantly green leaves, all sweeping over in a graceful curve, and bending down to within a foot of the ground, a regularly planted coffee plantation appears at a little distance like a field set with immense mushrooms, or better in simile, like a regular parade of monstrous bright-green umbrellas.

The blossoms are white, with a blush of pink, and bugle shaped, springing from the junction of the leaf with the long, slender branch—sweet scented, and after a day's blooming, wither; a small green round fruit, like a pea at first, forming within the flower, which finally bursts and is shed. The fruit increases rapidly in size, until in its best conditions it is about the size of our damson plums. Then it turns to a clear, brilliant red, and in appearance is as like a fine, blushing red cherry as possible. At this stage the fruit is ripe, and, for eating, delicious, having a flavor like the strawberry, grape, cherry and pine-apple in combination, and I have always thought superior to either.

But the coffee is by no means *coffee* yet, only a pale, greenish white, soft seed, in taste bitter, acrid and nauseous. At length the fruit dries to a shell on the tree, very like a dried red pepper in appearance, and the coffee is ripe. The shrivelled, dried fruit is shaken off, beaten with sticks, the kernel or pit is liberated, splits in two parts, is separated from the red shells by winnowing usually, and is then the coffee of commerce. In many coffee producing countries it is the red, dried shells of the fruit that are steeped and drank as a beverage, and not the kernel. The dry shell makes a pleasant, palatable drink, but has few of our coffee characteristics about it.

One of the singular peculiarities of the coffee shrub is that wherever it grows as a bush, or low shrub, it has no uniform seasons of flowering or ripening—blossoms and fruit in all stages of growth are mingled promiscuously all over the bush at all seasons, continually; while in countries equally, where the plants develop into trees, it blossoms and ripens its fruit in seasons, as regularly as our fruit trees do. COSMO.

EGGS OUR WAY.

We are neither invalids nor particularly fastidious about our diet. Nevertheless we are only human, and there are times, particularly on warm May mornings, when our stomachs protest against beefsteaks, porksteaks, fried ham, mutton chops, cutlets, boiled potatoes and *grease*.

Frequently upon such occasions we make a compromise, and coax our appetites, as we sometimes do unamiable pets, with *Eggs Our Way*. And this is my way of treating them and ourselves:

There are so many earthen goblets (tea-cups or tumblers will answer), as we are going to cook eggs. In the bottom of each of these we put a little lump of nice sweet butter, generally about the size of a large chestnut. Then a fresh egg is carefully broken and turned in whole. Fill the cup two-thirds full of new milk—salt a little, spice and pepper a little; set the cups or tumblers in a flat-bottomed kettle or deep dripping-pan con-

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taining cold water enough to come half way up the cups; set the pan or kettle over a slow fire, heat the water gradually, and, when hot, boil moderately about four minutes.

Prepared in this manner, eggs are wholesome, nutritious, easy of digestion, and will tempt an indifferent appetite when nothing else that I know of will. Please try *Eggs Our Way*.

COOKED CARROTS.

Carrots are antiscorbutic in their elements, alterative in their action, and a capital corrective of the digestive faculties, therefore, in our often enervated condition, especially during the month of May, carrots are on the whole, perhaps, the most wholesome vegetable we can eat.

How like a board of health I am writing. But then our next best friend is a philosopher and a first-class physician, and I gather in welcome a great deal of his practical science.

The great objection to carrots as an edible root has always been the impossibility of preparing it palatably. I had argued, ever since I could contrive a woman's argument, that carrots were only fit for cows to eat; but experiment taught me, some three years since, a great deal better than to believe such nonsense, and ever since I have cooked carrots fit for an emperor, or any other man or woman to eat.

I pare sound sweet, brittle carrots as I would turnips for boiling; slice them into chips a quarter of an inch thick, and boil or steam moderately fifteen minutes; then having a nice shortened crust rolled out half an inch thick, and some thin fillets of veal about half fried, I take up the chips of carrots one by one on the point of a case-knife, and bed them down in the paste, level and half an inch or so apart, all over the surface. Then sprinkling with salt, dusting with pepper, and laying the veal fillets over the whole surface, I cover with a thinner crust, place the pastry in a flat-bottomed stew-pan having a close cover, and having first laid over the bottom thin slices of sweet fat pork, then, with just enough water to cover, the pasty is simmered an hour and a half; dried down afterwards like a pot-pie, and there is a dish of cooked carrots really good to eat.

MADELINE.

DYEING FURS.

For these thirty years—many more than thirty for aught I know—the stream of inquiries as to how furs can be cheaply and permanently colored has been almost continuous, and, so far as I am advised, in no instance satisfactorily answered.

I am going to tell our *Guardian* friends, especially *our* GUARDIAN wives, and daughters, and sisters, that they can color all sorts of furs, whether old faded ones, or newly dressed skins—musk-rat, mink, squirrel, rabbit, cat, rat, puppy, or young lamb—just as easily, simply and cheaply as they can woollen stocking-yarn. We do it, and they can, just as cleverly, by following closely our formula:

For dark, rich brown, like the genuine Russian sable, use the same weight of fine ground logwood that you have weight of furs, and an equal amount of annatti and common potash. Put the whole into a gallon and a half of clear, soft water, and after standing twelve hours, boil half an hour and strain through a cloth. Then dissolve two ounces of blue vitriol

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in a gallon of soft, tepid water, dip the furs in the vitriol water till thoroughly saturated, after which soak in the dye, at scalding heat, but not boiling, three quarters of an hour. Hang the furs up to drain, without squeezing or ringing, and when nearly dry dip them in warm water, which has in it an ounce of ox gall to a gallon of water. Then hang up again to drain dry, after which whip them up lively with a switch. The ox gall sets the colors indelibly.

For a good dark slate, or Siberian squirrel color, save up all the tea-grounds until you get half a pound. Then boil in a brass, copper or porcelain lined kettle the tea leaves, with a pound of white or water-maple bark and an ounce of alum, for two hours, in clear soft water. Strain the dye, immerse the furs in it while hot (not boiling), suffer them to remain an hour, then hang up to drain dry, and whip as before.

Ox gall, at the rate of a spoonful to a gallon of water, is so useful for setting colors, and restoring faded ones, and taking out spots from woollen goods, that every family ought always to have a bottle of it at hand. The goods should simply be washed in warm water, without soap, and the material hung up after washing, without wringing. Bottled, and kept in a cool place, beef's gall will keep good for a very long time. COSMO.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The past history of the families of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey, is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are, probably, not generally known to our readers.

These two monarchs, a few years ago, so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, are both descendants of American ladies; the one a grandson, and the other a great-grandson. These ladies were born in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss. S. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage.

But now for the romance of the affair. Josephine's bosom friend quitted the Island of Martinique some time before she did. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by Algeirne corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners; but the corsair ship was, in turn, attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady in his seraglio, and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmoud II. was her son; Abdel Medjid was the son of Mahmoud; and the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz Khan, is the grandson of Mahmoud.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—JUNE, 1866.—No. 6.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY THE EDITOR.

The religious papers are, at present, extensively discussing the subject of Christian Union. The proposal, by a number of ministers, to form a certain kind of Evangelical Alliance, has given rise to the discussion. The Platform of Faith, and the circulars relating to it, have appeared in the papers, and the nature and objects of the movements are known to all who have read attentively.

Various views of its feasibility are, of course, expressed by the different papers. As a general thing, however, the desirableness of it is predicated merely, if not chiefly, on the ground of the good it would do in a practical way. Co-operation is needed, in order to carry out the great commission by our Saviour, intrusted to His Church, and this makes some kind of union necessary. But the union itself is to be only a kind of *confederation* for such practical ends. This is held to be feasible and sufficient for the purpose. Some even hold that a deeper union—such a one as would make the Church, organically, one—is not desirable. The *Baptist Paper* says: "So far as this movement is intended to consolidate denominations, and bring all Christians into one Church organization, the Christian Union Association may be said to be the most moonshiny of all impracticable enterprises of which we have heard." The *Christian Intelligencer* says, it agrees entirely with this, as to the impracticability of the union movement, under this form, and adds: "We will go farther, and say, that, *if such an undertaking were possible, and could be consummated, it would be one of the greatest calamities to the world.*"

Here, of course, the true *evil* of division is not acknowledged at all. But why should it be desirable and necessary for practical ends, or for any end whatever, if it is not substantially essential. Whatever views we may have of the movement, we can certainly have no sympathy with, or

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hope for it, so long as it fails to confess that error must lie at the foundation of these decisions themselves.

To make practical ends the basis of unity, is like holding that the unity of a tree is based in its branches and its fruit, and not in the organic principle itself. Co-operation, for practical ends, will be the *result* of unity; but it cannot be its *basis*. We may tie together the tops of the various branches of a tree, or gather its fruit on one pile; but it is vain to hold that the unity of the tree depends on this, or that it is brought about by it!

Here, we believe, lies the vicious principle in this whole movement. The true conception and ground of unity is ignored. It is proposed to unite, by confederation, what can only be united in the organic principle.

This error is apparent from the subjects discussed in connection with the general movement. Differences in regard to *polity* are supposed to be prominently, if not primarily, in the way; and it is held that, if these could be made to agree, or be in some way adjusted, the confederation could take place. But polity is, by far, too outward a thing to form an ultimate basis of unity. Instead of being a principle, it is itself only the outward expression of a principle. The very fact that polity, in many cases, first sundered, and now still so strongly holds apart Christendom, is the very best evidence, that the one organic principle of unity has fallen out of power and out of sight.

The present movement proposes to overcome the difficulty, resulting from a varied polity, by allowing the various denominations to be independent as organizations, and securing only their mutual co-operation by a confederation for practical ends. But the question arises, how can there be an effective co-operation which is not the activity of these bodies themselves, unless it is made to be by and through a merely extra-ecclesiastical association? Then, it amounts not to any union at all, but results really in a division, by which a kind of *other, general Church* is founded outside of all others, into which the others are expected to play, and through which the general work is to be carried on.

Moreover, such a general confederation can, of course, and, in the nature of things, take up into itself only such elements of faith and practice as have already been declared *non-essentials*. Because this is really done by all who unite on the general basis. They there unite, because they there find nothing held and insisted on, except what their faithfulness to their own denominational organization has already declared, and does still declare to be non-essential. A confederate platform, which leaves the original organizations, in their essential character, stand, instead of being a unity in essentials, is, in fact, only a unity in what all have, and do still declare to be a unity in non-essentials. Cannot this be seen? Is it not as true as truth can be? What, then, is a unity in non-essentials worth?

It is true, the Platform of unity professes, that its basis is to be a unity in the Spirit. This sounds plausible. But even the Holy Spirit—if He is meant by the Spirit—is not the last principle of Christian unity. This is Christ only. He is the Head. He is the Life. He is the Heart of all hearts, the Mind of all minds, and the Unity of all unities. The Holy Spirit is the Perfecter and Glorifier of His life in us. We are all *in* Christ by the Spirit. He ever takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us, and realizes their true end in us. We, therefore, greatly deceive ourselves, when we dream of a unity which shall have its basis only in the

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Spirit. It can be a union in the Spirit only because, and after, it is a union in Christ Jesus.

Are, then, all these movements toward Christian union, hopeless? On their present basis, and in their present character, we solemnly believe they are. As longings for union—as voices in the wilderness calling for a preparation of the way of the Lord—they are proper and precious; but as furnishing a positive basis for unity, we believe them to be "as a dream when one waketh." As expressing a sense of want, or, perhaps, even as positive *tendencies*, they are interesting, and worthy the attention of all thoughtful men; but, as schemes, to be in that form consummated, they cannot, possibly, come to any thing but failure.

"Unity in diversity," says the same paper above quoted on this subject, "is the supreme law in nature and Providence, and why may it not be recognized in the kingdom of grace also, and thus be allowed to produce and control a harmony between all the members of the household of faith?" You are right; but you must put the true sense into your words. Unity *in* diversity, unity *before* diversity, unity that underlies the diversity, and that expresses itself in it; but not diversity without the unity, still less diversity *producing* unity. The respected writer, just quoted, asks, "May not this diversity be allowed to *produce* and *control* a harmony?" We cannot think of diversity producing and controlling a harmony, except mechanically. By this very question, the writer shows, that there is nothing organic before his mind. He is thinking of the old harmony supposed to be produced by "a harp of a thousand strings," which is indeed a harmony when all strings are subordinated to *one directing head*, which is the organic idea; but think of the harmony of this same harp when the strings all ignore the one moving head, and each one assumes to be the master of the harmony, and sounds forth accordingly. From such harmony, "Good Lord, deliver us."

Instead of looking for unity forward to practical aims and ends, let us first look for it backwards, to everlasting principles of revelation. Instead of attempting to realize it in the activities of Boards for Foreign or Domestic Missions, or Evangelization, let us aim rather to find its true basis in the person and life of Jesus Christ. Let us see that, as the differences and divisions grew out of theological deviations, so the cure must begin where the disease began. Let those who are nursing this union movement, not be *less* deeply engaged with practical problems and practical work; but let them, at the same time, be more deeply engaged in the study of those Christological problems, which so manifestly lie at the foundation of all hope of Christian union. While we study none the less the practical exhortations with which all the Apostolic Epistles close, let us, more than ever, study the Christological and Churchly principles, with which those same Epistles begin, and which form their basis and substructure. Having thus been brought together, when we *believe*, we shall be together when we *work*.

GRATITUDE.—It has been beautifully said that gratitude is the memory of the heart; and the heart that has been taken to Calvary, and washed in the blood that ransomed a world, will have a strong memory of the blessing given, and a ready tongue to utter its praise. Those who are not thankful for God's unspeakable gift, cannot be expected to be really thankful for any other gift. If we will not praise the Giver for the greatest gift, we are not likely to praise him for any of the smaller.

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RAMBLES THROUGH SILENT CITIES.

BY MARY.

We have wandered into the country, and, on looking around, find ourselves in the midst of a vast silent city. It is the bleak and dreary season, when all nature has been left brown and bare by the autumnal winds.

We have observed life to be generally attended with motion and activity. The life of man is one continual round of bustle and change. In the cities, there being a greater number of living, breathing souls, there is also more of the bustle incident thereto, than elsewhere.

But there are *silent* cities, and we find ourselves in the very centre of one such. There is no sign of life. Above us stand great brown oaks, stiff and apparently dead. We remember having seen them on a previous ramble clothed with a beautiful foliage, and having heard sweet warblings from their branches, betokening life and gladness. Now a melancholy, death-like silence reigns around, chilling us through, and awakening in us strange longings to behold some sign of life, however small.

The leaves, that once formed their beautiful dress, are now lying sear and dead upon the cold, bare earth. No life current animates their delicate structure. They are separated from the parent stem, and rudely strewn round. Has their mission been accomplished? Was it merely to come forth in spring, to wave for a few short days in the summer sun-light, then fade, fall, and die? We see no sign of any higher good done by its existence to aught in the city.

But we will draw near, and examine into the matter more closely. Drawing down a twig from the same brown oak, we see many small buds; and though they, too, seem dead, we know that there is life there, and that there will be a time when it will come forth. Close beside each of these buds, there is a scar left by one of the many scattered leaves. We can now understand what its mission has been. It has not lived for itself. A young, tender life, was to be sheltered until its increasing strength enables it to stand forth alone.

And now it may fall; for is not its mission accomplished? It may fall, but even now it has not performed all that the Creator has appointed for it to do. Another young life, a more lovely one, is to be shielded from the sharp frosts of winter. We know that there is life beneath this great covering of autumn leaves, though we see it not.

We turn homewards from this silent city in deep meditation. We may yet again see life and beauty where all seems to be death and stagnation.

We wander again to another silent city, one even more suggestive than the first. It has been called "the city of the dead." Here, too, reigns silence, cold and death-like. What various turns and windings have its streets! How different the appearance of its dwellings! How cold and cheerless is its appearance! Snow on the ground and grave-stones, rendering the scene more cold and cheerless than before.

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This mound was once covered with verdure. Here,

> "Amid the sunny luxury of grass,
> Were tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwined
> With many a bright-hued flower."

Peeping now above the snow is a dry, withered stalk, brown and crisp. This only is left to remind us of what has been.

Hanging from a branch of the tree near us is a dark chrysalis, and, like all in this mournful place, apparently dead. It was once a miserable, crawling worm. Why is its vile body thus carefully wrapped up?

Beneath us reposes the dust of one of our own number; one who mingled with us in life's active scenes, was a bright, laughing child, and a cheerful, hopeful youth. Where, now, is the life that animated the countenance, the hope that lit up the eyes?

Life, hope, all—all are stricken down in one day. Death, cold and cheerless, seems written on all things in this gloomy place.

We look within. Man, what art thou? Where dost thou stand? Must thy life, with hopes and desires as vast as the land thou dwellest in, be laid low in one little spot in the village burying-ground? Must thy hopes be shed as the leaves of this tree rocking above thy head, or the blossoms of this plant quivering beneath thee? The dust reposing beneath thee answers.

The mechanic pauses on his way to his daily toil, to peep through the palings into this silent city. His whistle is hushed, and his face becomes clouded. Wherefore all this toil, day by day, to support an existence, which may close to-morrow?

The teacher, from the school-room window, gazes forth over the white, cheerless scene, and becomes despondent. Wherefore all the care and worriment to train the young mind, if all alike must die and be forgotten? The poet, from his dreams, looks out, and gives way to the gloomy thoughts which rise within him. Why thus waste his strength in ascending the heights of Parnassus, to drink of Castalia's hallowed dews, if he must at length be placed with the most illiterate beneath the clods of the valley?

But why is not every brow thus clouded? The majority of mankind are cheerful. We smile to meet each other, and pass pleasant words and glances back and forth, as fellow-passengers on a pleasant journey, and not as criminals condemned to a common doom. How could we, if these silent cities, which we pass every day, and often wander in for reflection, were hope's grave, rather than its prison-house?

We will draw near, and examine into these hopeless appearances more closely. This dry primrose is certainly dead. We can crush it into a thousand pieces, without destroying the weakest life-current. But scattered about beneath the snow, hid among the blades of grass, lie the seeds of summer's formation, each bearing the germ of a new life. We bend down a dry bough waving above us, and find here the buds of a new foliage, and we know that there is life within. We know, too, that there is life within that chrysalis, though seemingly so lifeless

We know that there is a life beyond the tomb. A response comes from the depths of every man's nature telling of that life within, which always lives, can never die. Though our earthly lives may waste and wear like the dripping sand, the inner life can never waste nor wear. Time never

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writes wrinkles on its brow. It is no fleeting shadow, no wasting dream. It is this knowledge that keeps the heart from hopeless despair.

Yet even this cannot console or satisfy it in the performance of life's duties. It is a stern, cold consideration, with which stoics and heathen philosophers endeavored to quiet the cravings of their natures, but in vain. The human mind cannot fix itself on aught so vague. There is little comfort in knowing that there is a life beyond to which all are tending, with the oft-recurring torture of unanswered questions, such as, "What is this life?" "Where is it to be found?" "Is there no ray of light to illumine its mysterious depths?" To look upon the grave as that bourne from which no traveller has ever returned; to think of it as something dark and uncertain, is less desirable than total oblivion would be.

Thanks to Divine goodness, we are not left to grope thus in the uncertain twilight. Revelation, with its glorious beams, dispels these mists. Its teachings guide the finger of Hope toward the glorious resurrection morn—to Jesus, the first-fruits of them that slept.

The eye of faith soars above the azure dome to behold the risen One sitting upon his throne, dispelling the darkness of the natural mind, having brought life and immortality to light.

In Him is found the life for which the human heart sighs. He tells us, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and, "Where I am, there ye shall be also." The thought of death and the grave is no longer repulsive. We look upon them as the Saturday night of our life's week: all that separates us from a life of toil, and a glorious, eternal Sabbath.

We need no longer cherish the dark forebodings of pagan philosophers; for though, by reason of our own blindness, the life beyond cannot be clearly revealed, it is enough to know that we shall be with Jesus and those who have gone before, to "go no more out for ever."

We will again traverse the streets of our silent cities. It is the spring time. All nature has undergone a change since last we were here. The air is balmy and enlivening. Around and above us buds are bursting forth to life. It is no longer entirely silent. Blue-birds are twittering from twig to twig; busy insects have crept from their long concealment, and give forth a soft hum as they fly to and fro with renewed activity. Springing up beneath our feet is a wild violet, with bursting life and beauty, while its protectors are rapidly decomposing. But not yet is their usefulness at an end. Even in its decay it is giving forth nourishment, not for itself, but for another life. Here may they find encouragement, who are often inclined to despondency. Though we may see no benefit arising from our toil of body and mind, still we should move on in the sphere God has appointed for us, keeping the eye of faith toward the future.

We will depart hence for our other silent city. The snow has long since melted and gone, and blades of fresh green grass are springing up beneath our feet.

The mound, from which we broke the dry stalk, now shows—

> "The peering primrose, like sudden gladness,
> Gleaming on the soul."

The chrysalis, seemingly dead, is now empty, but over our head sports a bright-winged insect, just loosed from its prison-house.

For the renewed life of the mortal dust slumbering here, we must trust-

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ingly wait. Though the time may seem long, yet "faithful is he that has promised."

Let us, in this glad spring time, when all else is fresh and new, gratefully renew our devotion to Him, and seek evermore His glory, who is our only hope in life or death.

"UNDER THE DAISIES."

From the Home Journal.

Fair spring comes on with her fragrant breath,
And the flowers wake from their sleep in death;
Opening the violet's dewy eyes,
Over the mound where our dear one lies,
Under the daisies.

Only a year ago to-day,
Since they laid him down in the cold, damp clay,
Away from the heart strings wrung with woe,
Away from the eyes that loved him so,
Under the daisies!

Only a year on its pinions fleet;
But the smile has flown that made life sweet.
The strong, firm arm, the determined brow,
And the brave, true heart are sleeping now
Under the daisies.

Alas! for the eyes that grew so dim,
The mother's heart that has bled for him,
The weary days, and the watch she keeps,
Till they bring him home—dead! Ay, he sleeps
Under the daisies!

The sunbeams rest on the lowly mound,
And the light grass waves o'er the hallowed ground,
While the distant wavelets' foamy crests
Murmur a requiem as he rests
Under the daisies.

Like a tinted shell of the ocean shore,
Our hearts sigh on for the hopes no more;
And the lips must smile though affection cries,
For the buried love that calmly lies
Under the daisies!

Oh! war, with thy stern, relentless hand,
Thou has passed along o'er our peaceful land,
Plucking the dearest from many a hearth,
Laying them down in the chilly earth
Under the daisies.

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God pity the hearts that like ours are sore,
For the faces dear that may come no more!
Thank God! that they brought him home to us,
That his dear head lies 'mid his kindred's dust,
Under the daisies!

Under the daisies! *he* is not there;
His pure soul lives in our Father's care;
But we cherish all that is left below—
The quiet grave where the daisies grow.
Praying the links of the riven chain,
By our Saviour's hand may be joined again;
And look, 'mid tears, to the Home on high,
Where redeemed souls meet, when our bodies lie
Under the daisies!

WORKERS AND IDLERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

God has joined together means and ends—work and success. Some of the work necessary for the good of the world and of man, He does directly Himself; but some things, He does through men and by men. By men, He performs the details of His work on earth.

In natural life, God gives food. But He gives not bread in loaves. He gives it in the soil, in the seed, in the rain; and He says, get it for yourselves and for others. Man gets it by ploughing, sowing, reaping. In the same way He gives the bread of life. It is at hand in possibility for man. He can get the heavenly bread of life for himself, and furnish it for others, by the same law of diligence. As the idle will starve on the best soil, so the careless may die in the midst of spiritual plenty. We are *co-workers* with God spiritually, even as we are naturally.

This is generally seen and granted in theory, but it is just as generally badly carried out in practice. Nor, is it always considered, what a wise and merciful arrangement this is. It has in view our good. Health and happiness are the fruits of activity and exercise. The hand of the diligent maketh rich, naturally and spiritually.

As labor for ourselves promotes health of body and spirit, so labor for others promotes love toward them, and interest in them. When we do good to any one, we bind him to us and us to him. That is, therefore, a merciful provision on the part of God, which requires us to work. We ought gratefully to accept it as a benefit, and not dread it as a burden.

We cannot fail to discover in the every-day world around us, two classes of persons—the industrious and the idle—laborers and loungers.

The first class are earnest and honest men. They take a true view of life, and live to be useful. They are diligent, regular, orderly. They provide well for themselves, for their families, and have always, beside, a

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loaf for the poor and a tithe for God. They are found at their business, in the mart of trade, in the work-shop, in the school-room, in the office, in the study, in the kitchen, in the sitting-room with the needle, in the nursery performing the holy duties of a mother. They are found in all places, except on the bench of the idler.

These are the sinews and strength, the salt and the savor, the soul and substance of the world's life. These are they, who bear up the pillars of society, and bless the world.

There is another class—irresponsible, idle, and useless. They have no earnest views of life and its duties. They are drones in society. They do nothing worth doing. What little they do, is irregular—in fits and starts, when pushed by a feeble conscience, or when pressed and pinched by want. Labor with them is not the rule, but the exception. The consequence is, that they have nothing sure for themselves, and, of course, nothing for others. They are in no sense producers, but in every sense paupers.

These are found—if they belong to what are called the lower orders—in the public squares of towns and cities, at the corners of the streets, in the market places, on benches before taverns, looking like hungry vultures gathered together, as our Saviour says, wherever the carcass is. They swarm like muck-flies round lageries, and groggeries, and doggeries! They lounge and lie about on the commons of business and industry, the mere burlesques of living men—subsisting on the offals of industry—preferring to shiver and starve, rather than to engage in some regular and useful employment; and they would rather be kicked for standing in the way of earnest men, than courted for their usefulness.

If they belong to the "higher classes,"—alas, what a misnomer!—they are found in more retired and refined idleness, amid scenes of pleasure and fashionable dissipation, worshipping fashion, with its finery and foolery, on sofas and before the glass, dreaming over the last novel, preparing for the next dance, or drowsy and droning from the effects of the one just past. Eating, sleeping, dressing, pleasuring—this is the whole round of their useless and unmeaning lives.

Is not this a true picture of the idle children of this world? And why have we drawn it? To show, merely, that there are two similar classes of idlers to be found in the Church.

There is in the Church a class of workers. They are imbued with the spirit of their Master. They feel deeply the weight of a dying world upon them. They are earnestly concerned for the honor and prosperity of the Church of Christ; and hence they are instant in season and out of season. They are always found regularly in their places, and can always be relied upon in any work committed to their trust. They are useful, happy in their work, regarding all duty in the light of gracious privilege.

The other class—alas, that it should be so large!—is made up of those whom one of the prophets reproves as "at ease in Zion." They perhaps pay to the Church, but they do not work in it. They attend regularly or irregularly, as it may happen, on public service, but take hold of none of that spiritual work which constitutes the true mission of the Church. They are a kind of sleeping Jonah, in the ships, who, having taken passage, make themselves easy. There may be work to do—others may pray, labor, and earnestly contend against threatening dangers, they know not nor care whether their own or the hopes of others, sink or swim.

To which of these two classes do you belong?

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TWO PASTORAL PICTURES.

BY EDNA.

Is there any earthly reason why a minister more than any other gentleman, should feel himself called upon, the moment he enters the house or the presence of one of his flock, to open his mouth, and pour forth a stream of platitudes that can by no possibility edify either himself or any mortal being, blessed with a capacity of over six years' growth?

It would surely be a mercy to the victims of this rampant affability, if it could be shown that the moral necessity for it exists less in reality than in fancy. Though it is a custom honored by time and by the respect in which the sacred office is most justly held, to give to the clergyman present in a company the lead in conversation, it is certainly too much to ask of any one mere man, that he shall take up both sides of every subject that may come up even in a family call, and elaborate, and dilute and ramify it in every conceivable aspect and bearing. That many good men, naturally taciturn and reserved, fall into habits of headlong loquacity through the pressure of a fancied necessity and a sense of duty to society, is plain, from the lack of spontaneity and self-enjoyment in their social efforts. Well do we remember the heroic exertions in this direction, of a certain venerable Father in the Church, acknowledged among his fellows to be a very prince in talent and scholarly attainments.

In the pulpit, his words were like the dropping of pearls, full of light, and truth, and beauty, and marked by chaste elegance and profound thought. In the chamber of death, and by the side of the sorrowing, nothing could surpass his tenderness and delicate tact, and the deep real sympathy, through which he made himself one with the sufferer, and helped and healed the wounded spirit. Follow the same man in one of his social calls, and you could not fail to be struck with his ill success, both in entertaining the visited and in refreshing himself.

The beautiful light that shone in those deep wells of thought, his eyes, when but the day before he held you entranced in his discussion of some high theme, is all gone. A dull cold look has taken its place, and a mechanical smile, that simply gives you a glimpse of his teeth without bringing a sign of mirth to lip or eye, gives his face an expression rather Pickwickian than genial. Talk, common place, dry, stereotyped, varied by an occasional query about your grand father or your aunt out West, to the answer of which he pays no heed, pours from his lips in an uninterrupted stream, until the expiration of his half hour brings himself and his hearer evident relief. It might have been well for such a man to inquire whether these super-human efforts, so distasteful to himself, were essential to his influence or indispensable to his flock. Possibly, he might have discovered here and there, among these family audiences, one capable of

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interchanging chat mutually entertaining. People supposed to be near enough his orbit to appreciate and profit by ministrations so high and noble, might perchance, in his hours of relaxation, have imparted as well as received something that even so great a mind needed not to disdain. In this case, those sometimes wearied, or amused, or slightly provoked, by the automaton performances of a pastor they regarded with proud reverence and affection, could well afford to bear patiently with a habit easily fallen into, by a man naturally silent and abstracted, in his desire to conform to the wishes of his sage deacons, and "make himself more agreeable."

Another of these clerical talking machines of a different order, we encountered the other day, who made himself indescribably tiresome, for a full hour by the clock, to a group of persons singularly incapable of enjoying his colloquial exploits. His auditors were first, a grim, plain man, who had probably seen more, felt more and thought more than his voluble entertainer will ever attain to, should his glib tongue run on unchecked for the next ninety years; second, a nervous little woman, whose sole interest in a conversation, (?) in which nothing was expected of her, lay in watching the comical weariness of the imperturbable man mountain, and the impatience of a brisk matron, (auditor number three), who sat there, boiling over with information, about nobody knows how many local items her pastor needed to be posted in that very minute. Now, if to conversational powers so tremendous, these reverend gentlemen had added the graces assumed as the high privilege of some younger members of their profession we wot of, we know not to what heights of wrath and disgust our disapproval might have reached. Happily, they were men who never could, at any age, have been found accosting gray-haired patriarchs, as "hail fellows well met," or marching through parlors in the presence of ladies elderly and young, with hat on head and hands in pockets, or stretched on the only easy chair in the same fair presence, ready to flirt, flatter, and cajole with the most flippant, and still more ready to be flattered and cajoled, by women knowing how to despise the vanity to which they willingly minister. When we have a Chesterfieldian chair in each young school of theology, and a degree of cultivation, that will ensure to priest and laymen an intuitive perception of the eternal fitness of things, this, and all other evils will doubtless adjust themselves; then the labor of talking being fairly divided, clergymen, even the youngest and most self-complacent, may dare to show forth, as is most fitting to time and place, the golden grace of silence, or the silver one of speech.

GOD CARES FOR THEM ALL.

There's not a bird with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in thy paternal care.

There's not a being now accurst
Who did not taste thy goodness first;
And every joy the wicked see
Received its origin from thee.

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Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude:
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

BY JOS.

God has taught us by the works of His providence and the Word of His Spirit, that "He is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." He has not only revealed Himself to us as Maker and Judge, not simply as Guardian and Benefactor, but also, as a kind and forgiving Father, in whom we may place our whole confidence. He calls upon us to come to Him, and become "heirs of God, and joint-heirs of Jesus Christ." In view of His superior power, His comprehensive wisdom, and His perfect purity, we are led to exclaim, Lord, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

To the dignity of such a being, no man can possibly do justice. Our mortal view can bear but a faint image of the great, glorious and immortal One.

All, however, who are duly impressed with the beneficence of their Maker, will inquire with solicitude, what they can do to offer Him an acceptable service. Our first duty is, to put our trust in Him and love Him. If the soul is properly influenced by divine love, it will not fail to offer up an acceptable offering. It needs no precept to require a certain number of prayers each day, to lead it to the Sanctuary, to join in public worship on the Sabbath. The fervent desire will be to honor and adore Him as much as possible. Therefore, no particular rules are laid down in regard to this matter. Whilst many, however, regard it as an incumbent duty, to offer up their private devotions morning and evening, and to repair to the house of God with each returning Sabbath, "and unite with the glorious company in ascribing unto Him honor and blessing, thanksgiving and praise," how often do they entirely neglect the family altar? A just sense of honor and praise due to God, requires that the family should meet daily for the purpose of solemnly acknowledging Him as the great Benefactor, Friend and Father.

The relation that the family sustains to each of its members and to God demands social worship. Dwelling together in the closest bonds, sharing in the same blessings and mercies, how just is it that God, the Giver of every good gift, should be acknowledged as such; and how necessary is it,

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that His gracious favor, which alone can unite the discordant wills and unruly tempers of men, should be sought in common! Order and harmony, holy principles and correct conduct are His delight. If He is pleased—as He doubtless is—with the honor paid to Him by His intelligent creatures, His displeasure must surely rest upon those families that disregard His holy name, and never show by any united act, that they value His blessings. Every one, who is the ruler of a family, has here a solemn duty to perform, which is as clear and sublime as any that rests upon him; and no member of the family, has a right to disregard the claims it here has upon him. A wide field for doing good to those who are near and dear to us, is here opened. Here, those who are united in the most sacred bonds, mutually strengthen and support each other. Here impressions are made upon the tender mind of the child that remain during life, and the rude blasts of a cold and heartless world, or the dazzling splendor of giddy pomp, cannot change or efface them. Here it is that the course is very often fixed, and, although it may at times become irregular, it will ultimately go on in the direction in which it started.

At the family altar, the good seed that is sown by the Pastor, is nourished and trained up for heaven. Without it, the seed falls into uncertain ground, and is left to the mercy of surrounding circumstances. When it does yield fruit, it is more likely to be that which seeks to serve the outward wants of the Church, rather than that earnest, humble piety, that is ever found sitting at the feet of the Saviour. By this means also the stranger, who may chance to share our hospitality, may be led to the foot of the cross. Perhaps nothing is calculated to make a more forcible and lasting impression upon the mind of the careless wanderer, than to see a family devoutly offering up its tribute of thanksgiving and praise, and humbly imploring the divine blessing.

No one, who seeks his own spiritual good, and that of those by whom he is surrounded, and who is striving to honor and glorify God, can lightly esteem this important duty. If Christ is taken away from the family, nothing but a short, unmeaning drama is left: nothing dear or sacred remains; the strong band that unites it is gone, and where no altar is erected for His worship, He has no dwelling place, and His gracious presence cannot be expected. How important, therefore, is it, that every Christian family should erect an altar, around which to offer up its daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to Him, who is the Friend and Protector of those who seek to do His will!

THE DEPARTED GOOD.

From Whittier's Snow-bound.

A full rich nature free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact.
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.

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Ah! heart sore tried, thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee rest—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things
How many a poor one's blessing went,
With thee beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his head away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hour of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of death
And Love can never lose its own.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, OR MURILLO'S MULATTO.

The sun had but just risen, and all Seville was buried in sleep, as several young lads of from fifteen to twenty years of age, met together one June morning of 1658, at the gate of a handsome house in the square of the little cloisters of St. Francis. Antolincs, Iobar, Villavicemio, Raba, Mendèz, Sonarèz, Cordova, were the names by which they saluted each other as they met.

One of them knocked at the gate, which was opened by an old negro.

"Good day, Gomèz, is the master up yet?"

"Not yet, young gentlemen," answered the negro in a slow, guttural tone.

"And his son?"

"Signor Gaspard is smoking a cigarito, in the garden, with the Signor Ozorio."

"Gomèz, you say that as if you were still sleeping," cried Raba.

"And by my troth, Signor Raba, I am not sure that I am awake yet."

"You lazy fellow!" cried the others, and they rushed tumultuously in the studio, each seeking his own easel.

"Lazy fellow," repeated the negro; "I don't know what it is to be lazy; but this I know! If I had been born a master, instead of a slave, I should have passed my life sleeping; it is so comfortable."

"Which of you," cried Sonarès, who had opened his box and taken out his palette,—"which of you, comrades, was last in the studio yesterday?"

"Are you, like Gomèz, still asleep, Sonarèz?" replied Antolines. "Do you not remember we all went out together?"

"Gomèz, who was in the studio after we left it?" asked Iobar, looking at his easel.

"There now! some new trick of the Zombi," cried Gomèz, trembling with fear.

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"The Zombi! the Zombi," angrily exclaimed Sonarèz. If I catch your Zombi, I'll tickle his shoulders until he tells his right name. It is no joke playing such tricks—especially to me, who take more pains than any of you to clean my brushes; and here they are all soiled, as if I had only just used them!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mendez, as he looked at his canvass, "here's another little figure drawn!"

"Oh, the very picture of the canon Isteritz!" cried Cordova: "just look!"

"It is perfect! perfect!" cried all.

"And on mine, the head of a child, not badly done at all: look, gentlemen!" said Dacosta.

"I say, comrades, it is time such tricks are put an end to; they begin to be troublesome!"

"It is all the Zombi," muttered Gomèz.

"My word! if it be the Zombi that makes all these little figures we see on our paintings every morning," said Villavicemio, "he ought to help me with the head of the Virgin, in my descent from the cross. I can't, for the life of me, give her that chaste and pure expression that the heavenly mother ought to have, though I have been working at it these eight days past." As he said this, Villavicemio carelessly drew near his easel, uttered a cry of surprise, and stood pale and motionless before his canvass. The other young men rose and stood round him; each, as he advanced, remaining as silent as Villavicemio. In the middle of the picture, at the foot of the Cross, and at the place where the previous evening, the young Spaniard had effaced the head of the Virgin, there was another only sketched, but of so divine an expression, of such purity of drawing, such grace and chastity of conception, that it almost spoiled the rest of the picture by the contrast it offered to the other figures in it.

"How beautiful!" cried all the youths.

"In truth," said Sonarèz, "I don't know who could have done this, unless it be Gaspard!"

"Here I am," cried a young man of about sixteen, gayly, as he entered the studio, followed by an elderly person whom they all saluted as Menesès Ozorio.

"That rogue, Gaspard!" said Raba. "His father complains that he prefers books to paintings, and here he is doing just the contrary to every one else; painting by night, and reading by day."

"Who says I paint at night?" asked Gaspard, laughing.

"Here," cried several, as each pointed to his canvass, covered with figures, heads, arms, or legs.

Menesès looked at them, and said in a serious voice, "On my honor, gentlemen, it is not Gaspard's doing!"

"How do you know that, Signor Ozorio?" asked Chenès.

"Gaspard is incapable"—

"Of playing us tricks?" asked Iobar.

"Of drawing so well," said Ozorio.

They all burst out laughing.

"Then it is you, Signor Ozorio!"

"I won't deny the capability," replied Ozorio; "but it is certainly not I. At my age, one does not stay out of bed all night unnecessarily; nor do I play tricks of this kind."

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"Then who can it be?"

"The Zombi," murmured old Gomèz.

"To work, gentlemen, to work," said Gaspard, looking to the ceiling. "I hear my father getting up, and his toilette is soon made. For my part, I'm off."

"Where are you going?"

"With Signor Ozorio, to read him some verses of my making."

"I am born to be the victim of both father and son," cried Ozorio. "When I was little, Murillo used to worry my life out to make me laugh and cry like Velasquèz' peasant; and now that I am older, this son distracts my ears with his bad poetry. May I never meet with the grandchildren of the family! Music would be *their* madness of course! I never was born a musician. Good-by, youngsters!"

"Sebastian! Sebastian! Sebastian!"

At these repeated calls, echoed from pupil to pupil, a poor little mulatto boy rushed into the studio.

"Sebastian, a fresh canvass," cried one.

"Sebastian, the oil!"

"Sebastian, rub down some Naples yellow!"

"Some sienza for me!"

"Here some vermilion! Quick, quick, Sebastian!"

At all these demands the poor little mulatto, running here, running there, now to one, now to another, and unable to obey them each at once, received only kicks and cuffs from all.

"What is all this?" cried a stern voice; "one would think the house was on fire!"

The pupils rose, bowing respectfully to the new comer, and silence pervaded the studio. He who now entered was a noble-looking man, about forty, with a somewhat haughty air, and very elegantly attired.

"Look, Signor Murillo," said Villavicemio, showing his easel.

"Well done! you are progressing rapidly."

"But it was not I who painted this," replied the pupil in accents of regret.

"I am sorry for that, but who did it? It is admirable! What a touch! what a delicacy! He who did this head will be master of us all. I, Murillo, tell you, I wish I could say it was mine! Was it you, Raba?"

"No, Signor!"

"You, Sonarèz?"

"Alas, nor I either!"

"Could it be Gaspard?"

"He denies it," said Chenes. "But after all, this head of the Virgin did not come here and plant itself in the middle of Villavicemio's canvass?"

"Well, Signor Murillo," said Cordova, the youngest of the class, "if we are to believe Goméz and little Sebastian, it must be the Zombi who"—

Cordova was interrupted by the shouts and laughter of all the other pupils.

"Just so! laugh, laugh, gentlemen, but you cannot deny that extraordinary things happen in this studio; things that don't happen every day."

"No, for they happen every night," said Villavicemio.

"What happens every night?" asked Murillo, still looking at the Virgin's head, painted so wonderfully.

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Cordova answered: "According to your orders, Signor, not one of us leaves the studio without cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, putting away our easels, and turning our canvass the painted side in. Well! for the 1 st month, every morning when we arrive, one finds his palette all over colors, another, his pencils full of paint, and here and there on our canvass, a little devil laughing or showing his horns: or the head of an angel, or the profile of a young girl, or some grotesque face that has been seen the day before in the studio. In short, Signor, I cannot tell you all the supernatural things that happen every night here!"

"Can Gaspard be a somnambulist?" asked Villavicemio of his master.

"No; besides that, I doubt if he could paint better with his eyes shut than he ever did with them open. Whoever did this, my young friends, is more than a pupil, more than an imitator. It is incorrect, that is true! yet the fire of genius is there. But it is easy to find out, Sebastian!"

"Master!"

"Did I not order you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master!"

"Then who comes here before the pupils?"

"No one but me, master, I swear to you!"

"Listen," said Murillo, "I must know who has painted this head of the Virgin, with all those other little figures and faces; so, to-night you shall watch, and, if to-morrow, you have not found out the guilty one, you shall have twenty-five good lashes given by my major-domo, and he does not strike lightly, as you know."

"Master," answered Sebastian, with tears in his eyes, "if to-night every thing remains in its place, and the canvasses are not touched any more,"—

"Oh, then you shall have thirty lashes, instead of twenty-five! Now, gentlemen, to work!" Whilst the lesson lasted, there was not a sound. Murillo was so devoted to his sublime art, which he understood and entered into so fully, that he never permitted one word to be uttered in his studio, but those connected with his instructions in painting, or with the art itself. After he left the studio, it became as noisy as it had been still before: every thing grew animated: the very easels were moving about.

"I say, Sebastian," asked Villavicemio, "why, when the master inquired who made these little figures, did you not reply as you do to us, it was the Zombi?"

"Because I should have been ordered the whip."

"Oh, the whip! I suspect you wont escape that to-morrow, with your Zombi," cried Mendèz.

"Don't speak ill of the Zombi, Signor, for look you how they are revenging themselves on that right arm of your St. James: it is at least an inch longer than the other."

"Sebastian is right," cried Raba, looking over Mendèz' shoulder: "but I say, what are the Zombi?"

"Yes, tell us, Sebastian," cried several pupils at once.

"You see, gentlemen, I never saw a Zombi; but I have heard from my father, who never saw one, that he was told by *his* father, who never saw one either, that it is an evil spirit which comes at night only to do mischief."

"I should like to do by day the same mischief he does by night," said Iobar. "Bring the yellow to me, Sebastian."

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"Don't you think, Signor Iobar, it is yellow enough already?"

"And I, Sebastian, am I yellow enough?" asked Chenèz.

"Oh, you, Signor, are blue, ferociously blue! Blue water, blue trees, blue fields. Is all that done on purpose, Signor?"

"No, certainly not," said Chenèz.

"Well, one would think it was!" replied Sebastian.

"Is he not sharp, that little slave?" said Raba; "with his pretended simplicity he is as cunning as a monkey. It is odd, gentlemen, we all pretend to ridicule Sebastian's observations, and yet we each correct, as fast as we can, the faults he finds. For my part, I have great respect for his criticisms: his eye is so just and so quick, and he understands colors, too, I can tell you!"

"By dint of rubbing them down," said Sebastian.

"And do you understand any thing of drawing?"

"Oh, Signors, I only repeat the words of the signor Murillo. As some of you gentlemen say, I am only a monkey, or a parrot, or at least, a *slave;* and he pronounced this last word with so singular an expression, that even the gayety of the young lads was for a moment checked.

"You strange little animal," said Raba, giving him a friendly tap on the cheek: "good by, Sebastian, and take care you catch the Zombi to-night!"

"The Zombi! the Zombi!" repeated Sebastian, as he gazed on the pupils leaving the studio. "Oh, my God! God of the Christian, have pity upon me!" Then drawing near the easel of Villavicemio, he stood with his gaze fixed on the canvass. His eyes were no longer dull; his features no more wore the expression of stupidity. The whole face of the slave was lighted with a marvellous radiance.

"The master said he wished he had done it," murmured the boy, and he remained wrapped in such a delicious ecstasy that he uttered a sharp scream as he felt a hand placed on his arm.

"Sebastian," said a timid, cracked voice, "I heard what the pupils said: are you going to sit up and watch?"

"Yes, father!"

"And the Zombi! if they should come and take you away! Let me stay with you, son! I am very frightened, but they may take us both, if they like."

"My good father, Zombi does not exist: it is an old superstition of our forefathers."

"But those little figures, my son! This head of the Virgin that has thrown them all into such a consternation! I shall stay, child! Remember you are all the world for me: the white men have money, and houses, and freedom. You don't know what freedom is, child! You were born a slave, but I was born free, Sebastian!"

"Poor father!" cried the boy, and burst into tears: "but there is a God up there,"—pointing towards the cupola of the studio: "a God for the black, as well as for the white man: let us pray to Him; He will hear us."

"He will have to do a miracle, my son, and we see no miracles now."

"Who knows! Father Ambrosio says, 'A good Christian' must never despair.' Go and sleep in peace, and leave me alone here; I am not a little child now; I am fifteen."

"Good night, son, and may God send you freedom!"

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"May he send it to you first, father! Good night!"

Sebastian then knelt down on the mat which served him as a bed, but worn out with the fatigues of the day, he fell asleep in the midst of his prayers. The clock rung three before he awoke. The boy went to Villavicemio's canvass.

"First of all, let us wash out these faces!" and he took a pencil and dipped it in oil. Uncovering the head of the Virgin, to which the gentle light of dawn lent an aspect still more delicate and soft than before,—"efface it!" said he; "they did not dare to do it, with all their sarcasm. No, no, I would rather be beaten, if it must be so! This head lives; it breathes; if I were to efface it, it would be a murder. No, we'll finish it! The hair is not wavy enough; there it is too hard; this line is too straight. Come, I get on! A Virgin should be praying; I'll open her mouth a bit. There now, she breathes! her eyes look at me; I hear a sigh fall on the veil that covers her shoulders. Oh, my beautiful Virgin!"

Day continued to advance: the sun's rays penetrated through the glass of the cupola, bathing every object in a flood of light. Sebastian forgot all: the hour drawing near, the chains of slavery, the twenty-five lashes: all but the art that was born in him, which his residence in the house of Murillo had developed in a singular manner. He was free, high above all his fears, when all at once the noise of sudden footsteps brought the poor slave down to earth. Sebastian without turning his head, felt Murillo and his pupils stood behind him. Surprised and thunderstruck, he neither thought of flying, nor of justifying himself; he only wished the floor would open and swallow him up.

If Sebastian was petrified by being taken in the very act, Murillo and his pupils were not less amazed by the discovery they had made. The youths, with the impetuosity of their age, were about to express their admiration, when the master, concealing his own feelings under an air of severity and coldness, said to him,—"Sebastian, who is your master?"

"You, Signor," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I never gave you a lesson."

"No, master, but you gave them to others, and I listened!"

"And as this picture proves, you have profited more than any one of my pupils. But have you forgotten what I have promised you to-day?"

The poor slave grew pale, and trembled from head to foot.

"O, Signor Murillo," cried the pupils, "pardon, pardon for Sebastian!"

"I ask nothing better, gentlemen, and I think we should do more: the boy not only does not deserve punishment, but merits reward. What should you like, Sebastian?"

"The master is pleased with you," whispered Villavicemio, "ask for a new ducat."

"One!" cried Rama, "ask ten."

"Twenty," cried Gaspard; "I know my father; he will give them."

"You make very free with my purse, my son; but I shall not contradict you, nor you either, gentlemen! But speak, then, my lad! I am ready to give you all that is in my power."

"O, master, master! No, I dare not!" and Sebastian, who had fallen on his knees at his master's feet joined his hands together in an attitude of supplication. In his expressive eyes, on his noble forehead, might be

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read an intensely devouring thought, that timidity alone prevented his giving utterance to; but which swelled in every vein, and died away on his pale, trembling lips.

"Ask for some handsome dresses, Sebastian! You are tall, slight, and well built; they will be becoming."

"I guess," said Villavicemio, "what it is! Sebastian wants to be admitted as a pupil among us."

A flash of joy passed over the boy's face.

"If it be that, ask it, my lad," said Murillo.

"And ask, too, the best place near the light," said Gonsalves, whose easel was badly placed, among the last in the studio.

"Sebastian," cried Gaspard, "my father is in a giving humor to-day! ask your freedom."

A cry burst from the lips of Sebastian.

"Oh, freedom, freedom for my father," cried he, in a voice choked by tears and sobs.

"And do you not desire your own?" asked Murillo.

"My father's first, Signor!"

"Yes, my poor child, and yours also," said Murillo, no longer able to restrain his feelings, as he raised and embraced Sebastian. A voice of weeping was heard in the corner of the studio: all turned their eyes and saw old Gomèz crying and sobbing like a child.

"Thou art free Gomèz," said Murillo, giving him his hand.

"Free to serve you all my life, master," replied Gomèz, falling on his knees, and kissing his master's hand.

"Sebastian,"—and Murillo turned towards the youth,—"your pencil has proved you to have genius: your request,—to possess a noble heart! From this day I acknowledge you to be an artist indeed, and receive you among my pupils."

"Me, your pupil? Oh, no! that is too much for the son of a negro—a mulatto—a slave!

"Before God, there are neither negroes, mulattoes, nor slaves," said Murillo, piously: "there are only men. Let it be the same in my house and family!"

"But these gentlemen!" timidly expostulated Sebastian.

"We shall be delighted to have you for a comrade," answered the pupils at once.

"And I to have you for a friend!" added Gaspard, as he clasped the boy's hand.

"Well said, my son," cried Murillo! Then turning to the young mulatto, he added: "My son has called you friend; I call you son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than create a picture; I have made an artist; for your name will go down to posterity with mine. I desire, that ages to come, when speaking of you, may call you Murillo's Mulatto!"

And in truth, Sebastian Gomèz is better known as the Mulatto of Murillo, than by his own name. He was admitted among Murillo's painters, and became one of the greatest artists of Spain. Murillo had him naturalized, give him a wife, and left him a legacy.

Several private individuals possess pictures by Sebastian Gomez; but his most admirable ones are to be found in the Cathedral of Seville.

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They are—A Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms. St. Anne, St. Joseph, and a Christ tied to a pillar, having St. Peter kneeling, as in the act of asking his Lord's pardon.

Of all Murillo's pupils, Gomez is the one who imitated him the best. Like his Master, he possessed a correct and wonderfully soft coloring; fineness of touch; great truth in manner; freshness; admirable flesh-tints, and a just comprehension of chiaro oscuro. Sebastian Gomez survived Murillo only a few years, and died, about 1789 or 1790.

"GOOD NIGHT."

Good night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead,
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That last "good night" along the soul.

Good night in tones that never die,
It peals along the quickening ear,
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near,
When stilled the voice—oh, crush of pain
That ne'er shall breathe "good night" again.

Good night! it mocks us from the grave
It overleaps that strange world's bound,
From whence there flows no backward wave;
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, beneath, above,
"Good night, good night" to life and love.

Good night! oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that "Good night" no day,
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh! rather say, dull brain, once more,
Good night! thy time of toil is o'er.

Good night! now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good night! oh, holy, blest and deep
The rest that follows pain;
How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no "Good night?"

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PERSONAL CHARACTER.

BY DELTA.

Of all the sayings of Christ while He was upon the earth, we have recorded in the New Testament, but one long discourse which bears the name of a sermon. This we find in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of the gospel according to St. Matthew. The whole sermon is characteristic of the great Teacher from whom it originated, and in every line bears the impress of His moral superiority and dignity. No one can doubt that this sermon had a powerful influence upon the audience, and that many went away, who carefully treasured in their hearts the wonderful sayings which they had heard.

St. Matthew briefly tells us in the last two verses of the seventh chapter, the effect which this sermon produced, and also the reason of this effect. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: "For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." The Apostle does not use the ordinary word to express the astonishment of the people, but he uses one which originally means "to dash any one from his place," and "hence, to strike with astonishment, amaze, confound." This intensifies his meaning very materially. The contrast between the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees, and that of the God-man, was so great, that the people were overcome and confounded.

The Scribes were originally appointed to preserve the Sacred Scriptures, study them and explain their contents to the children of Israel. They were regarded as a class of wise men, and were frequently resorted to by large companies or classes, to receive instruction. In the time of our Saviour, they formed a very considerable class of society, and many of them belonged to the Chief Council or Sanhedrim. The Doctors of the law frequently mentioned in the New Testament are the same class of people. Among them were many devout and earnest men, who faithfully attended to their duties, but as a class, they had degenerated very much. They spent their time in discussing abstract subtilties and unimportant questions. When they instructed the people, it was done in such a cold and formal manner, that no one was edified. They were so inconsistent in their teachings and actions, that their names were not unfrequently associated with that of the Pharisees, who, our Saviour says, were "Like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed, appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

What a contrast between such teachers and the spotless Redeemer of fallen man! When He came into the world, the cold formalities of the Pharisees were set aside, and the truth, which maketh wise unto salvation, was proclaimed. Nothing can be more striking than the great simplicity

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with which our Divine Master commenced His sermon on the mount. He did not commence by holding up the rigidity of unmeaning forms and outward ceremonies, but He introduced his discourse to the people with the simple sentence, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This opening sentence, in such great contrast with what was usually heard, must have, at once, elicited the attention of all those within hearing distance. As He proceeded He did not hesitate to refute the vain doctrines of the Pharisees, but by quoting from the Sacred Scriptures and giving the proper meaning of such passages as had been distorted and misconstrued, He convinced the people that His preaching was something better than what they had been accustomed to. The earnestness with which He engaged in His work also struck His hearers with astonishment. With His great mission ever before Him, the solemn trials and difficulties which awaited Him, and the cruel death which was to be His doom, He assumed that dignity and earnestness which was becoming Him. A full knowledge of the sinfulness of the world, and the depravity of those whom He was addressing, filled the sinless Lamb of God with an earnestness and seriousness, that made His words go to the hearts of all His hearers. Besides the purity of our Saviour's doctrines, and the earnestness which He manifested in proclaiming them, the power of *His personal character* still added much to their value. Here it was, too, that there was a very great contrast between Him and the Scribes. Their character always fell far short of their professions, while in Him, outward profession and inward character were always the same. The words have long since died away from the Saviour's lips, but they still live. They are just as full of meaning, and just as earnest now as they ever were. Though heaven and earth shall pass away, yet not one of the least of the Saviour's words shall fail. Separated from His person, they are full of wisdom, love and truth; but it is only when we have them in connection with Himself that we can appreciate their full value and force.

Just now, as we constantly associate a personal character with the Scribes and Pharisees, and quite a different one with our Saviour, so each one of us has a personal character. We may profess what we will, we may teach whatever we will, if we are not true to our professions and teachings, they will do but very little good. It is natural for all of us to form an estimate of a man, even at first sight already. As we become better acquainted with him, we of course modify some of our first impressions and confirm others. These are, however, much more in virtue of what we know the man *truly is*, than in virtue of what he professes to be. We need but mention the name of Judas, and you at once think of the traitor among the twelve disciples. If we mention the name of Peter, you have before your mind the bold, impetuous character of this disciple, and if we mention John, you think of a character full of love and humility.

A man's character is not that which he assumes, but that which he actualizes in all his doings. Nor must we think that our personal characters are formed by what we do in public. All the little things of every day life enter into a man's real character. You only learn to know a man, when you follow him into the family and see how he acts there, when he does not think of securing or retaining the good opinion of others.

There are many noble examples whom we can follow in some respects, but in Christ only, have we all the manly virtues realized; and only when

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we are true and living members of His body, can we expect to develop a moral character for ourselves which shall stand the test of the public, and, at last secure us an entrance into His eternal rest. His personal holiness must not be made only an outward example, but an inward life principle, and then will we be enabled to realize it in our actions.

EARLY RISING.

BY THE EDITOR.

Nature itself teaches us the wisdom of early rising. As truly and naturally as the rising sun opens the flowers, so also does he open human eyes. As he sets the birds singing, so does he set human life moving. We do otherwise than he suggests only by acquired habit.

But having our eyes opened and our life wakened, and actually rising out of bed, are two things. Men—and women too—are naturally disposed to a disease which is politely called *being tired*, and vulgarly called *laziness*. This drowsy disposition, if we may believe the Poet of the Seasons, came in by the fall. In the state of innocence it was not so. In Paradise they rose early.

> The first faint dawn then waked the gladdened race
> Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
> The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
> For their light slumbers passed away;
> And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
> Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
> Or to the cheerful tendence of the flock.

With the lazy there is always a period of strange indecision between waking and getting out of bed. True sleep is gone, but laziness is not. He tries to persuade himself that he needs a little more sleep, and that he can get it. But his wooing and courting of the poppy-god is all in vain. He turns and tosses, but no sleep comes. From the way in which he closes his eyes, and pretends, you would suppose him to be playing 'possum. But he is not. It is all dead earnest; and it is this that makes the effort ridiculous to all but himself. Hear how the same poet reads him a lesson. After having described the beautiful morning, with the dewy freshness, and the music of birds—"the native voice of undissembled joy"—he proceeds to make a pass at the drowsy sluggard.

> Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
> And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
> The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
> To meditation due and sacred song?
> For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise,
> To lie in dead oblivion, closing half
> The fleeting moments of too short a life;

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Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered and tossing through distempered dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure waits without,
To bless the widely-devious morning walk.

There! If it seem severe, settle it with the poet. If poetry hits too hard, take a little prose; but we fear you shall fare no better.

"Early rising gives long days, invigorating light in abundance and healthy cheeks. This beautiful passage from Bulwer's Caxton is worthy of perpetual remembrance. 'I was an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called old as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And youth!— take my word for it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon is a very decrepit, ghastly image of the youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dews sparkling upon blossoming hedge rows.'"

How like you that? Prose and poetry play pretty much on the same string. Many believe in Dr. Hall, and think him a wise man. He looks at the matter from the stand-point of the medical profession. He has ventilated this subject in his *Journal of Health*, and as he speaks well on early rising in its relation to health, we give him fair play:

"Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people, as evidence of its good effect on the general system. Can any one of our readers on the spur of the moment, give a good conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or convenience, and not a cause of health in itself. There is a larger class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—the thirsty folk, for example, who drink liquor until midnight and rise early to get more! One of our earliest recollections is that of "old soakers" making their "devious way" to the grog-shop or tavern bar-room, before sunrise, for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and on rising to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid, has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, nor never will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

"Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, 'early rising' is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowe

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to "have his sleep out," otherwise the duties of the day cannot be properly performed, and will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

"To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves, let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

"Another item of very great importance is, do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious, or even the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things; violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from his resting place. By all which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable, than that as the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has taken the first step towards degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed, and the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer."

Late rising evidently has its cause in late retiring. This is, therefore, as great an evil as the other, yea, a greater evil because, it is the cause of it. As nature teaches us when to rise, so it teaches us when to retire. The life of nature becomes introverted in the evening. The gathering in of darkness, the silence of all nature around, and the ebbing back of the energies of body and mind in ourselves, is an intimation that, as the spelling book says, "The day was made for labor, and the night for repose."

On this point we commend the words of another:

"Take care of your health and take plenty of sleep. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he should lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done sooner and with self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven to eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is not time gained, but much more lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary for a healthy body; but if less than the amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep: any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival to the mad house or the grave."

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Who can doubt that turning night into day and day into night, is a great evil. Body and mind must suffer from it. It is a reversion of the laws of God, and consequently, a war with the laws of health and of life. The penalty must sooner or later be paid! Few persons who are in the habit of retiring late at night can escape drowsiness the next day. The afternoon, especially, will be worth little or nothing. Hence it will be found that most of those who keep awake till late at night are also in the habit of sleeping in the afternoon. What a folly thus to exchange the order of God and nature for a miserable arrangement of our own!

DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON III.

Some one, curious in the statistics of fatality, has been making calculations to show that Napoleon III. will come to his downfall in 1869. The calculations are founded on some very odd coincidences of dates which we will try to explain. In the first place, they take the dates of the principal events in the history of Louis Philippe and his Queen, which they group together so as to sum up 1848, the year of his downfall. Thus, Louis Philippe was born in 1773 and ascended the throne in 1830. Now to 1830 add separately the figures 1, 7, 7, 3, of his birth date, and they make 1848, thus: 1830, and 1 and 7 and 7 and 3 make 1848. The same result is reached, if we take the year of his marriage. That event occurred in 1809, and he ascended the throne in 1830 and 1 and 8 and 0 and 9 make 1848. Again, if we take the date of his Queen's birth 1782, and go through the same process—1830 and 1 and 7 and 8 and 2, we arrive at the same fatal year, 1848 in which he lost his throne.

The second part of the calculation is this: Napoleon III. was born in 1808, and ascended the throne in 1852. Now if we start with 1852, and the separate figures in his birth year, we come to 1869—for 1852 and 1 and 8 and 0 and 8 make 1869. So, too, of his Empress. Eugenie was born in 1826. Taking the date of his ascent to the throne in 1852, we have; 1852 and 1 and 8 and 2 and 6—again bringing us to the fatal 1869. He married Eugenie in 1853, and taking the year 1852 and adding the separate figures of his marriage year, and it still points to 1869. Thus, 1852 and 1 and 8 and 5 and 3 make 1869. In fact, these French historical dates are full of such curious indications. Robespierre fell in 1794. Taking that date and adding the separate figures of it as above, and we have 1794—and 1 and 7 and 9 and 4—making the date of Napoleon's fall, 1815. Pursuing the same method, we take 1815 and 1 and 8 and 1 and 5 making 1830, the date of the fall of Charles X. Going on to 1848 the date of Louis Philippe's downfall, and we find that 1848 and 1 and 8, and 4 and 8 brings us once more to the fatal 1869.

But there is still another fatality attending these French dynasties, which is put in this form: Seventeen years was the limit of the supremacy of Napoleon I.; seventeen years the restored Bourbons reigned; seventeen years Louis Philippe occupied the throne; and the same seventeen years being accorded to Napoleon III., it carries him to the same fatal

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1869 as the end of his career. And this fatal seventeen is also produced by strange coincidences. Taking the figures in the year of his birth, 1808, and adding them up thus, 1 and 8 and 0 and 8, and they sum up 17; taking the figures in the year of his Empress' birth, 1826, and adding them, 1 and 8 and 2 and 6, and they also make 17; then taking the figures in the year of his marriage, 1853, 1 and 8 and 5 and 3, and they likewise foot up 17.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Drown'd! drown'd!"—Hamlet.

One *more* unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home.

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Yet than all others?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's Providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

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The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care:
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

(*T. Pallasi.*)

God in all His providence is always instructive. Had it been so ordered that the inspired gospel and light of Divine Revelation as written in the Bible, had never reached us, our knowledge otherwise being precisely what it is, there would still be presented to our senses at every step and turn, ample evidence of an Omnipotent Creator, whose everlasting rule is Love, and whose eternal mandate is: "I am the Lord, thy God, and besides me there is no other God."

In this year of grace 1866, that man who, having about him our early summer, sylvan surroundings of bright plumaged birds, and sweet wild flowers, and gorgeous glancing butterflies, and forest foliage; and shall say: "Human laws are sufficient for my guidance here—of an hereafter, I have no knowledge or belief," requires a *Guardian*. He is *non compos mentis*. His friends—if he has any—ought to look after him.

In every opening flower, in every glancing wing, waving fern, and warbled woodland note, there are lessons, sermons and instructions, that heeded, would make us wiser, better, and happier.

Among the winged warblers of the world, the Hermit Thrush of our Pennsylvania dells and secluded woodland vales, stands unrivalled in song. True, the modest little sylvan hermit is found in almost all the region east of the Mississippi, from Nova Scotia, south to the shores of the Mexican Gulf. But it is only in his favorite Pennsylvania haunts, that he tunes his melodious bird-pipes the sweetest,

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He is a shy, bashful little fellow—the Hermit Thrush; affecting mostly some quiet unfrequented dell, where beside some babbling brook, with his pretty bird-wife he constructs a home, and while his gentle mate patiently rears her birdling brood, he remains constantly in attendance, cheering her with his most exquisite melodies.

A brief description of this prince of feathered songsters, may enable you to recognize him when you chance to meet.

In length, tail included, the bird is nearly eight inches, the spread of wings from tip to tip, about the same. The color on the back and wing coverts is a light, olive brown, shading into white with a buff tinge, within the wings, and underneath. The breast is a creamy white, set with triangular spots of brown, and around the eyes are well defined, oval, white rings.

The notes of the Hermit Thrush are not numerous, none of them loup or boisterous. But once the song begins, the stream of melody is continuous—liquid—enchanting, soft and exquisite beyond the power of description. Not even the magic flute at the lips of the ablest master on earth, can equal the exquisite music of the Hermit Thrush. Such a bird—hosanna, so wonderfully warbled, ought to convert the hardest hearted infidel in existence.

COSMO.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

At least I believe so, and as there are probably four score at least, lady friends of the GUARDIAN, who have kitchen gardens, and are neither ashamed nor afraid of either kitchen or out-door exercise, I beg most respectfully to submit for their consideration a hint or two, or perhaps three, on my own private practice. If already known, why, there is no harm done. If not—then some good. Let us begin with

CULTIVATING CUCUMBERS.

I don't mean planting and hoeing, and that sort of thing—only cultivating the cucumbers themselves—educating them, if you please, into the very best possible condition for the table, green, or for pickling.

Last year, when my vines began to set fruit, I bought a dozen and a half common, medium-sized lamp chimneys; cost five cts. a-piece, ninety cts. the lot. Then I run up little sacks out of bits of old woollen pantaloons, to fit the chimneys—open at each end, dressed the glass dolls, and went among the vines. Whenever I found a cucumberling the size of my pen holder, I laid it gently in the glass receptacle, and it gently on the ground.

The experiment was a satisfactory success. When large enough for the table, the cucumbers were found cool, crisp, small seeds and very few of them, and beautifully bleached. My glass houses afforded a supply for a family of seven, and the pickles they afforded were in all respects equal to those used green.

OMETA.

It is a Spanish American dish, and a most delicious one, too. Prepare it in this manner—

Six, fair sized, ripe tomatoes—scald and remove the skin. Six ears of green corn—fresh, and not a mite glazed. Grate the corn from the cob, beat up four eggs, then beat corn, eggs, and tomatoes all together, into a stiff batter. Season with salt and pepper, lap up in large spoonfuls in two

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thicknesses of husks stripped from the corn, tie with a strip of husk, and boil an hour with any sort of meat, salt or corned, you may be cooking for dinner. Serve hot in the husks, with either cream or drawn butter for sauce.

GREEN CORN CAKES.

First—grate from the cobs the corn—fresh and soft—from—say six ears, more or less, according to the number to be fed. Then add to the pulp half the quantity of nice, summer apples stewed to a batter, and two to four eggs well beaten. Stir all together thoroughly, salt to suit, and fry on a hissing hot griddle, in large spoonfuls separately. Serve warm; and eaten with cold cream for sauce, there can be no nicer warm-weather breakfast dish.

Use good ripe peaches; stewed, instead of apples, add a few nice large raisins, and bake the batter in pint tin basins; set in an inch of water in a dripping pan, and the result will be as palatable a pudding as ever came to any table. MADELINE.

THE MANCHINEAL.

Every where in the animate, as well as inanimate creation, we are liable to be imposed upon if we trust implicitly to appearances. Hypocrisy and deceit are by no means confined to humanity. Some of the most beautiful animals on earth are the most ferocious and blood-thirsty. The wings of the most magnificent butterfly of the Venezuelian Llanos, conceal a venom as deadly as that of the hooded *di-cappella*. In the bloom of many a beautiful flower, lurks a fatal poison; and in the Manchineal, the American Bo-hon-Upas, we have a literal type of the vile slanderer, who deceives with specious smiles and well assimilated friendship, while he stabs at all within his reach, with his lying, envenomed tongue.

The Manchineal is found in most of the West India Islands, geographically grouped as the *Virgin Gorda*, occasionally on the greater island of Trinidad, among the islands forming the delta of the Orinoco, and infrequently on the Spanish Main. So far as appearances go, the Manchineal is one of the prettiest, most inviting, and innocent trees in all our American Silvia. So modest and unpretentious too—affecting some lovely dell through which the cool sea breeze whispers, and some tiny rivulet meanders. But beware how you go near and make love to the sylvan siren. It is tempting—with symmetrical structure of branches, glossy foliage of dark green, silvery trunk and profusion of fruit, like small apples—so brilliantly russet, that they are almost golden.

Nevertheless, with all its beauty and inviting innocence, the Manchineal is a venomous serpent: within the circle of its poisonous exhalations, no verdure may clothe the ground, no bird warbles, no plant grows; not a reptile lives. The very air is tainted with its noisome breath. From the foliage, branches and trunk of the tree, when punctured, there exudes a viscid, milky juice, so caustic, that a drop of it coming in contact with the skin, raises a blister as if the part had been touched with a red hot iron.

Administered to animals, the juice kills as instantaneously as prussic acid. It was this subtle poison in which the Caribbecs used to dip the points of their arrows, rendering them deadly missiles, and it is said, that experiments made with Indian weapons thus poisoned two hundred years ago, have proved that the strength of the deadly venom has been little impaired by age. COSMO.

FOR EVERY FAMILY.

And every family every where—in the city, suburban village, country town, or isolated farm-house, ought to bear it always in mind and be pre-

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pared. With the cholera within our gates, already at its harvest of death, with the possibility that at any day the monster may spring upon us without warning, even in our most secure retreats, it is important that we should all be able to recognize his earliest presence, and prepared to combat him while we yet hold the vantage ground.

Wherever there is an attack of cholera, or any of the complaints of the bowels which *may* be the Asiatic scourge in disguise—first call in your doctor—if an able, reliable one be within call—the doctor—*always* the doctor first. If no physician in whom you have confidence be at hand, then act yourself, and act promptly, energetically—follow the instructions of the people's friend, Dr. Hall, than whom, there is no more competent adviser any where. Here are the doctor's instructions:

"In diarrhœa there is much pain, necessarily. In dysentery, there is a great deal of pain, inevitably. In cholera, there is *never any at all*, as to the bowels. In diarrhœa, discharges always succeed inclination. In dysentery, there is a most distressing inclination, with no satisfactory—no relieving discharge. In cholera, desire is followed *always* by immense, and relieving discharges.

In all these, there is always one never-failing circumstance, always and inevitably present, and never can be absent under any conceivable circumstances,—it is the quenchless instinct of nature calling for absolute rest, bodily quietude; and without that rest, a cure is always impossible—death an inevitable event.

"There is in all these, a remorseless thirst. Nature calls for two things to satisfy her longings, and if these two things are done with sufficient promptness, there is a perfect cure in nine cases out of ten. Perfect quietude on a bed, and chewing ice—swallowing as large pieces as possible, until the thirst is perfectly satisfied. That is all that is necessary in any ordinary attack of either of the three diseases. To make assurance doubly sure, keep the abdomen tightly bound with two thicknesses of woollen flannel, eating nothing but boiled rice, with boiled milk in ordinary cases.

"If more violent, let the rice be parched black as roasted coffee. Then boil, and eat it. Or what is still more efficient, put a pound or more of flour in a linen bag, boil it two hours in milk, take off the skin, dry it, grate it into boiled milk, and eat it freely and nothing else, until the disease is checked. If any of these bowel complaints are too suddenly checked, with either laudanum, paregoric, or opium, fatal convulsions may take place in a few hours in children, and incurable inflammation of the brain in grown persons."

Now as all the doctor's instructions and remedies are plain, practical and available to all, we ought always to be prepared to fight off a cholera attack, however suddenly it may come upon us. MADELINE.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

More than half of all the dark places and gloomy pictures we encounter in our journey through life, are more the creation of our own morbid minds and misgiving hearts, than real obstacles placed in our pathway by Divine Omnipotence. If we find dark sloughs and unfriendly, cheerless shadows occasionally filling all the space before us, need we despair of ever passing them? Certainly not. Always just beyond are bright sunlight, and beckoning hope, and the outstretched arms of a loving Father, ready and able to sustain and lead us safely through every difficulty, if we will but believe and trust in Him. COSMO.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—JULY, 1866.—No. 7.

THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The parable of our Lord, which speaks of going out into the highways and hedges to bring guests in to His supper, sets forth the provision which God has made for the salvation of men. He has made a Great Supper—a *supper*, at the close of the world's great day.

His servant, Jesus Christ, is sent out to invite the guests. In this invitation a certain order is observed. He first "bade many"—the representatives of the Jewish economy, scribes, Pharisees, priests, and generally those who had the religious interests in keeping. "They all, with one consent, began to make excuses."

He was then sent "into the streets and lanes of the city," after the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind. That is the humbler, the despised, the degraded, the miserable among the Jews. These came; but still there was room!

Then the servant's attention is directed to wanderers still more remote—to those in the "highways" of heathenism, upon the great thoroughfares of business and trade among the nations; and even to the "hedges"—the camping-places of nomadic tribes, who wander like our modern gypsies—and whose highest aim is to secure a precarious and chance-like subsistence from the spontaneous products of the earth, or to seize, by theft, what lies exposed, and by begging to gather the offals of better ordered society along their way.

How well the parable represents the true order of Christian progress, in the world, is plain at once. It is, in fact, a brief synopsis of Church History; and shows how Christianity has wrought, and is still working in the world. It sets before us, as in miniature, the nature of the work and mission, still before the Church as a whole, part of which is solemnly placed in the hands of every individual Christian and Christian congregation.

The same world ever lies around the Church, and the same mission and

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work presses on its care. We have before *us* the same picture of the parable. Around us lie the same streets and lanes of the city with their poor, maimed, halt, and blind; the same highways and hedges with their unsettled, unorganized, floating, men, women, and children. The same love still spreads the feast for all; the same wants and woes press the wretched and starving to feel their need of it; and the same Christian zeal and love must still receive the willing, and constrain the unwilling, to the feast prepared.

This passage enforces the duty, and at the same time exhibits the divine rule and law, of Christian zeal and labor for the salvation of men.

How does God propose to call in the world's wanderers to the great feast of salvation? By and through His servants—His people. To what are His people to call the erring and dying? They are to call them *in*. In where? *In* where *they* are—*in* where the feast is—*in* to the house and family of God—*in*, in a word, to His kingdom or Church.

They are to *go out*, not to take the feast out to them, but to take the invitation out; and to call them in where the feast is prepared. The grace, the power, the means necessary to save erring men are in His Church,—go out from it to them, and labor to save them by bringing them in.

We may point out several particulars in which the Christian activity of the present day is often unintelligent, misguided, away from the divine order or rule, and consequently so far weak and ineffectual. It often ends where it should begin—begins where it should end—or labors by confounding end and beginning.

First, then, there is a type of professed Christianity which ends in what is only the true place of beginning. There are servants who do not at all "go out" into the highways and hedges. There are congregations which are like an outgrown tree, which spreads no more, nor ripens any more fruit. They have no energy which reaches out beyond themselves. Their life is effeté. They have no zeal beyond self-preservation, even their own preservation gradually becomes a difficulty, and a little later an impossibility. At the very point where their zeal stops satisfied with mere self-preservation, there begins their inevitable decline.

In this state were the seven churches of Asia in their later history. In this state are at present some of the oriental churches; and even some wings and phases of European Christianity. We need hardly mention that in our own country, in rural communities, there are branches of Christianity resting on the same selfish principle of merely self-care—isolated and sordid in spirit, who feel no responsibility toward the world as a whole,—no concern for its higher interests of education, science, arts, civilization, government, and Christianity—to whom farms are better than kingdoms; barns of greater value than colleges and universities; ploughs and harrows better than all powers of social elevation and Christian refinement; horses, herds and flocks a more charming vision than the glorious gladdening of the dark and solitary places among the heathen, where the light of heaven is falling upon hearts, families, and kingdoms, making the moral waste in which they dwell fresh, flowery, and fragrant as the Garden of the Lord.

Far be it from us to take to ourselves a self-complacent position, and say: I thank God that we are not like other men. The selfish principle is a native of the human heart; nor are we free from its power. True, the

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congregation to which we belong may not be altogether living for itself. We may not have wholly failed to reach forth beyond ourselves. We may not have entirely exhausted on ourselves our benevolent resources. Yet we may have acknowledged to some extent the validity of an excuse founded upon our own needs as a congregation. We may be tempted to nurse this plea too dearly and too long. We ought at least to cultivate an anxious uneasiness lest we go not out as we should. We ought to feel it as an affliction unpleasant and enslaving to the free, Christ-like outreaching of Christian zeal and love.

It is a proper question for those congregations who make this plea, to consider whether they are not solemnly called, by the very fact that embarrasses their labors and duties extensively, or in an out-reaching direction, to enlarged zeal and liberality that they may at once rise above the dangerous excuse which may become a snare in their free progress.

We decide not on the ability of any church. We are no master of customs over any. We shoulder not the responsibility of distributing any man's goods, nor assume to decide for him how much belongs to the Lord's treasury. But it is our province to lay upon the consideration and conscience of all the fact, that all the current interests of the many congregations move with somewhat of limited freedom, with somewhat of straitened embarrassing anxiety, with somewhat of burdening economy, in which there is more of bondage than of freedom. Though expenses are met it may not always be promptly done, nor without care and close calculation, amounting to embarrassment in the case of those on whom such care rests officially. In a word, income and out-lay are perhaps too closely adjusted. If it were possible—we do not say that it is—to advance a grade, to swell the tributaries of the in-flowing stream, the swelling waves beneath would give our beautiful ark a freer, prouder, more graceful and stately movement, and make all of us who are in it, feel less the dull power of shallow waters, and the jars incident to the keel's scraping the sand, or trying friction with the bluffs on the shores. We are not aground, or waterlogged, or wrecked—far from it; our ark is under encouraging sail; but a little deeper, wider, fuller channel would not only add to the comfort of all the passengers, but increase our speed. If lifted to a higher, freer swell, might not even friendly winds of heaven, fall with greater power into our sails? It commends itself to our earnest thought. It challenges our faith. It invites us to its trial.

If there exists the error of those who go not out, there is a like error on the part of those who dissociate their outgoing zeal from its proper relation to the base, or source where all true zeal has its starting point, and toward which it must ever return. "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them *to come in.*"

The Church is ever the source whence all zeal proceeds, and to which it must lead back its trophies. Those in the highways and hedges are not to be—cannot be—saved in the highways and hedges, but are to be brought into the home whence the invitation to them, and the zeal in their behalf, proceeds.

The parable detects and reproves the error of those who would take the feast out to those in the hedges, highways, streets and lanes instead of calling them in to the feast. It is the radical error of a great deal of misguided zeal now popular,—zeal, loose and lawless, which actually compro-

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mises the true position and honor of the Church; and even, in many instances, ignores and surrenders its true character. It is a zeal which, though it stands professedly with reverence for the true honor of the Church, projects itself with such lawless violence outward, as to lose its base of action. It gives its canvass so wildly to the wind, that the ship itself is endangered. It is a warfare that ventures inconsiderately too far beyond its own fort, and thus instead of capturing the world, it is made captive by it.

This kind of zeal undervalues the Church in favor of extra-ecclesiastical organizations and schemes of reform and regeneration. It cuts the pipe which connects the hydrant with the reservoir, and carries it away in the vain hope that it will in that way the better water a desert place afar off. If it does not actually break connection with the Church, it still seeks to adjust its lofty honor and saving power to the ideas and false positions of men. Instead of inviting the world to meet it on its own ground, they propose to meet the world on *its* own ground. Instead of seeking to reconcile men to God in His way, they propose to reconcile God and His way to the notions and tastes of men. They propose to furnish men, not what God has declared they need, but what they want and are agreed to receive. They go out into the hedges and highways, but do not say you must *come in;* rather they say we have brought the feast to you, and you need not absolutely come in.

It is a plausible scheme; and it speaks piously, and has a zeal for the Lord, which almost accounts it sacrilege to be called in question. It is this that maintains it in the confidence of well-meaning, but badly instructed men. Does not its speech sound well? Thus: If the firemen will not come to the churches, ought not the Church to transfer its solemn offices into their engine houses? If the floating inhabitants of a city will not come into its scores of churches, ought not a Christian association to erect a canvas tent on some circus lot and invite them to come in to that feast? If the hangers-on of theatres like that place, ought not the Church to ignore its place of solemnities, and meet them on the platform of their own taste? Does not all this—and much more of the same kind—sound plausible and pious?

But what does it involve? A surrender of the claims, and treason to the true honor, of God's divinely instituted Church! It is an acknowledgment by acts that God's institution is a failure—that it does not answer its ends; and that human devices which are adjusted to the tastes of men who will not honor the Church of God so much as to enter it, are more effectual to meet the world's true needs.

Can that be true zeal, and give any promise of good fruits in the end, which in its ground rests on infidelity to God's own positive and divine institutions? Is he obedient, who, when he is directed to wash in Jordan that he may be cleansed of his foul disease, turns and thrusts his own wisdom, or folly rather, into the face of the Lord's message, and says, Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, just as good, if not better! Can his zeal find approved fruits, who, when he is sent out to those in the lanes and hedges to invite them *in*, tells them, as from his own superior wisdom, here is the feast, even here in your own highways of sin, in your own lanes of degradation, in your own hedges of waywardness and disobedience? Such, indeed, go out into the places of the erring and wretched;

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but they forget the message which directs them, not to stay with them there, but to bring them in.

The peculiarly strong expression "*compel* them to *come in*," only shows what stress is to be laid upon the necessity of holding all zeal firmly to the Church as its proper base; and how much depends upon their *coming in*. "Compel them to *come in*."

This is not a physical compulsion. In a certain past age the forcing of heretics and unbelievers to unwilling baptism was advocated from this passage; but that is in conflict both with the spirit and the design of Christianity. It refers certainly to a moral force. There is such a thing as compelling the understanding by superior light, the will by superior motives, and the affections by the presentation of overpowering and controlling objects of love, so that obedience cannot be withheld; and yet such compulsion does not involve wrong or violence being done to the free agency of man. "We *cannot but* speak the things which we have seen and heard," said Peter and John, on one occasion. Here was compulsion, but it was moral compulsion—the result of an overpowering conviction and sense of duty.

It was this force which was to be brought to bear on the erring wanderers in the highway, lanes and hedges. "Compel them to come in!" Show them the glorious fulness of the feast ready for them to draw them. Show them the want and wretchedness around them, and in the midst of which they pine and must perish; so that by all the motives and powers that can control human action they may be "bound in spirit" to come in to the feast. These are the gentle forcings of mercy. This is the sweet tyranny of heavenly love. This is the gracious power of the true, the beautiful, and the good, to which it is the highest honor, and the most complete happiness, to be enslaved, with all that absolute control of will and affection, which enchains the angels to their places before the glorious throne above.

There is a final thought, to which we must refer. It may be assumed, that the lowly and wretched to whom the invitation came in the streets and lanes, highway and hedges, would in their situation very naturally regard and feel themselves most unworthy of the high honor intended in the invitation. They would be shy and timid. Their circumstances would induce them to hold back. They would rather hide themselves in their wretchedness, and die in their own element of want and misery, than venture into the new pang and pain of exposing their woful state amid the well-dressed, purer, happier guests whom they should meet at the feast. Hence nothing but the sweet, urgent violence of love would constrain them to come in! "Compel them to come in." Reassure their timidity. Reurge their acceptance. Overcome all their sense of shame by your unyielding importunity. Nurse them into willingness by every holy art of affection.

Read we not the lesson that lies in this fact for us? Does not the same shy timidity still exist among the classes alluded to in the parable? Does not shame and backwardness, as well as sin, hold many back? We do not justify them. It is only one among the many excuses by which all classes stay and support themselves in their disobedience to the heavenly call. Though but an excuse, it *is their* excuse; and Christian zeal and love must learn to take it away. We speak not of their sin, but of our Christian duty toward them.

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Do they compare their poorer garments with those enrobing those whom they must meet in the sanctuary? It is their weakness; but it needs only the more tenderness and attention of love on the part of those, whom fortune has more kindly favored. Does any other circumstance connected with an humble condition embarrass any one? Let the thoughtful condescension of love be so complete, sincere, and earnest as not to leave room for a single suspicion on that point. In the spirit of humility and self-sacrifice which characterized Him, who, though He was high and rich, yet for our sakes became lowly and poor, let any thing and all things be done to remove out of the way any stone of stumbling or rock of offence whereby weak ones may be hindered. Let free pews be furnished; let free books lie in the pews for all; let hearts be warm and open; let friendly faces speak not only the welcome, but the joy of their presence. Let that foolish pride be not once named which would feel itself dishonored by having the humbler and lowlier occupy the same pew, or stand by its side at the same altar of our common Lord.

Let there be no respect of persons. Yes, let there be respectfor *persons;* not for garments, not for position or wealth, not for pretended blood and lineage;—but respect for *persons.* Let *him* be respected who carries in his heart the high Christian purpose—who is, or desires to be the free-man of Jesus in the humblest walk of life—in the midst of the gloomiest and most pinching path of poverty. Hail the Lord's noblemen wherever they start up!—Hail them in the streets and lanes—hail them on the highways and by the hedges—hail them with the joyful hallelujahs of the ransomed—count them as your best and noblest company in the blessed journey toward the gate of heaven!

O ye whom God has blest with means and leisure, seek the lanes and hedges. Visit the homes, and cultivate intimate acquaintance with the lowly. You shall meet the holy angels there! You shall join in their labors, which "are all for love and nothing for reward."

Shine in your place. Labor in your sphere. Reach out into the surroundings of your influence. "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Let the pews of the church in which you worship be witnesses of your zeal for the Lord's invitation. Let the Sunday-school classes show in happy, hopeful fruit, that you understand the Master's message, and know the way to the lanes and hedges of alienated and neglected human life.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be, it genius, power, wit, or fancy: but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.—*Sir. Humphrey Davy.*

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PETER WALDO.

From the German of H. E. Schmieder.

In the summer of 1170, a number of honest citizens of Lyons rejoicing in peace and in the enjoyment of health, were engaged in innocent conversation, when suddenly one of their number fell dead on the ground. In the midst of the startled company there arose a prominent, wealthy merchant, and addressed those present on the vanity and nothingness of earthly life, and brought home to them the necessity of conversion and of a consecration of their lives to God. This merchant was *Peter Waldo*, or Peter the *Waldensian*, so called because he was from Waadtland, or Pays de Vaux. He was deeply agitated: hitherto, he had sought after his own soul's salvation, but henceforth, he proposed to lay near to his heart the question, 'What was God's will,'—that he might serve Him perfectly and arouse others from their sinful slumbers. Since the Church, in those days, had caused souls erroneously to rest content with its penances and means of grace, he wished to bring forth the pure Word of God from its true source. The Bible was only known in the Latin translation, and but few understood that language. He addressed himself to the task, and employed a priest, who understood the language, to translate orally several books of the Scriptures into the common language of Provence, and an educated young clerk to write down the translation. Not thinking the Church Doctors of small account, he collected also, in a few chapters, a summary of their most excellent sayings concerning Christian doctrine and Christian life, and, by repeated perusal, impressed the words of the Scriptures and these sayings so deeply on his memory, that he had nearly committed them all to heart. In this way there was excited a deep, earnest desire to attain evangelical perfection, after the manner of the apostles. This was indeed not exactly the right way, for Christian perfection cannot be secured by beginning to strive after keeping all the *separate* commands of God, but the foundations of the heart must be renewed by faith. Nevertheless, he trod the path, in which nearly all the pious, who aspired after the kingdom of God, from the time of St. Anthony in the third century, had walked, and wherever, as in his case, there was actual, living faith, a sincere acknowledgment of sins and grace in heart, such excessive striving after external perfection of life was productive of but little injury. The words of Christ to the young man were his motto: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." He sold his property and scattered the proceeds on the highway, so that the poor could gather it up. He began also, as the Apostles had done, to preach the Gospel in private houses and in the market places; and many men and women were converted. These converts he collected in his own house, and instructed them in the doctrines of the Gospel. In accordance with the Scriptural precedent in the case of the

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seventy, he sent them, by twos, into the country around, to proclaim the Word of God, in houses and out of doors, as well as in the churches. He insisted that they should go forth poor, as the disciples of the Lord (Luke x, 4), with neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: they were called by the people, "the Poor of Lyons," Sabatati (the men who wore wooden shoes), and also the Waldenses.

The authorities of the Church prohibited preaching by the laity without permission of a Bishop, and were therein consistent with custom; but these men preached, nevertheless, because they considered the doctrines of the Church and the way souls were treated by her, as inefficient, erroneous and perilous, and therefore, they neither sought nor expected the permission of a bishop. They opposed a degenerate Church-doctrine with the Word of God, and believed it was their duty to do this, having been so ordered of God. They declared, with the Apostles, that they must obey God rather than man. They sought protection of the Pope, from the prohibitions and punishments of John, the Archbishop of Lyons, but in the year 1184, they were placed under the ban by Pope Lucius III., after they had been derided and condemned by a Church-council at Rome in 1179. On this account, Peter Waldo, and the movement that he originated, is so important, because first by him the sad question was raised, in which pious Christians must determine between the plain Word of God in the Scriptures, and obedience to an ecclesiastical authority which misrepresents and misapplies the same. It is far easier to be a witness for truth against the heathen and the Jews, than to practise this difficult duty against a Church, which pretends exclusive right to control church-regulations and doctrines, as well as the reading of the Word of God and its interpretation. The conscience enjoins, it is true, obedience to the Church and its officers; but it enjoins, with still greater force, that Christ, the Lord of the Church, and His words shall be obeyed. Here duty contends with duty, obedience with obedience; but the Waldenses did not doubt, for an instant, that they should obey the Lord of the Pope, rather than the Pope who styled himself the servant of Christ. Indeed they exposed themselves to danger by misinterpretation of the language of the Scriptures, believing that they would be most safe if they adhered to the very letter. They considered themselves bound, by the injunctions of Jesus to His Apostles, to preach publicly as these did: but who gave them authority to style themselves apostles? They forbade, at least during the early period of their history, taking of oaths and killing, without comprehending the prohibition of the Lord in its connexion and according to its real design. The principal feature of their doctrine and their testimony, did not, however, consist in these peculiarities, but rather in this, that they asserted that the Church did not consist only in the clergy, but in the whole communion of the faithful,—that the Word of God dare not be confined to the degenerate clergy: true repentance, faith and submission, could alone secure the grace of God; all confession, all absolution, all invocation of the saints, all masses and alms-giving, were of no account, if they were used as substitutes for the obligation of Christian perfection, and should be deprecated in the eyes of the laity. This was the end and significance of their doctrine, and this the clergy would not suffer, but attacked them on account of their forms of expression and assertions, designedly overlooking the principal points at issue and throwing them in the background. Soon

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they began not only to imprison them, but also to punish them with death at the stake. Their simple doctrines and pure lives attracted to them the people, among whom they dwelt as fellow-laborers, and no one could charge them with falsehood, drunkenness, or any breach of morality. Persecution compelled them to emigrate, and soon they were found in Spain and Upper Italy, in Elsace and in the Netherlands. Every where they stirred up a love for the reading of the Bible, for a moral and religious life, and for struggling against ecclesiastical abuses. Their enemies were obliged to praise their knowledge of the Scriptures, and the purity of their lives. Peter Waldo fled in exile, preaching as he went, from land to land: at length he found a resting place in Bohemia, where he died in the year 1197.

After his death, Pope Innocent III. conceived the idea of affiliating the Waldenses again with the Church, and including them among the Roman Monastic Orders. He was strengthened in this by Durandus von Osca, a Waldensian who had returned to the Church. He offered to free them from the obligations of service during war, and from the taking of oaths, in so far as this could be done without detriment and injury to others, and with the consent of the princes of the country: the ablest and best educated among them were to be allowed to teach and preach always, however, with permission first obtained from their ecclesiastical superiors; the others should labor for the support of the teachers, and no one should interfere with their desire to continue poor; they might also adopt a dress, which should be similar to that then worn by them. On the other hand, they should promise entire subjection to the papal chair, giving up all communion with those Waldenses, who were separated from the Church, as well as with other heretical sects. But it was too late: neither the Bishops nor the Waldenses were willing to consent to these terms, because the gulf had become too wide, and the poor persecuted people had looked too deeply into the corruption of the reigning Church. Scattered every where, persecuted everywhere, they spread their biblical doctrines quietly, and sowed among the people faith on the universal priesthood of all believers, which the formalism of a clerical profession could not destroy.

The Waldenses have rightly been honored as consistent witnesses of the truth against the corruption of the Romish Church, and as forerunners of the Reformation; with a constancy worthy of all admiration, they suffered for centuries the most cruel persecutions, so that their numbers have been maintained, under continued oppression, down to the present time. How they included the working classes in the middle ages, a fragment from a list of the inquisitions (1391,) will show, where the following names are marked as Waldenses: "Nicholas and his son John, from Poland, both farmers; Conrad of the city of Düben (in Weiszemburg (Wittemberg?) son of a farmer: Conrad of Gemünd, in Suabia, son of a farmer: Walich of Guidex, a shoemaker: Simon of Salig, in Hungary, a tailor: Herman of Mistelgau, in Bavaria, a blacksmith: John of Diruna, in Bavaria, a blacksmith: the aforenamed are called among themselves apostles, masters (*magistri*), angels (messengers of Christ), and brothers." The last remark directs our attention to the nature of their organization and the character of their doctrinal standpoint, concerning which in early times we know but little: indeed, continued persecutions must have prevented any thing like an ordinary church-government, and a strongly defined doctrinal stand-point in

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view of their principles they could not have. They might well style those apostles who travelled into far countries to testify of the truth; masters or magistri, those who taught in their chapels, and the heads or representatives of their little communities, angels (Rev. xi, 1). In the valleys of Savoy, where many sought refuge since the fourteenth century, they called their superintendents the bearded men, (Barbae, Bartmänner), a name commonly employed to designate an uncle familiarly, and used in those countries as an honorary title for a priest. This name was used, until the year 1630, for the superintendents of the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont, where they still live. But in consequence of a pestilence, all the superintendents, save two, died, and the Waldenses went to Geneva and France to ask teachers from the Reformers. These were called Messieurs (gentlemen), and they preached no more in the old tongue of their fathers, but in French. A former minister, John Leger, published, about the middle of the 17th century, in his history of the Waldenses, the ritual of their organization: the strictness of its discipline was much praised by the Reformer.

The Waldenses are the only people of all the mediæval sects who have retained their peculiarities down to the present time, although their numbers are greatly diminished: this seems a mark of God's favor, because they labored in simplicity and truth to subject themselves solely to the Word of God, while other—heretical sects, either did not do this, or sought something else at the same time, and warped their judgments in that way. The Waldenses betook themselves early to Piedmont, because they dared expect toleration most readily in places where many of like mind with themselves lived, who were dissatisfied with the hierarchy and wished to serve God in evangelical simplicity;—there they sojourned, and in the peaceful valleys were in no man's way. They remained, until the year 1640 comparatively unmolested: but then enmities and persecutions commenced, the very perusal of which makes one shudder. They were hurled down precipices; some were stoned to death; others, tied to the hind-legs of horses or asses, were dragged to death; the bodies of some were cut open and the cavities filled with stones or powder: neither age nor sex was spared. The interposition of the Elector of Brandenburg and the English government caused some cessation of these cruelties: expatriation was accomplished with difficulty and danger, and the poor people of the valleys, stuck to their mountains and ravines too closely, when they might have emigrated to other places. There were left about 20,000 souls in the valleys of Luzerne, Pelice, Angrogne, San Martino, and Perosa, and the city of Pinerola in Piedmont, and since 1655 they have formed a branch of the French Reformed Church. Their preachers generally studied in Geneva: Frederick William III, King of Prussia, established two scholarships in a gymnasium and two foundations in the University, for Waldensian students of Theology. At La Tour, the principal town of the Waldenses in the valley of Luzerne, they have a Latin School, where students are prepared for the higher classes of the Gymnasium, and through small contributions, a stately building was erected for its use in 1836. An English Colonel, Charles Beckwith, has spent a large portion of his life and possessions with the Waldenses, and has founded also an Institution for the education of girls. From time to time they have been visited by travellers. Under Napoleon they were free from all oppression; but since the re-establishment of the Sardinian government, they have been made to suffer not a

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little from the oppression of the government, and the intrusiveness of the Roman Church. By a patent granted them, February 17, 1848, by the King of Sardinia, all the laws enacted against them were abolished, and they now not only have perfectly free religious toleration, but have been endowed with equality of civil and political rights in common with all the other subjects of the king. This sturdy trunk of a faith, that has braved for nearly six centuries, many a storm,—shall it yet once more, spring forth, fresh and vigorous, from the roots? L. H. S.

DIE STÄDTEL BUMP.*

BY I. K. L.

In alta Zeita, wes ich gut,
War's net wie now in alles;
Gewächselt hot sich's, Schuh un Hut,
Zu was es heut der Fall is.

Zwe Meil hen mer ins Schulhaus g'hat:
Es war im alta Städtel.
Un dert hie sin mer alle Tag,
Dorch Staub un Dreck geweddelt.

Net alle Tag,—ich war schier letz—
Juscht fünf Schultag aus sexa.
Uf Samstags hen mer g'schaft daheme,
De Siveta: Gottes Gesetza.

Der Alte Couch—er schloft in Ruh—
Hot als die Schul dert g'halta,
Un oft an Mädel un an Buh
Sei Whippa lossa walta.

Un doch war's pleasant dert zu sei
Im Summer un im Winter.
In Schnee un Dreck ins Schulhaus nei
Sin ganga arg viel Kinner.

E hunnert yärd vom Schulhaus war
E plaz mir frisch im Sinn.
Net's "Schpook-haus" war's—sel men ich net—
But was dert steht vor sellem "Inn"—
Die Städtel Bump,

Die Städtel Bump! 's war's B—ler's Bump,
Vor B—ler's Werthshaus g'stanna—
Hot Wasser g'hat for Mann un Lump,
Der weit o'r nächst is g'komma—
Die Städtel Bump.

* The subject of these lines, here called the Town Pump, though private property, will be readily recognised by the citizens of Myerstown, Penna. It still supplies, as in days gone by, good water for man and beast.

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Dert hie sin mer als ganga gern
For Wasser for die Schüler;
Un in der Hoiet oder Ern
War sel for uns en Kühler—
Die Städtel Bump.

Das Wasser bola war en Ehr
Die viel hen: "could'nt come it";
Un die Zwe wara happy boys,
Die b'sucha derfte ohne noise
Die Städtel Bump.

Am Turnpike 'naus e hunnert yard
War Waasem schoe un grü:
Uf dem zu Walka war's dewerth
Der Master froga so: May we
Zur Städtel Bump?

"Master"—un do war der ketch—
"The water 's warm, or nearly all,
May Bill and I some water fetch?"
"You may."—Noh sin mer wie en Knall
Zur Städtel Bump,

Zur There draus—der Emer mit—
Geht's langsam g'nung voran.
Uns is net Ernst—mit langs'ma Schritt
Kommt mer doch glei schon wieder von
Der Städtel Bump.

So in der Hurry sin mer net,
Good bye, Bill, books un Single Rule;
Do sin die löcher—marbles do,
Un aus dem Sinn, Couch, books un Schul,
Un Städtel Bump.

Des Game vorbei, mit Emer now
Geht's grad am Kerchhof naus.
Do schlofa arg viel Menscha gut,
Die au hen oft getrunka aus
Der Städtel Bump.

Die Städtel Bump! Do sin mer now,
Vor'm Werthshaus schoe un gros
Der Bumpahändel in de händ
Un bumpa schmärt druf los
Die Städtel Bump.

An der Bump hot mer kenna als—
Kann noch—sei dorst gut löscha.
B'sides mancher Gin un Whiskeyhals
War do vom Wasser g'wäscha
Der Städtel Bump.

Was rothe g'sichter sin als do
Vom Werthshaus raus geloffa;
Sie hen dert drin am Bär ge'ttend
Un wara als schier g'soffa—
Von Städtel Bump?

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Ne! Ne! Das Feier-Wasser war's,
In grosse Schmaller getrunka.
'S hot character, respect und geld
Gar kreislich stark versunka,
Troz Städtel Bump.

Do sin au Leut von aller Art
Alle Tag par mol her komma;
Un hen der Emer un der Krug
Voll firstrate Wasser g'nomma
Aus Städtel Bump.

Do hot mir au als Gäul getränkt,
Un Küh un Säu bei truppa.
Do hot der Hostler als gedenkt:
E Fip ich grick: "Der Gaul's getränkt"
An Städtel Bump.

Uf Sonntags sin viel Leut doher
Von Land un Städtel komma;
Un vor un noch der Kerch e Drink
Aus dera Bump genomma—
Aus Städtel Bump.

Die Buva hen als for die Mäd
Gebumpt polite un schmärt.
Die Mäd die hen's versucht, un dann
Wegg'schitt: doch war's dawerth—
Gell Städtel Bump?

Noh hen sie als, gnitz, looks exchanged,
Un sachte g'samma g'schwätzt.
Die Händ gedrückt: 's war so arranged,
Bis Samstag Ovet werd net g'schwätzt
Bei Städtel Bump.

E Johr o'r zwe—die "Mätch" 's gemacht:
E Hochzich geht em Parra zu.
Der Bump vorbei; der Bräut'gam lacht:
"Do sin mer g'meet, wescht's, ich un du?"
Bei Städtel Bump.

Bump, Bump, Bump! Der Emer 's voll.
Now, Bill; now let us go.
Der Couch von books un Single Rule
Guckt now vielleicht von seller Schul
Zur Städtel Bump.

Bei Grabhof, Waasem, Spielplaz hie,
Geht's now ins Schulhaus nei;
Un wie e dorstig Hinkelie
Springt manches Kind herbei,
Dank Städtel Bump.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'S is zwanzig Johr seit seller Zeit!
Der Brunne is noch do.
Die alte Bump's schier gar verfault,
Un so im Grab viel Bumper, noh
Der Städtel Bump.

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Good by, O Städtel Bump, Good by!
Good by, ihr Jung un Alta;
Bei euch un Gott kann einst der sei,
Der do Gott gern lost walta,
Un Städtel Bump.

HO! FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

That rest is just as important a duty, and as refreshing a privilege, as labor, God has Himself clearly indicated by creating the night for repose, and setting apart one day in seven for physical and mental rest. The best mode of resting from physical labor, nature itself indicates; and it is not easy to go wrong in this matter. But the way is not so clear in regard to mental rest. The mind is not so easily controlled in its activities. It will often persist in running on in its consuming work, even when we desire it to cease. Thus, the current of daily thoughts will frequently run on into the night, take fantastic forms in dreams, and drive on our mental activities through half conscious, but yet truly wearisome toil. So, also, when those, whose calling binds them to mental labor, come to one of those periods of vacation and recreation, which custom has established as necessary to health and continued vigor, it is not always easy to escape from the momentum under which severe study has brought the mind. Some skill and strategy are required to allure it out of its accustomed habits, and gradually woo it into consent to take rest.

Various modes of doing this are employed. Some remain at home, and try to be idle. This will not answer. It involves a two-fold danger, namely, the danger of not resting enough, and that of resting too much—which last is idleness, and not recreation. We must get away from the treadmill. We must leave behind the scenes of accustomed labor. We want not cessation of mental activities, but a change of the objects on which they are employed.

Some make for a watering place. This is of doubtful advantage. These are places for the light and fashionable. This is the element which reigns there. But this is all odd and foreign to the earnest and studious mind. Not having a taste for these things, the literary man is likely to mope about more alone, and more entirely wrapped up in his own thoughts, than if he were in the midst of solitude. The life of these places is too stiff, starched, formal and artificial; and though apparently varied, it is, in reality, only an ever-changing monotony—like the bubbles at the foot of a waterfall, always changing, never the same bubbles, and yet ever the same monotonous bubble-scene.

We have long believed in theory, and have lately demonstrated by actual practice, that there is a more excellent way. Having found release from a siege of eight months and a half among books and pens, we had a

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most unconquerable passion for the mountains—not for one, but for many mountains; in short, a longing to travel through among the mountains. Thought and done!

Accordingly, about the latter part of May and beginning of June—to adopt the style of a celebrated American novelist—there might have been seen a solitary buggyman (not exactly "solitary," for he had several young Masters and a little Miss with him) in the gray dawn of morning, winding his way in between the renowned Parnell and the fluted Blue Mountain near the town of London, fully bent, like Sherman, on an overland tramp through the mountains.

What a glorious route. First, the long and narrow Path Valley, with its beautiful farms, its grand sloping mountains on either side, and its many small streams, clear and fresh from fountains near at hand. Then, the narrow, Shady Gap, that leads you along a beautiful stream, and on a level winding road, through the Blue Mountain into Tuscarora Valley, where the Shade Mountain confronts you on the west, and turns your course down the valley to the Blue Juniata, which you cross only to pass on through an extension of the same valley to the Susquehanna.

What sights along this refreshing route! Long mountains, high mountains, wavy, fluted mountains, cone-like mountains, and all sorts, shapes, and sizes of mountains! What vallies—narrow and broad vallies, level and hilly vallies, shady and sunny vallies, and all sorts, shapes and sizes of vallies! What streams—rills, rivulets, creeks, brooks, runs and rivers! Many a picture of nature did we see. If we had the means of illustrating, by engravings, we might attempt a description; but as it is, we must trust to the imagination of the reader. Every mile presented its own, new, and ever-charming picture. Now, this we call recreation and rest of the mind from mental toil. One forgets completely, for the time, all he ever knew, as well as all he thinks he ought still to study and learn. His brain gets as cool and fresh as a meadow in the morning dew. Nature does it—nature, that falls in from all sides like balm upon the bruised and wearied mind—nature,

> Ever charming, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view!

Something over four hundred miles of this kind of travel—which was what the whole programme included—we verily believe to be of more real account, in the way of rest and recreation, than a whole summer at any watering place under the sun.

When one thus tastes the old sweets of independent overland travel, how he despises railroads! Just as we approached the Juniata, we had opportunity to exercise this kind of feeling; for one of the mammoth Pennsylvania Central trains dashed by in front of us, as defiant as if it were master of the entire situation. We thought of the remark of the proprietor of a once flourishing tavern on the Allegheny Mountains, whose stand was left high and dry after the great railroad thoroughfare had been completed. A hugh train was puffing along the mountain side in sight of his stand. When we called attention to it as a wonderful improvement, he answered by saying: "Them's the things as takes our custom from us!" We did not look at this train in exactly the same light; but still felt that "them's the things" which cause many persons to forget, and many more

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never to know, what splendid and refreshing mountain and valley scenery abounds in mid-Pennsylvania. We did not wish ourselves on the train, and would not have accepted even of a dead-head-ship if it had gone the same direction in which our course lay.

Railroad travel is good in its place. It is good for business and money-making. But it is not good for rest and recreation. Nor is this, we believe, to be found at any given place, but in *going* to some place; or, rather, in going from one place to another. Are you weary in mind—do you need refreshment of nerves and of spirit,—plunge right into God's free and pure mountain air. Keep away from all noise, business, ledgers, libraries, daily papers, fashions and follies of artificial society. All this you can do by making for the mountains, and taking the overland route. Ho! for the mountains!

IN THE QUIET COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

When after steady mental labor during more than eight months, you find yourself suddenly released—rise in the morning and find no bell calling you to duty during the day—what a peculiarly new feeling such an event produces. Your first thought is to try to get lonesome, and this is followed by a feeling as if things generally were in danger of coming to an end, when you seem to have nothing to do of the same sort that engaged you before. Then you feel like getting a bad conscience lest you might be doing nothing while others are at work, and as if you had no right to stay idle, even for a while when there is evidently so much to do all around. But gradually your good sense returns to you, and you see the truth of the saying that "all work and no play, will make John (vulgarly called *Jack*) a dull boy." You begin to reason sensibly, and come to the conclusion, that both God and man agree that there are times when recreation and rest are necessary.

Then your first care is to get away from the scene of your toils and cares. Here, then, comes in a variety of tastes, and as there is "no disputing" about these—so an old learned heathen has very correctly informed us—we, of course, let others follow their way, and we follow our own taste. We start for our old home to ruminate and rusticate among the old familiar scenes of our childhood; and as we were fortunate enough not to have been either born or raised in a town, we find these country scenes just the thing for us. Here is the place of deliverance. Here we can forget books and study. Here the old is most intensely new, and nothing wearies or tires.

Our first half day we spent with the stave and shingle makers, who are just now engaged on a job near us. There is something exceedingly delightful in this kind of out-door work. Just think of being thus quietly imbedded in the deep green woods, or ensconced in a shady

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nook along the tranquil mountain side. The sunlight falls charmingly through the gently waving branches of the trees and plays upon the ground. All around the mating birds are building their nests, and holding the most delightful jubilations the while. The very smell of the cleft wood is pleasant as spices. Then through vista of parted tree tops you get a glimpse of the open country lying like variegated mosaic beneath you, and extending out to the distant horizon. This is a goodly sight.

Then these stave and shingle makers are happy and cheerful fellows. They can tell you as many tales of the mountains as you may wish to hear. You do not find them surly and snappish like stage drivers, railroad officials, or the dignitaries of a small village post-office who feel as if the dignity of the United States of America would suffer if they should give a civil and satisfactory answer to your questions. These friends of the mountains are not so. They will talk with you in a perfectly civil way; and whatever you may wish to know pertaining to the art and science of their business, you are sure to learn from them. Then you can sit down if you wish, and try your hand on one or more shingles, and if you succeed in making one any thing like as it should be, you get due credit and praise for your effort. On this point we speak from actual trial and experiment. It may even be that some time next winter, some of our readers shall eat bread baked from the flour of a barrel in which shall be staves of our making, or sleep under some new roof covered by some shingles of our own manufacture.

How little we know the results of our labors! We cannot follow the history of the work we finish. When we lie snugly housed from the winter storm, we little know to whom we are indebted for our defence against the rain and the snow—what heart hoped and what hand toiled on shingles which cover our heads from the blast. By nature we are related to all men; and for our daily mercies we are indebted to many more persons than we can know, or even conceive. It might be to us as good as a sermon, did we sometimes think of this fact, and try to meditate on it gratefully.

As this moral has crept into the thread of our story, we find that by it we have been carried away from our shingle makers. We left them happy and engaged in a healthy and useful calling. Lord Byron once said: "The mechanics and working men who maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the highest orders." Some one else says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all, the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bring them his wages at night." We agree in all this; and for one who can feel it his calling, and is not in the draught of another mission so as to disturb his conscience by sense of other duty, we can conceive of no pleasanter employment, at least in summer, than shingle-making in the cool shade of the mountain's brow.

We have also had a stroll along the small brook which, rising at the mountain, wends its gentle way through the meadows once so familiar to our youthful feet, and still so fresh in our memory. Every curve, ripple,

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eddy, with all places deep, or shallow, are reflected in "memory's mellowing glass," just exactly as we find them still to be in fact. The least shake of this alder-bush causes the little fish to shy out just as they did thirty years ago. Of course they are not the same fish, but they have the same ways about them as their predecessors had, and hence serve the purpose of calling up the past most vividly to our remembrance. There is perhaps nothing more wonderful in our nature than that mysterious association of ideas by which the smallest and most common scene or circumstance has the power of calling up a whole world of memories. How richly have we experienced the truth of this on our stroll of an hour along this little rill! The changes in this brook and its surroundings, were not many or marked, and yet they had the power of reminding me of countless changes in myself. It seems changeless, and yet becomes the very mirror in which I read, reflected, a thousand changes in my own life; and it seems to have the power of calling them up before me as if by enchantment. No wonder that pagans peopled such like scenes with all kinds of imaginary beings. There seems a presence in and about them; and you walk among them as if in a silent, solemn, unseen company.

Besides the steady unchangeableness of the flowing brook, we may say the same of the play of children. Childhood seems never to change. Its joys and sorrows, its whims and fancies, its fun and frolic are always the same from generation to generation. We would not be surprised if some floating fragment of ancient childhood history, should reveal the fact that Abraham, and Moses, and David played soldier, and rode on sticks for horses. The Apocryphal New Testament tells us, that our Saviour and His playmates made birds of mud in the streets of Nazareth, and that the infant Christ, by a miracle, made them fly away. While we, of course, reject this preposterous infant miracle, the apocryphal story at least assures us, that this very interesting and favorite diversion was common among the children nearly two thousand years ago. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised to find that here in the place of our own childhood the children play in exactly the same way, as they did when our own hair was white the first time.

A stroll over the play ground of the present generation of children; what a pleasant hour to us was that! Here, under the same old trees are the houses, made by laying stones in a row, thus fencing in the commodious yard. There against the root of the tree is the kitchen, with its cupboard ornamented with pieces of broken dishes. There is the table spread for dinner with its acorn cups and saucers. There sits one of the children with a bush keeping away flies from the victuals. There in one corner is the seamstress at work, while the *old lady!* is busy getting dinner for the field-hands. This is the same mimic play as that in which our mothers and grandmothers engaged in their day.

And where are the boys? Down along the brook digging and walling up wells. Or in the road building forts out of dust. Or at the mud-pool making marbles and birds. Or under some tree digging graves, and holding a funeral over a dead beetle about to be buried! This is childhood. It is not changed. It is the same in all ages, and in all places. We can enter into it all. It touches our sympathies. While we have outgrown this sense and substance of life, we can still easily realize how interesting, how real, and how earnest all these things are to them.

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Surely childhood has its own separate world in the midst of this same world of our adult life, and I have very sweetly lived in it a good part of this day.

Some one has spoken of "sermons in stones." We have realized the truth and something of the force of that saying in our rambles to-day. There is not a familiar object, however insignificant and common to the eyes of others, but hath its utterance for us. It calls up the past, and thus lives again in our own life as it did when it first impressed our youthful heart. Of all these objects we cannot speak. It would take a volume to do justice to this brief visit into Child-land. One thing we know, that is, we enjoy ourselves in this doubly pleasant rustication, and shall tarry a few days longer in this delightful nook of life, to which a world we are now only about half conscious of, seems to lie so near.

The seasons of calm weather,
Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple:
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure,
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to the baby looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly,
To myself, as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gain and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow
Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * * * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently:
Two little curtained eyes,
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and me only
Of the childish presence bright.

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Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus He keeps my darling, free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying,
But I miss her sadly by the window pane.

Till I look above it; then with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her, angel, pure and white and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, on the sea of glass.

Two little saucy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me.

A MOTHER.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN. TRANSLATED BY ELIA.

A witness to the truth would gladly, to the honor of God and for the good of souls, write down some passages from the life of a mother, who with God's grace was able to journey on courageously, and free from anxiety amid the most oppressive circumstances of life, and to become a permanent blessing to her family by her shining example. This mother, who persevered in the life by faith, to the end of her days, is even now (for her body has been resting in the ground a long time) the next to their Mediator and Atoner, the most glorious example to her surviving children, that they have ever known. Although these children received no inheritance from their mother—some of them not even a keepsake—the spirit which was in the mother lives and reigns in them.

This cross-bearer, who bore every cross which the Lord laid upon her as if it were no cross, was born in the year 1772. The survivors not wishing that her name should be known, for that would not be according to the mind of this quiet mother in the Land, neither name nor place are introduced. But still it is their ardent prayer that perchance one soul may learn from reading these lines, how wonderfully, and still how blessedly the Lord conducts those that are His.

A child of this believing mother narrated to me the following story:

My mother often spoke to me of the years of her childhood. Already, at the age of twelve years, she became a fatherless and motherless orphan, and that in an unfortunate manner. Her father was of a rich family; but its property could not thrive, for it was not acquired with God's ap-

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proval. My grandfather lost all his possessions. His wife, a soul true and betrothed to her Redeemer, he often treated so cruelly that she had to flee to save her life. In the second year of their marriage, when grandmother was twenty-one years old, he attempted her life in a fit of anger. She succeeded in escaping to her parent's house, where she spent two full years. Our grandmother perceived too late how she had sinned against the Word of God in this matter; having married a man who had been divorced from a woman. Had she better understood what it means: "Whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery," she would never have taken such a step. But now she had to suffer severely for her disobedience to God's Word.

Mean while the time was drawing near which was to determine either the complete divorce or the reunion of the two. The father of our grandmother was a God-fearing man; and he deeply repented that he had given his daughter as wife to such a man. Before she appeared in the presence of the court, he said to her, "My child, you know how much I love you; but I tell you before God, that you shall never dare spend another night under my roof, if before the court you pay any attention to the prayers of your husband, who will try to persuade you that he cannot live without you—you know I keep my word."

Both appeared in court on the day appointed. Poor grandfather, who had never learned to break his will, insisted here, too, in having all his own way. When the court submitted to him a complete divorce, according to the will of his wife, and her father, because both regretted that they had been induced to put faith in his words, as he had so pitifully kept his vowed fidelity, he exclaimed before the whole court, "If I do not get my wife again to-day, hear, ye judges all, on my way home, I will shoot a bullet through my head, or will hang myself."

These words pierced grandmother's heart like arrows, and in her consternation she said to the judges, she would rather live unhappily all the days of her life than load upon herself the guilt of such a calamity. On her entering the paternal house, her father soon saw that his poor child had sold herself again to the wretched man; and when, in answer to his question, she told how matters had gone, pain so overwhelmed the otherwise powerful man, that he fell to the floor as if dead, and recovered only very slowly. But when his sense had fully returned, he said, "My child, you know what I said: you dare not remain in my house over night." And he kept his word; "for," said he, "whoever is so wicked as to make use of such expressions, should never have his will gratified."

About this time, as remarked above, our grandfather lost the greater part of his property: what remained over was held as a loan by his brother. He recalled this capital, intending to move with his wife into the neighborhood of his parents-in-law: but this sum was also lost. Grandmother had no property, but she was a very skilful worker: grandfather had, as a young man, learned the art of weaving linen, and now often practised it, nevertheless without, in this way, easing the burden of his family. This would now have consisted of eleven children, if all had remained alive; but God took in early youth all away except our mother. Mother was never compelled to endure want; for grandmother knew so well how to manage, and such a blessing rested on the work of her hands, that no one was able to notice that the whole burden of housekeeping was

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upon her shoulders. Thus our mother was trained up in prayer and labor until her twelfth year. At this time grandmother died after the safe delivery of the eleventh child, when no one was thinking of death but herself; for she had often said, before her confinement, that she would only live until the birth of her child. She used to say to our mother, by way of preparation, "My dear child, you will soon lose your mother and then your father. Your mother will die in the Lord, and will be taken away that she may not behold the end of your unhappy father. You will not have to provide for the child, for the Lord will soon take it to Himself." Nor was she at all anxious on account of our mother; and this child of twelve was to experience that God provides for the orphans.

But it went no better with the child than it had gone with her mother.

Often, after her father had, for months, been quite gentle to her, such terrible fits of anger came upon him that he did not know what he was doing, and often sought to kill all who were about him. Alas! the poor man had never known nor seized the hand of the Redeemer, had never tasted the blood of Jesus, which takes away the booty from the mighty one. At such a fit, the young maiden fled for refuge to her grandparents, where she met with a loving reception. Some weeks after the death of his wife, the miserable father put an end to his own life. This event made such an impression upon our mother, that she could not think of her father without tears, and would often say, all other sufferings are nothing in comparison to such a calamity. We were already grown up when our mother spoke of it. Then for the first time did we understand why she always said so decidedly and sorrowfully, if people spoke of murder, or murderous thoughts, "Children, would only that all men might get a proper horror of that greatest of all sins."

As already said, the maiden, now twelve years old, was kindly received by her grandparents. She remained with them and enjoyed a serious Christian nurture until her sixteenth year. Her grandfather then died; in the following year she lost also her grandmother, who, being godmother of the child, had interested herself for the orphan with love, and amid prayers and supplications. The little girl was also prepared by her grandmother for the last separation from the last of her relatives. The evening before, she said to her, "To-night I am going to my Saviour; he is coming at midnight to bring me." And at the same hour she went to him, comforted and joyful, in her home above.

Our mother earned her bread by spinning. She took care of the children of a widower according to the best of her ability, in devoted self-forgetting love; and they were attached to her with the most inviolable fidelity and love to the end of her days; yea, even when they themselves were grandfathers and grandmothers, they still told of the sacrificing love of our mother, with tears in their eyes.

In the twenty-fourth year of her age, her hand was sought by our father in marriage, but she steadily refused; for she was always seized with fear, even if he only spoke to her. Mother was a model of perfect devotedness to her fellow men. She was also very fair of countenance. Although father was any thing but pious, he chose her as his wife on account of her piety. His father was deeply pious and skilled in the ways of God through grievous afflictions; and it would fill a book to recount his pain-

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ful ways and saving providences. When father uttered to him the wish of marrying this maiden, the pious father said in her own presence, "Do you choose this daughter; that would be a great fortune for me and my daughter; but if you do not promise before God to lead another life, you shall not marry her, for it would be a pity for her." He vowed to lead a godly life with her. The God-fearing man now gave his benediction to both amid many tears, and rejoiced unspeakably over the newly found daughter.

From that moment, mother was seized with great anxiety; an unknown unconscious something lay heavily on her heart. But she would not break her word for the sake of her pious father (in-law) and sister.

It is a hard task for a child to tell of the sufferings of such a mother; but, to the glory of God, let it be said, during the twenty-seven years that I ave known her, I never heard a word of complaint. We children were many a time not able to understand it, when our mother, who persevered day and night in prayer, always and in all situations seemed to be cheerful and calm, preserving her courage and her joy through every difficulty.

Especially incomprehensible was it to me, that she should bear so patiently the unrighteous treatment which she was compelled to suffer: for I had not the spirit of my mother, but the choleric temperament of my father. When mother met father so lovingly and gently, and steadily was able to show some good trait, while we with our eyes could find but little good in him, I often said, "O mother, how can you speak so to us! If I had such a husband, I should act otherwise; you spoil him; you, instead of holding his iniquities up to him, only pray all the time." She looked at me with a kindly smile and said, "Only wait, my child: you will yet understand me. My husband is my fortune: through him I have learned to rely on God alone. I would not have been able to give you children to the Lord, if I had still had any thing in which I could live quite according to my own will. But if you do not let yourselves be taught that the Saviour can help us through all, and bless us, you will give me more trouble than my husband. It is now my task to pray that the rod which now smites may not be thrown into the fire at the last day. But for this rod I will thank my Saviour all the days of my life." What a speech was that! I replied, "How! be thankful for such a rod?" I could not understand it; I should have held it as directly impossible for one to be happy and contented in all sorts of sufferings, if my mother had not stood a living example before my eyes. Mother, like our grandmother, had eleven children, and having no property, we received a very simple training. But mother knew how, by her example and her life of prayer, to impart to us such contentedness, that we spent our youth cheerfully and pleasurably, notwithstanding all the suffering we had to undergo. In spite of the often violent outbreaks of our father, peace dwelt beneath our roof, a living proof of what incessant prayer is able to accomplish for husband and children.

(To be continued.)

FAITH.—A sinner's simple trust in the Saviour. . . . A justified man, no doubt, will always be a holy man. True believing will always be accompanied by godly living. But that which gives a man an interest in Christ is not his *living*, but his *faith*.—*Ryle.*

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THE TEMPTATION AND FALL OF MAN.

BY A PASTOR.

It is good for us to look sometimes at the origin of all our miseries and woes. It will make us cling more closely to the salvation provided. It will cause us to look with more longing eyes to Him, who is the new source of life and peace to fallen man.

Eve, the weaker, and when alone, was first attacked by Satan. Very gradually was she led into sin. She first *listened* to the tempter, then *conversed* with him, then *looked at* the forbidden fruit, then *took* it into her hand, then *eat!*

> "Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost."

Vain, perhaps, are all our speculations with regard to the question: What would have been the consequences, if Eve alone had sinned, and not her husband with her? His Maker might have provided another help more meet for him. God's infinite will is prepared, so to speak, for every contingency. Enough for us to know that "She gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat."

> "Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
> In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;
> Sky lower'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
> Wept at completing of the mortal sin
> Original."

But why am I a sinner, and subject to death, because Adam and Eve transgressed? Why am I punished for another's sin? That I am subject to pain and death from the very beginning of my existence, experience teaches me—that the origin of this is our first parent's sin, the Bible reveals. "In Adam all die." "By one man's disobedience, many were made sinners." The only satisfactory answer perhaps to this question, is found in the truth, that God was pleased to constitute things in such a way that every thing must produce after its own kind. "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Healthy parents have healthy offspring. The children of delicate parents are themselves delicate. Let parents commit an indiscretion in violating the laws of nature, and the evil effects thereof are entailed upon their children unto many generations, who personally did not sin with their parents. It is a law that holds every where. We need not be surprised, then, that when the root and trunk of the tree of humanity became de-

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praved and mortal, the branches growing out thereof, are also depraved and mortal. It will not do for man to say, "Why has He made me thus?" For it can be properly answered him, "Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, 'Why hast thou made me thus?' Hath not the potter power over the clay?" In constituting man and nature as He did, their almighty Author was moved by infinite wisdom. In the end, both man and nature, when perfected in glory, will joyfully proclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest."

But again some reader may ask, "Why did God place before man a forbidden tree, and thus afford him an opportunity to sin? Why did He not permit him to eat of every tree of the garden, without any exception, and thus avoid entirely the danger of plunging a whole race of His creatures into misery and death?" Here we are stared in the face by the fact, that God is pleased thus to deal with all the creatures he has made. The angels were tempted and tried. We know not how the thought of rebellion could have entered the heart of an archangel, but we know that, the rebellion once instituted by a single spirit, every other had the forbidden tree set before him, of siding or not siding with the evil prince. Abraham was tried, when he was called upon to offer up his well-beloved son on Mt. Moriah. When the Son of God Himself became man, He must needs undergo temptation as real as any that ever troubled man or angel. Christians are tried. Why are men not translated at once into heaven, on being born again, instead of being required to remain in the world, where many forbidden trees are set before them, endangering their very spiritual existence, and affording them the opportunities of turning back to the world and final destruction?

The reason, that moves the mind of God thus to deal with His creatures, is, perhaps, the fact, that it is the way in which holiness and virtue come to be a part of their own being. Holiness is at first a gift of the Creator to the creature. By some act of his own, the creature ought, it seems natural to suppose, accept the gift in his own name, and make it his own property. Thus the angels, by their own free determination, adhered to their true allegiance, and are now confirmed in holiness. Abraham stood the test that was given him, was confirmed in piety, and honored with the title of Father of the Faithful. Our Saviour Himself, conceived and born without sin, in purity and holiness, had yet to make these gifts personally His own, by resisting temptation, and living in obedience. "Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." Christians are also tried, no doubt, for the same reason. What have they that they did not receive? Who redeems and sanctifies them? From whom do they receive the atonement, the life, and the truth? "By the grace of God, I am what I am." If righteousness be a gift of God to man, it is still man's privilege and care to cultivate, appreciate, and lay hold of that grace, by an exercise of his own powers. He must be tried, in order that he may be confirmed in virtue, and thus make it a part of himself.

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But again a man may say, "If *I* had been in the garden of Eden, and in the situation of Adam and Eve, *I* would not have eaten of the forbidden tree, and incurred the displeasure of God." How do you know that, O man, whosoever you are? What assurance have you, that you would not have done the very same thing that was done by your first parents? None at all. While on the other hand, there is every reason to suppose, that you would have been as bad as they. Indeed it is not a matter of supposition, but an actual fact. The forbidden tree is set before every one to whom the Gospel is preached. That Gospel sets before you life and death—shows you your perishing condition, and offers you a way of escape. If you accept, you shall be saved; if you accept not, you shall be damned. Now, impenitent reader, in choosing death instead of life, as you are really doing, you are acting precisely as Eve did, and by the influence of the same evil spirit. You may indeed say, that Eve is more culpable, because she was not created with a tendency to sin, which I am born with. True, but when you think of the superabounding grace of the Gospel, the powers of salvation that are brought to bear upon you and surround you from Christ by His Holy Spirit, that difference between you and your mother Eve, is turned to your favor; but if there be still a difference, you are *more* guilty than she. *You* are not the one to cast reproach upon Adam and Eve for bringing you into sin. And if you should ever be permitted, in another state of being, to see and converse with them, you would not dare to point your finger at them, and say, "You I blame for my perdition." They might turn and say, "True, we were the first to sin, but are we not also the progenitors of the promised seed? was not that Seed, a divine human Saviour, offered to you in all the fullness of His salvation? were you not free to accept? was not every divine power brought to bear upon you to bring you to life? Clear your skirts of the damning sin of rejecting Christ, before you attempt to cast reproach upon us."

Christian reader, you cannot in like manner, with very good grace think harshly of your first parents. How do you stand the trial through which you must pass every day? Is there not a forbidden tree set before you? Do you not sometimes partake thereof, and sin? Does not that make you fear and tremble, that if you had been where Adam and Eve stood, that you would have proved as recreant as they? You are in an actual state of grace. They that are for you, are greater and stronger than all they that are against you. "My grace is sufficient for you." "God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." If, in the face of all this you sin, you have nobody but yourself to blame; in view of such great salvation and wonderful grace, you should not have the boldness to cast any thing in the teeth of Adam and Eve; you are as deep in the mud, as they in the mire.

No, we are all, all guilty before God, so that every mouth must be stopped. "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that *all* have *sinned*." Our depravity proceeds, it is true, from the fall and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in Paradise; but let him that is without sin and guilt among us, cast the first stone at them. I fear, if such a test were brought to bear, we would all retire one by one, with drooping heads and downcast eyes.

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Thus do our thoughts sometimes run over all the circumstances of the Fall. That was indeed a sorrowful event. It makes one feel sad, just to contemplate it. But in full view of scenes that transpired in Bethlehem and on Calvary, we can look at the Fall, with comparative satisfaction. We believe in Him, who has bestowed upon us a new and better life, by His coming into the world; and has raised us from the death of sin, by the shedding of His own precious blood. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him, be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

"MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT."

FROM THE GERMAN, BY Z.

Jesus, mine, I will not leave!
Who for me Himself is giving;
'Tis my duty, I believe,
In and for Him to be living.
Life from Him I do receive;
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

Jesus, I will never leave,
While upon this earth remaining;
Unto Him myself I give,
All I have, without complaining.
Ev'ry thing He shall receive;
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

When bereft of taste and sight,
Hearing, feeling, all departed;
When this world's last ray of light
Unto me shall be imparted;
When of life death shall bereave,
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

Jesus, mine, I will not leave:
In the world of sacred story,
Where from His own hand receive
Pious fathers crowns of glory,
Me such presence shall not grieve;
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

Neither world nor heaven's height
Satisfies my soul's aspiring:
Jesus want I, and His light,
He for me meets all requiring,
He from judgment doth reprieve;
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

Jesus, I'll not leave from me,
Ever by His side I'm going;
Where He leads, there will I be,
Where the Fount of Life is flowing.
Blessed who can thus believe!
Jesus, mine, I will not leave.

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

CHANGING CUSTOMS.

How singularly, and oftentimes most absurdly, we swing to and fro, and round and round, in Fashion's ever-revolving reel, dictated by custom; the slaves of folly, at the mercy of *modistas* and fashionable man and woman makers, who dictate to us, in the imperative mood, the extremes of extravagance. Presuming to put on independence, and mark out for ourselves a middle course, between fashionable recklessness and vulgar meanness, making common sense and economy our motto, correct Christian principles our guide, we suddenly lose caste with the whole world of Fashion's followers. Even the large majority of our pretentiously pious friends, finding us persistent in a course of plain, out-of-fashion, but quite respectable style of living and dressing, gradually drop our acquaintance as though simple respectability in food, and dress wanting the fascination of style and sanction of custom, were absolute contamination and direct degradation.

I have been weeding out a good many fashionable friends and sunshine acquaintances this year, by a very simple process:—

Coming strongly under conviction one morning, this day two months since, that a magnificent beaver coat, at $70, for winter, a fashionable $22 cream-cloth spring sacque, $38, laced, and beaded summer silk coat, and then a full frosted beaver again, price $27, beat down $3—next, three dresses a month, and four wrappers a year—next, four bonnets for the four seasons, prices, spring, $19; summer, $21; fall, $26; and winter, $32; in the fur line, a suit of "sables," price $115; worn ten times, and laid by for moths to revel in, were not, by any rule or law of reason, justifiable, considering we are neither shoddy-crats nor *National Bank* directors, I determined that custom and fashionable folly should no longer lead me, unresistingly, blindfold.

My first day at church, in last summer's bonnet, left me three days of the week free from calls by a dozen very particular, fashionable, butterfly friends. The second experiment was made with a last year's silk saque, in addition to the out-of-fashion bonnet. Result, no afternoon, and only two evening calls from my dear, intimate friends. Third strategy—last summer's plaid silk dress, dyed purple, and added to the obsolete sacque and bonnet. The climax was achieved—communications cut off. I am now mistress of my home; husband and I have infinitely more of each other; and there will be several dollars put by for better purposes, I hope, than paying tribute to absurd custom. MADELINE.

RELIGIOUS INFIDELITY.

It is a sad and sorrowful commentary upon the pure principles of the holy religion which Jesus of Nazareth taught, that so many professed be-

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lievers in all Christian countries, are but "whited sepulchres," worse than pagan idolaters, more dangerous than blasphemous pharisees, "blind guides," leading sinners to lower depths of iniquity. Religious professions, many times, cover rebellious and wicked hearts.

Georgia had, before the war, according to her population, a greater number of church communicants than any State in the Union. In the interior of Alabama I knew three counties, in which, probably, every third man and woman was a professor of the Christian religion. Nevertheless, Georgia had her full quota of wicked traitors, and in those three Alabama counties, treason and murderous disunion held the mastery of all hearts.

There are, doubtless, instances in which fools and individuals, steeped in ignorance, are found as consistent Christians. But they are unfrequent exceptions to the rule. Educational culture must precede and always coexist with religious profession, or there is always danger of insincerity and Christian infidelity.

The thousands of monks of the Greek Church, having their homes in one of the most interesting and sacred territories upon the face of the earth, among a people harmless in their nature, and tractable in disposition, are no more than a community of religious infidels.

Sinai, "the Holy," and its surroundings, though monasteries and convents abound every where, and inhabited by thousands of monks, professing the Christian religion, has a native population steeped to the very dregs in ignorance, taught nothing, not even the existence of a God, by these, their professed Christian pastors. With, perhaps, six thousand Greek monks living among, and drawing their whole subsistence from them, the standard of civilization and religion is, to-day, as low among the Towaras of Sinai, and surrounding districts, as it is in Patagonia or the interior of Africa.

For thirteen centuries, these religious infidels, professed Christians of the Church of the Configuration, have held, in thousands, their rule in and over Sinai, unfaithful stewards, teaching nothing of civilization, or the gospel's glad tidings, developing nothing of the moral, intellectual or physical resources of a country so sacred in associations, a people so susceptible of religious culture, and a better life. Very like Christian barbarians, religious infidels, are these Greek monks of Sinai. COSMO.

DROLL DINNER IDEAS.

Some singularly queer tastes and epicurean fancies, some of those old Roman shoddy-crats that flourished eighteen hundred years ago, must have been possessed of. In the *sala a mange* of one of Pompii's lordly magnates, who resided at the inevitable aristocratic "West End," but who was, nevertheless, buried in dust and ashes, like the rest, epicurean dinner-table and all, have recently been uncovered, in capital condition, a set-out of viands and luxurious accessories that would, very likely, astonish modern gourmands, if not particularly provocative of appetite. Here is the

BILL OF FARE.

Peacock—plucked. Wings plumed, tail fully spread—bowels not drawn, standing erect. Artificial eyes of ruby. Bird roasted.

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Porcupine—baked. Skin and quills intact.
Turtles in the shell—roasted.
Squirrels, hares and rabbits—boiled, stewed and roasted.
Tureens of fried grasshoppers, in oil.
Tongues of birds, lizards and snails.
Ten kinds of fishes—roasted entire, heads, fins, scales and entrails.
Pot-pie of rats; sausages shaped like serpents, elephants and apes; stuffed with whole eggs, cheese, kid's flesh, fruit and crabs.
Steak of porpoise; two dolphins.
DESSERT.—Pears, quinces, grapes, figs, citrons, melons, apples and peaches.

The floor is a gorgeous mosaic, the furniture and dishes are of ebony, ivory, alabaster porphyry, Parian marble and lapis lazuli, all elaborately wrought and carved, and with the luxurious divans, couches and splendid pictures displayed on all the walls, presenting, doubtless, in the hey-day of their possessor's mortal career, a picture of almost regal magnificence not common even in the Sardanapalon city of Pompii.

AGES OF EMINENT AMERICAN WRITERS.

William Cullen Bryant will be 71 in November, 1866; Emerson was 61 the 25th of May; Bancroft will be 64 the 3d of October; Longfellow was 57 the 27th of February; Holmes, 55 the 27th of August; Whittier, 57 in December; Lowell, 45 in February; Curtis, 40 in February; Bayard Taylor, 39 in January; Stoddard, 39 in July; Mitchell, 42 in April, All New Englanders, except Bayard Taylor. Then there is the TRIBUNE. How long has he been here? COSMO.

PEACHES, IF YOU PLEASE.

There is nothing so long in use, but there is a possibility of some one, somewhere, finding a newer and better use for the material, or, perhaps more properly, a newer and better method of preparing it, than we have been accustomed to. A Miss Clark has given us, in a book, a hundred methods of preparing eggs for the table, and my own opinion is, that peaches, industriously and intelligently followed to the developments of all their good qualities, will afford an equal number of excellent dishes, either alone, or in connection with other material. First, let us have a few words upon the subject of

CANNING PEACHES.

A single peach, so hard and green as to have an acrid, unripe, walnut-shell taste, will vitiate the flavor of three gallons of respectable peaches in the cooking kettle, if to be simply heated for canning, and will quite ruin a quart can of correctly flavored fruit. No hard, unripe, tasteless peach should ever be canned.

Next, the cause of so many failures, by first-class housewives, in keeping canned peaches, is the carelessness about sealing the cans properly. If there be an atom of an air-hole, a leakage as big as a horse-hair, the fruit must inevitably spoil. So, if glass, rubber-ringged screw-tops are used, be sure to turn the screws up tight while the jars are hot, and then a turn or two more after they get cool. If sealing is to be the process, go

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over the wax with a second coat and warm iron when the jars have partially cooled, Strictly observing these precautions, is the only reliable guaranty against spoiled fruit.

PEACH PASTRY.

Peaches properly dried, are delicious fruit. Dried, as the majority of them are, cut up, unpared, and baked in the dirt, they are an awful abomination. Bah! I would as soon think of dining on a dish of dried caterpillars, as on any dish made up of unpared, dirty, dried peaches.

Good-flavored, sound peaches, just ripe enough to be indented by a rather vigorous pressure of the thumb, pared as thin as possible, then cut lengthwise as thin as wafers, and dried on earthen dishes, in a moderately hot oven, are in the best dried condition that peaches possibly can be for a very delicate sauce, a great variety of pastry, and several other very good dishes.

For puddings, of all sorts, the peaches require to be simply soaked ten minutes in pure, tepid water, and then thoroughly incorporated with the other material. For short-cake, biscuit, pie-crust, and peach-rolls, soak from five to ten minutes, lay the slices of fruit thickly over the rolled-out dough, then another crust over it, and roll both together embedding the fruit in the dough. Then cut into biscuit, mould into rolls, form into short-cake, or roll thinner into pie-crust, as you please.

Peaches thus dried, are more delicate and delicious than any foreign fruit in existence.

FALSE PRETENCES.

In endeavoring to cheat others, by pretending to be, in any manner, what we are not, we almost always become, in the end, our own dupes, and unenviable objects of sarcasm and ridicule. We, women, are confirmed cheats, born so, I believe, or else duplicity comes to us by intuition. Fashionably, we are notorious counterfeits, false in almost every thing, as false in manner as *des modes*. How suddenly many an honest heart stands still in amazement, as the fond bridegroom encircles in his loving arms the wife, whom, an hour ago, God gave him. "as long as ye both shall live," fondly thinking to clasp to his husband-heart an angel woman, finding, alas, within his grasp but an artificial parcel of miscellaneously made up—*Nothing*.

Most ridiculous pretence, are those hairy horrors that fooling Miss Fashion bids us fasten to the back of our necks in snail-shell spirals and uncouth *pads*, to the utter disgust of all sensible people, and very greatly to our own social damage. MADELINE.

EUROPEAN PATRIOTISM.

European recruits do not "tramp—tramp—tramp" to the front to face "grim-visaged war" near so readily as our "brave boys in blue" used to do in the days of rebellion. In Austria, there is little of patriotism or martial ardor apparent among the people. Recruits shoulder arms with manifest repugnance, new brigades are pushed forward at the points of veteran bayonets, and few cheers leap from the lips of gazing multitudes as the long, soldier-freighted trains flash by towards the front.

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In Prussia, in numerous instances, the "*landwehr*" refuse to go forward, and Von Bismark finds the necessity of shoving masses of Prussian militia towards the frontiers before larger masses of armed regulars. It is despotism that says *go!* in place of patriotism saying "Come, my sons, and fight in a glorious cause." However, the Germans, especially Prussians, are never very far carried away by any popular enthusiasm. Their practical motto is—"*Eat, drink, sleep,* and drive care from us to-day, for to-morrow we die."

It is only in France and Italy that there is patriotism, popular enthusiasm, and eager hurrying of all classes, voluntarily, to the volunteer ranks. Hence, whatever form the Continental quarrel may eventually assume, we may look to see these two powers, in some sort, gainers by it.

A NEW MONSTER.

A vast Australian reptile, of *Saurian genus* and evident antediluvian ancestry, has lately been captured in the Queensland District, in the almost unknown interior of the great island continent, near the source of Fitzroy river. The great nondescript monster fought ferociously; and it was only after losing one of his immense claws, and being severely shocked by showers of rifled chincopins rained upon his bullet-proof armor, that he was at length captured: and having been transported to the coast with great difficulty, he was transported direct to England, as steerage passenger, and is now affording food for wonder to the *savants* of natural science, who flock daily to the British Zoological Gardens to investigate and puzzle over the economy of the uncouth, gigantic Australian reptile.

From the late letter of a personal friend, who has paid two visits to the "queer critter," I copy the following brief, unscientific paragraph:

"The thing is indescribable—horribly hideous. Something like a lobster, a little like a crab, spider, gopher, armadillo, scorpion, alligator, toadfish, bullfrog, bat and beetle in the aggregate; in detail, not an atom like any of them, or any thing else upon the face of this earth. It has enormous jaws, with two rows of sharp, black teeth, three inches long, and hard as tempered steel; a tongue like an ox's, only five times as large; eyes like live coals, wide, flat nostrils, six ugly, hairy legs, and one immense, murderous-looking claw, the other having been lopped off in the fight when the *thing* was captured. The monster is a semi-graminivorous, but on the passage, it is said, devoured fresh fish, and "salt hoss" and "hard tack" like a jolly forcastle Jack. The curious creature is a regular "hard shell," in color a brownish red, and in bulk as big as—as—a—brush-heap."

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Day before yesterday, I devoted four hours to fashionable statistics. In a very slow march from Eighteenth street, down Chestnut to Fourth, I counted 189 styles of bonnets, hats and female head-gear; 93 fashions of sacques, circulars and summer coats; 108 shades, shapes and colors of parasols; 76 kinds of boots and shoes; 54 of gloves; 210 styles of promenade dresses. Among the masculines, 113 different hats; 97 coats, 211 neck-ties, 148 canes, 82 awful segars; and among the whole crowd, three reasonably respectably clad persons—a quiet Quaker gentleman, his wife, and a very pretty, *Friendly*-looking daughter. COSMO.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—AUGUST, 1866.—No. 8.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

BY LEWIS H. STEINER,

Late Chief-Inspector (U. S. S. C.) for the Army of the Potomac.

The war for the preservation of the National Union witnessed not only the sudden metamorphosis of a people accustomed to the arts of peace into a warlike nation, but also the formation and success of philanthropic associations unlike any ever known before to mankind. First among the latter, from priority of origin and magnitude of operations, was the United States Sanitary Commission. It is proposed in this paper to sketch the outlines of the history and the plan of organization of this great National Association. A full account of the money expended in its noble labors, and of the sources from whence this was procured, will be furnished in time by those who have had the archives of the Commission intrusted them for such purpose. With regard to the practical details of its labors, the writer can speak freely and from the fullest information, having had the honor of being one of its officers for three years.

At the beginning of the war in April, 1861, the Government was poorly prepared to undertake the management of large bodies of men. All the supplies on hand had been collected for a small standing army, which was scattered over a very wide extent of territory. There were no large depots of stores. Seventy-five thousand men were called to the field, for the purpose of suppressing combinations that had been formed to oppose the execution of the laws of the United States: this call emanated from the President of the United States, and was dated April 15, 1861. The Acting Surgeon-General (Surg. R. C. Wood) addressed a letter to the Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, May 22, 1865, stating that "the pressure upon the Medical Bureau has been very great and urgent; and though all the means at its disposal have been industriously used,

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much remains to be accomplished by directing the intelligent mind of the country to practical results connected with the comforts of the soldier by preventive and sanitary means." He further asked for the creation of "A Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces," to act "in co-operation with the Bureau in elaborating and applying such facts as might be elicited from the experience and more extended observation of those connected with armies, with reference to the diet and hygiene of troops, and the organization of Military Hospitals, etc.—This Commission is not intended to interfere with, but to strengthen, the present organization, introducing and elaborating such improvements as the advanced stage of Medical Science might suggest; more particularly as regards the class of men who, in this war of sections, may be called to abandon the comforts of home, and be subject to the privations and casualties of war."

This communication of the Acting Surgeon-General was subsequent, in point of time, to the action of a meeting of ladies, held in the city of New York, April 25, 1861, for making preparations "against the time of wounds and sickness in the army." At this meeting the first charitable association having the good of the soldiers in view,—"The Woman's Central Association of Relief"—was formed. A committee from it and two other associations—"The Advisory Committee of the Boards of Physicians and Surgeons of the Hospitals of New York," and "The New York Medical Association for furnishing Hospital Supplies in aid of the Army"—addressed the Secretary of War, in a letter dated May 18, 1861, stating their anxiety to aid the War Department "in ways as efficient and as little embarrassing as extra-official co-operation can be,"—that the war was essentially a people's war, and that the women of the land were manifesting an enthusiasm and zeal in behalf of the Union fully equal to that shown by the sterner sex,—that "a great economy of time, money, and effort would be secured by fixing and regulating the relations of the Volunteer Associations to the War Department, and especially to the Medical Bureau,"—and respectfully asking that "a mixed COMMISSION of civilians distinguished for their philanthropic experience and acquaintance with sanitary matters, of medical men, and of military officers, be appointed by the Government, who shall be charged with the duty of investigating the best means of methodizing and reducing to practical service the already active but undirected benevolence of the people toward the Army; who shall consider the general subject of the prevention of sickness and suffering among the troops, and suggest the wisest methods which the people at large can use to manifest their good will towards the comfort, security and health of the Army." The Committee further stated: "It must be well known to the Department of War that several such commissions *followed* the Crimean and Indian wars. The civilization and humanity of the age and of the American people demand that such a Commission should *precede* our second War of Independence—more sacred than the first. We wish to prevent the evils that England and France could only investigate and deplore. The war ought to be waged in a spirit of the highest intelligence, humanity, and tenderness for the health, comfort, and safety of our brave troops. And every measure of the Government, that shows its sense of this, will be eminently popular, strengthen its hands, and redound to its glory at home and abroad." The names of the Committee were

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Henry W. Bellows, D. D., W. H. Van Buren, M. D., Elisha Harris, M. D., and J. Harsen, M. D. The first three have been prominently before the people during the whole of the war, and deserve a nation's gratitude for their untiring devotion to the principles expressed in the letter to which their signatures were appended. Their glory has not been that of the warrior, whose successes were rewarded by promotion and rank, but it is none the less bright and conspicuous among those who have done well for their country.

On the 9th of June, 1861, the order of the Secretary of War was formally issued, creating "Henry M. Bellows, D. D., Prof. A. D. Bache, L L. D., Prof. Jeffries Wyman, M. D., Prof. Wolcott Gibbs, M. D., W. H. Van Buren, M. D., Samuel G. Howe, M.D., R. C. Wood, M.D., Surgeon U.S.A., G. W. Callum, U. S. A., and Alexander E. Shiras, U. S. A., 'a Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces,' and without remuneration from the Government." The Commission was ordered "to direct its inquiries to the principles and practices connected with the inspection of recruits and enlisted men; the sanitary condition of the volunteers; to the means of preserving and restoring the health, and of securing the general comfort and efficiency of troops; to the proper provision of cooks, nurses, and hospitals; and to other subjects of like nature." This order was approved by President Lincoln, June 13, 1861.

Acting under this charter from the highest authority of the Nation, the Commission organized by the appointment of Dr. Bellows as President, Prof. Bache as Vice-President, and George T. Strong as Treasurer. The members were fortunate enough to secure the services of Frederick Law Olmsted for the position of General Secretary. To his wonderful power of organization and comprehensive grasp of the scope and design of the Commission much was due in the organization of its great work. The task was no slight one at first, but it grew with the growing magnitude of the war until the United States Sanitary Commission became the largest philanthropic organization ever known to the world. But with a firm reliance upon the patriotic liberality of our people, Mr. Olmsted never shrank from assuming for himself and his co-workers any amount of labor, that might arise in the course of the work. If help, that could be secured through money or willing hands, were needed, he fearlessly promised it, and had the high satisfaction of being able to see his promises fulfilled. His assistants, catching enthusiasm from him, labored with a zeal that ambition or hope of pecuniary reward never could have excited. Some fell martyrs to their zeal, contracting disease from exposure of all kinds, and offering their lives thus in behalf of their country. But it would be wrong to concentrate praise upon any one officer of the Commission alone. Dr. Bellows labored, in season and out of season, addressing public meetings, personally visiting depots of troops, and the Field Hospitals, and not being absent from any point where his services could be of avail. The other members of the Commission labored with like zeal, and the fire flew from one to another until every attaché, however high or humble his position, felt that he had a glorious mission before him.

It will be perceived that the original conception of the Commission involved the formation of an organization, through which the people could *supplement* the Medical and other Departments of the Army,—and that

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it was not intended to interfere with or supplant the latter. To carry out this conception in its integrity was no small task. The organization was to be *in* the Army, and yet not an integral part of the same. Its officers were expected to make such thorough inspections as would enable them to perform the duties confided to it by the Secretary of War, and yet they were without rank or position on the Army Register, and could be strictly considered as only civilians. They were to note defects, not for the purpose of fault-finding, but that they might be able to secure the proper remedy for the same; and hence complaints were rarely made to superior officers when a few words to the officer immediately in charge might be efficacious. The grand design of the Commission was to increase the efficiency of the Army through such aid as those outside of it could give, not to diminish the discipline and subordination of the rank and file, and, above all, to bring relief wherever suffering or want might exist. It had necessarily to contend with the soldier's antipathy to what might seem outside interference, and this could only be successfully accomplished by the appointment of officers, whose acquaintance with the principles of hygiene and sanitary science, and knowledge of camp and barrack life would justify their being styled *Experts*,—whose tact and judgment would enable them to perform their duties in such a manner as to give offence to none but the inefficient and unworthy. Generally the Commission succeeded in securing such men, and the record of its amicable relations with the Army establishes the truth of this statement. It was not an easy matter to tempt a man from the comforts of a successful practice to become a sanitary inspector at a small salary, when he might receive better compensation, along with the rewards of rank and the hope of promotion, in the Medical Corps. Mere love of adventure would not attract, for this could be better satisfied in the latter corps. Patriotic motives alone would prompt the expert to assume the position of an officer in the Commission.

The first efforts of the Commission were directed to a thorough inspection of Camps and Hospitals. Inspection blanks, containing questions on subjects connected with the health, clothing, cooking, mode of living in camp, manner of conducting Hospitals, the nature and quality of the supplies, &c., &c., were prepared by the General Secretary with the aid of medico-military men. Inspectors were appointed, whose duty it was to make thorough examinations in accordance with instructions prepared for them. Regiments were visited as speedily as possible after they were received into the United States service, and errors in diet, management of camp, or any thing indeed calculated to diminish the efficiency of the soldier, were carefully noted, and then reported to the officer in charge with such suggestions as would ensure improvement. The duties of the Inspector were advisory. In case the proper reforms were not made, the Inspector would report the case to some higher officer, and thus appeal from subordinate to chief until success would crown his efforts. There were some instances of churlish officers who delighted in throwing trouble in the path of the Inspectors, but opposition was mostly met from those who were ignorant of their duties and unwilling to receive advice that would remove such ignorance. The quiet, gentlemanly, well-informed Inspector met but few such cases, and never allowed even them to interfere with his duties, for he had the authority of the Head of the War Department endorsing the organization, and the authority of the nation supporting him, independently even of the Department.

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These inspections were directed to the volunteers, who were commanded by men taken from civil pursuits, unused to war, or military restraint, save in some cases where such knowledge as might be gained in the command of the militia in time of peace was possessed. As the war progressed they became more and more infrequent, because less and less necessary. Officers and men were learning in the school of experience, and no people in the world graduate, in this school, sooner than our own. The hardships of camp life and battle-field, and the knowledge which experience and study gave the army, soon made the work of inspection, on the part of the Sanitary Officers, much less important than at the beginning of the war.

The inspection returns were in themselves valuable, however, to sanitary science. Being subjected to examination and discussion by professional men, facts were ascertained, and conclusions obtained, of great value to science. The data they contained were of a character different from any before collected. They involved the influences of change of climate, of exposure to weather of all sorts, of continuous hardships, of diet, and clothing, in the case of men of all nationalties. The reports furnished information alike from the African, the Caucasian, and the North American Indian. Some of this rich material, collected by the Commission, has already been presented to the public, and more may be expected when the complete Sanitary History of the War, now in preparation, shall be published. To this work some of the best-informed and most experienced medical minds of the country are devoting themselves with enthusiasm and diligence. We have reason to expect that our knowledge of the diseases, incident to camp life and to modern warfare, shall be made more accurate and our modes of treatment more successful, through the results of their labors.

But the regular and occasional inspections began to show want and suffering, arising from insufficient government supplies, or from sudden emergencies which no officer of the Quartermaster's, Commissary or Medical Department could have anticipated. The people asked that the Commission would become the almoner of their gifts, sent from firesides all over the loyal States, for their brothers and friends in the field. Sewing societies were formed in villages and country-towns, which became auxiliary to larger organizations in cities, and these transferred their treasures to the great depots of the Commission. Shirts, drawers, socks, dressing gowns, sheets, pillow cases, towels, bed-spreads, quilts, &c., &c., from the nimble fingers of kind-hearted matrons, aged dames whose youthful reminiscences were stored with incidents of previous wars, and little children trained in the duties of good-samaritanism by loyal mothers: jellies, pickles, preserves, dried fruit and countless other delicacies for the sick and wounded;—these constituted but a tithe of the miscellaneous contents of the store houses of the Commission. And what a grand testimony to the idea of Union was there not afforded by these same donations? They were not sent for the soldiers of any particular State. He was entitled to them, who had donned the blue uniform of his country and had left home and friends to contend for its integrity and honor. Ohio's contributions would sometimes reach the sons of New England, while the rich stores of Massachusetts were offered to the needy soldiers from the far west; and New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, every loyal State, was represented in these same stores. The contents of a box, sent forth by the Commission

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for distribution, afforded abundant reason for believing that there was but one spirit animating the loyal people of the land, but one heart sending the current of patriotic life through village, town and city.

At first the distribution was only effected through the medical officer or through the commanding officer of regiments or detachments. The Inspector, or representative of the Commission, finding want, was instructed to offer its stores to these officers, with the understanding that they would appropriate them according to their best judgment. A receipt was generally taken for the same, which was filed in the archives of the Commission. The stores were kept at fixed depots, from which they were forwarded on the order of its officers.

But when the armies began to carry on extended campaigns, it was seen that the plan of fixed store houses would not meet all emergencies. It was necessary to have flying depots attended by agents, who should live and move with the armies, learn by daily intercourse to know the soldiers' wants, to feel for their sufferings, and to be ever ready themselves to labor for their relief. When the Chancellorsville engagement took place an attempt was made to do something of this kind, but no plans were perfected until after the battle of Gettysburg, although the Commission pushed its stores forward with wonderful zeal, whenever and wherever want was known to exist. Even at Antietam it managed, by employing transportation independent of the Quartermaster's Department, to bring chloroform and many other essentials on the field before the regular medical stores had been received. A like activity was shown in the operations of the Commission through the western and south-western armies. On the southern coast, zealous inspectors at Newbern and Beaufort managed to co-operate most effectively with the army officers, and much suffering was relieved. On Morris Island ice was furnished to the men working in the trenches, and, in the famous attack on Fort Wagner, one brave inspector was found at his work in the very front of the engagement.

After the battle of Gettysburg, Mr. Olmsted prepared the outline of the Field Relief Corps of the Army of the Potomac, which served afterwards as a species of model for similar Relief Corps in the other armies. The writer had the honor of being selected to elaborate this outline, and to perfect the plan of Mr. Olmsted. It was the first regular plan for furnishing aid and assistance from the people to an army, and involved the necessity of an organization which should exact strict pecuniary responsibility with almost military obedience from its officers. An agent was assigned to each Corps. He was furnished with a four-horse wagon filled with supplies from a field store house, always located near the Quarter Master's depot. Constantly moving through the Corps, he acquired a thorough knowledge of its wants, identified himself with the Corps, and prided himself on doing the most good possible for its members. These agents were selected from every class in life: some had been meritorious officers of regiments whose terms of service had expired, others were graduates of colleges, others men of wealth who felt that they could do best for their country in such positions. In order to secure permanent officers, for it was patent that no man suddenly taken from civil life could learn the duties of such a position in a few weeks, nominal salaries were paid and every effort made to retain an agent after he had acquired experience. With the view

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of keeping up the systematic character of the work, and properly supervising the agents, there was a superintendent and an assistant, who were moving about from station to station and lending aid to all. And all this machinery was in charge of the Chief-Inspector, who was held responsible by the Commission for the efficiency of the whole. Weekly reports were required from the agents, with statements of the stores distributed and the receipts which had been obtained from the officers who had received them for distribution. These reports were condensed and constituted the substance of his quarterly reports to the Commission.

Another form of relief work was also carried on, being known by the name of *Special Relief*. Soldiers, detached from their commands, would be furnished with articles of clothing and other comforts directly by the field agents, or they would be lodged and fed by the Commission at stations in various towns and cities, when *in transitu* from point to point, or while awaiting their proper pay after being mustered out of service. The records of this form of work exhibit immense labor and expenditure. Many a poor fellow's life has been saved for his family by such timely assistance, afforded under circumstances when the regular channels of the government were stopped, or had not even been opened. The sick soldier was kindly cared for, at the various depots and landing places in the national metropolis, and at every other place where the argus-eyed Commission might suppose help could be rendered. When new regiments first reached the army, special attention was paid them until they had learned, by experience, to help themselves. Men, slightly indisposed, or merely fatigued by the unexpected labors to which they were exposed, were furnished that kind of timely assistance, which prevented their being sent to the Hospital. When they were discharged from service, the agents of the Commission acted as their atorneys in securing proper descriptive lists and such legal evidence as might be necessary to secure their back pay or bounty, and, where honorable wounds had been received, to present and push their claims for pensions. They also took in charge the securing of tickets on the different railroad and steamboat routes, and, where men were unable to travel without an attendant, to furnish suitable attentions for them. After a battle, the Special Relief Agents were on hand with all necessary food and comforts, willing to work wherever the medical officer might assign them to duty. The list of Special Relief Agents included many of the most prominent divines, college professors, merchants, physicians and men of all professions and callings, in our country. Their names are not enrolled on the tablets of fame or military glory, but their record is none the less fair and bright. There were those of the gentler sex also with them, who toiled night and day to supply the kind ministrations that loved ones at home would have delighted to furnish, but which the cruel chances of war had prevented them from offering. In the Crimean war, England was eloquent over the good deeds and the philanthropic labors of *one* woman, but the great Rebellion brought forth *hundreds*, whose fame is not one whit less brilliant than that of Charlotte Nightingale, whose names are treasured up by many a soldier as the sweetest possible in his recollection, and for whom many a prayer has been made to Heaven by the widow and the orphan. I could name one, whose brave spirit supported her through scenes such as no woman had ever gone through before, whose kind words and sympathetic prayers, whose kindly deeds and

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gentle attentions to the wounded soldier made her almost the idol of officers and men wherever she established her temporary home in hospital or camp,—but to do so would be most repugnant to her own retiring spirit and that delicate refinement which always shrinks from any kind of notoriety. And, moreover, there were others—many of them—in their own spheres, it may be, equally worthy of mention. One, who fell a martyr to her labors, the wife of a Major-General in the army, stands out also prominent in my recollection, always ready to bring relief and to inspirit others in the same good work, working night and day until the disease, contracted by exposure at City Point, closed her career and left her husband bereft of his most costly treasure. There is a world where such labors receive their reward; be it ours to nourish the flame of self-denying patriotism in the rising generation, so that there never may be wanting similar instances, should war again invade our land.

These Relief Departments, as the organization became more and more perfect, undertook still greater tasks. The Commission used every effort to furnish large supplies of fresh, and acid, vegetables to the armies that had been deprived of these in consequence of siege operations, carried on at great distances from depots of supplies, or of protracted campaigns. On the James, after the operations of June, 1862, attendant upon the change of base, on the Rappahannock in 1863, in front of Petersburg, after the long march from the Wilderness in 1864, when Sherman reached the Atlantic Coast, and, after the cessation of hostilities, when the victorious armies had collected around the national Metropolis,—supplies of fresh vegetables, pickles, sauer kraut, onions, &c., &c., were furnished in greater or less profusion. Wherever apple orchards were to be found in the North, towards the end of the war, busy fingers were employed in the preparation of dried fruit for the soldiers. These priceless articles, to men on the verge of scurvy, were instrumental in warding off the effects of that disease and in re-establishing health and vigor. The civilian, who is supplied with the varied diet that the human constitution demands, can never understand the value of acid vegetables to him whose diet has for weeks been beef, pork and hard tack.

Another task assumed by the Commissioners, and prosecuted for many months, was the collection of information relative to the men who were treated in all the General Hospitals of the country. The Hospital Directory was a Bureau by itself. In the transfer of regiments from one field of operations to another, the sick and wounded would be left at the nearest Hospital, and when these became filled the men were transferred to others, so that anxious friends were often baffled in their efforts to find or hear of their loved ones. By strict classification of the records in the Directory, and these were established at two points—Washington and Louisville,—all the men from each State were so arranged that the desired information could be furnished, and the transfers traced with the greatest possible ease.

Finding that the transportation of the badly-wounded sometimes, nay very often, terminated fatally, Hospital cars were contrived, through the ingenuity of one of the Commission's most active members,—Dr. Elisha Harris of New York,—that contained all the comforts and luxuries of the most improved Hospitals. The beds were swung on proper springs so as to reduce jolting and jarring to a minimum, all the essentials of medical

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and surgical comforts, with arrangements for cooking suitable food, were attached to the cars, and experienced medical officers accompanied them in their movements. There never was, in the history of war, such admirable contrivances as these cars for the transportation of the wounded. Unfortunately they were not numerous enough to meet the wants of the service: still the good done by them is none the less entitled to commendation and praise. Science, in this respect, as in many others, showed herself willing to aid a nation in its philanthropic labors.

It would be foreign to my design to present in detail all the tasks assumed by the Commission. From what has been said, it can readily be seen that the efficiency and comfort of the American Army were the grand end of all its labors, and that its highest glory consisted in organizing the philanthropic labors of the land, and making them effective supplements to all the machinery of the War Department. Its beginnings were small, but *pari passu* with the wants of the soldiers was the liberality of the people developed, the activity of the Women's Aid Societies increased, and the organization of the Commission made complete. The organ of the people, no labor was too great, no expenditure too large to deter those, who believed in it and trusted it, from answering every requisition made by its genial and patriotic President, and anticipating requisitions by suitable preparation long before they were made. The soldiers in the field were ably supported, through its organization, by the women of America.—Hence, when the war was ended, Dr. Bellows could well return, in his eloquent farewell to the Branches and Aid Societies, published July 4, 1865, thanks to all from "the Camps, the Hospitals, the "Transports, the Prisons, the Pickets and the Lines; where your love and "labor have sent comfort, protection, relief, and sometimes life itself. "It is not too much to say, that the army of women at home has fully "matched in patriotism and in sacrifices the army of men in the field. "The mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of America have been worthy "of the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers who were fighting their bat-"tles. After having contributed their living treasures to the war, what "wonder they sent so freely after them all else that they had! And this "precious sympathy between the firesides and the camp-fires—between the "bayonet and the needle, the tanned cheek and the pale face—has kept "the nation one; has carried the Homes into the Ranks, and kept the "Ranks in the Homes, until a sentiment of oneness, of irresistible unani-"mity—in which domestic and social, civil and religious, political and "military, elements entered, qualifying, strengthening, enriching, and "sanctifying all—has at last conquered all obstacles, and given us an over-"whelming, a profound, and a permanent victory."

Since the issue of this valedictory the Commission has been for six months engaged in gratuitously preparing applications for pensions and bounties, carefully endeavoring to protect the discharged soldier from the extravagant charges of harpies who flock about him whenever he is about reaping his well-deserved reward. This work is about being closed, but even with it, the labors of the Commission have not ceased. Its medical committee has determined that the rich stores of medical and hygienic facts shall be made available to the professional world, and has placed these in the hands of experts who shall discuss the same and prepare the results for publication. In due time we shall have them presented to the

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student of Army Hygiene. The mere mention of the subjects to be treated will serve to show how valuable this digest of facts and observations will be. It will comprise "The Armies and campaigns in the War for the Union, considered with reference to the organization and character of the Volunteer forces, and the Medical History of encampments and campaigns, as regards hygienic experience in the service." "Military Hygiene and Camp Diseases: a Digest of observations and practical studies in the Armies and Hospitals during the war." "The Surgery of War, viewed in its Hygienic and practical aspects." "Hospitals, Ambulances, Battlefield succor, and the progress of improvement in mechanical and other appliances for the sick and wounded."

But it would not be proper to close the present sketch without referring to one feature in the relief work of the United States Sanitary Commission, I mean the distribution of its stores to wounded Rebel prisoners within our lines. Its agents, relying upon the humanity and charity of the loyal people of the land, never hesitated to apply their stores for the benefit of *all* within the walls of our Hospitals. After Antietam, Gettysburg and other battles, east and west, abundant instances of this might have been collected. For the time being, the wounded enemy was looked upon only as a wounded man, and was carefully nursed and attended as a brother.—Whether this mode of procedure, the same with our Medical Officers and with the Commission, was pursued by the insurgents or not, is a question not under consideration at present. It is sufficient for the loyalist to know, that there is no stain of inhumanity to prisoners on his past history. There is a tribunal, at which a just reward will be meted out for deeds done on earth, and to its decisions we leave the judgment of men's motives and conduct.

It is pleasant to know that the medical officers of the insurgents, at different times, declared their grateful feelings for the supplies of the Sanitary Commission. One communication from them, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief of the insurgents, may properly be presented here. It was occasioned by the capture, by the insurgents, of several of the officers of the Commission, who were travelling, in July, 1863, under orders from the writer, with supplies for the Hospitals on Maryland Heights and for the wounded in the battle which took place between the forces of Lee, and Meade. These officers were seized, their stores destroyed by their captors, and they themselves forced to undergo the horrors of imprisonment in the notorious Libby Prison. Ten medical officers voluntarily prepared the following paper, asking for the instant release of these gentlemen:

"The undersigned, Surgeons of the Confederate Army, in charge of the "several Hospitals, now within the Union lines, at and about Gettysburg, "beg leave to testify to our General-in-Chief, in favor of the U. S. Sanitary "Commission, as a most praiseworthy and charitable Institution. Through "its kind provisions, our hospitals are supplied with many comforts which "are of inestimable value to our suffering and wounded men. While the "promptness with which their agents follow on the heels of battle, enables "them to dispense an immense amount of relief to the unfortunate sick and "wounded soldiers on either side, it also necessarily exposes them to any "reverse of fortune which may oblige them to ask protection from the suc-"cessful party. Thus, during the late battle at Gettysburg, four of the

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"agents of the Sanitary Commission with their supply wagons, are said to "have fallen into our hands, and as we learn, are detained as prisoners. "The names of the men are as follows, viz: Dr. Alex. McDonald, Rev. "Wm. G. Scandlin, Leonard Brink, Alfred Brengle and Negro boy Moses.

"We respectfully submit, that, as the above named men were taken with-"out arms, and while in the employ of their charitable offices as almoners of "the Sanitary Commission to the wounded soldiers of either party, they be "released from restraint, and permitted to return to their work of benevo-"lence and good will to all.

Respectfully submitted by yours, &c.

"S. Baruch, Assistant Surgeon 3rd S. C. Battalion.

"T. A. Means, Surgeon 11th Reg't Ga. Volunteers, in charge Hood's "Division Hospital.

"Thos. Y. Aly, Assistant Surgeon in charge of Hospital, Reserve Artil-"lery, 1st Army Corps.

"F. W. Patterson, Surgeon C. S. A., in charge McLaw's Division Hos-"pital.

"J. F. Pearce, Surgeon in charge Kershaw's Hospital.

"John W. Hays, Surgeon, C. S. A.

"J. F. Pearson, " "

"L. H. Hill, " "

"J. P. McCoombs, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A.

"H. A. Minor, Surgeon 9th Reg't Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A. in "charge of Wilcox's and Wright's Brigade Hospitals.

From this brief sketch of the scope and operations of the Sanitary Commission, it will be readily understood how enthusiastically its officers and agents were received in camp or field where the cry of "*How are you, Sanitary,*" or "*Bully for old Sanitary,*" from the blunt soldiers, showed that he considered it his natural friend—how its red flag with the white inscription, wherever waving, whether near fixed or field hospital, on the bloody scene of battle, or in the army train, always meant that friends were near, with words of cheer and substantial comforts, loaded with the donations, good wishes and prayers of the "good folks at home,"—how it labored in season and out of season, not to build up glory for itself, but to aid officers and men in every possible way that might increase efficiency and give completeness to martial preparation. And now that "grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," and the victors are offering generous terms to their erring brethren,—while the present is jubilant over the past, and hopeful for the future, let not the historian forget, when he attempts to describe the great war for the integrity of the Union, that it was marked with brighter instances of whole-souled philanthropy and genuine love of suffering man, than any antecedent war, and proudly prominent among the noble organizations to which it gave birth, was the United States Sanitary Commission,—the organ of the people's good will,—the almoner of its munificent bounties.

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"THE LIVE BLACKSMITH."

BY THE EDITOR.

In our late recreation drive through the mountains, we passed at the north-east end of Path Valley through the village of Concord. When we got to the centre of the town, the children in the carriage began suddenly to set up a regular giggle and laugh, exclaiming, "Look at that funny sign."

"Well, what is curious about it?"

"Why, don't you see J. M. Donnelly, the live blacksmith?"

"Very well," said we; "it will not hurt even a blacksmith to be a live one."

"Yes, but is he afraid any body will think that he is dead?"

"To be sure," said the younger, "how could he shoe horses if he were dead!"

Here the conversation ended, but for some distance a giggle broke out among the youngsters, accompanied with the quotation, "The live Blacksmith." We of course enjoyed the fun with the children, but at the same time kept up a kind of side current of our own thoughts upon the subject.

A jovial fellow, that blacksmith, we thought to ourselves. A cheerful, friendly, accommodating man, no doubt. A man whom daily toil does not render moody or morose; and in the fulness of his buoyant heart the thought occurred to him when he prepared his sign, at the same time also to prepare a little pleasantry for his customers, as well as for those who passed by on the way as we were doing.

Though we did not stop to make the man's acquaintance, and know nothing of him from others, yet looking in upon him through the peep-hole of his sign, we are pretty sure that our estimate of his genius and temperament is not far from the mark. To some, the motto on the sign would indicate pride. He praises himself, they would say—very much out of taste, indeed. We differ with them in toto, and would be willing to refer the decision to a committee of investigation, with full confidence that it would fall on our side.

The sign, we take it, though put there by his own direction, represents the true spirit of the man. Did we not see the evidences of custom and thrift inside, as well as around his shop? Did we not hear the lively and decisive ring of his hammer long after we had passed his shop? Were there not bars of iron, and incipient coulters and ploughshares leaning against the sides of his shop? All right, you may be sure. No humbug. He is a "live Blacksmith," and the public has long since become acquainted with the fact.

Taking his sign as a true index of his character, the man grows in our estimation as we continue to contemplate him. Near by, as we passed, was a candy, cake and beer shop. Whether there was any thing in the lager line there, we do not know; but there were over a quarter of a dozen

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rather seedy-looking men in front of it, whose appearance and easy demeanor on a week-day plainly indicated that they were neither "live blacksmiths," nor live men of any other kind. The contrast between their idle looks and carriage, and the busy, cheerful ring of the hammer near by, was too great to escape notice. The music of the live blacksmith's hammer seemed to run something like this:

Stir your blood, ye idle, dreaming fellows,
Ere the jailer or the ragman meet you;
For all of you I would not give my bellows;
Don't you fear the gadflies soon will eat you?

A "live Blacksmith!" What a blessing to any community is such a man! Prompt, faithful, always at his post, ready both to take and finish a job, he is just the man whom the community will seek out and patronize. It will always be a pleasure to go to his shop. He is the man who truly provides for his family, serves his generation every day, and goes to church on Sunday with a cheerful heart and a good conscience.

We confess to a taste for "live" men. They are our admiration. Though we may not always formally take off our hat, yet our heart bows in reverence before them. We like the men, and the women too, who feel as if they really had something to do in the world.

After we had passed the "live Blacksmith's" shop, and were travelling along, we could not keep our mind from running on the subject of the man's singular sign. How many young persons there are, we thought, who are not alive to their true interest and mission in the world. Active they often are, but not in a way which tends at all to make them wise, good, and useful in life. They live without plan or end. Their acts are all irresponsible and uncertain. They fritter away their best years, and exhaust their noblest powers in empty pleasure and sinful folly. When the period of manhood arrives, they stand at the threshold of life's earnest and solemn years without any proper preparation for its stern realities and responsible duties. They learn too late that only live men are fit to act their proper part in a world like ours, where difficulties which it requires courage and vigor to surmount, meet us at every step, and stand sternly in the way of all noble progress.

A sleepy youth makes sleepy manhood. That there are so many drones in the world, is owing, in great part, to the fact, that so many fail to make earnest of early life. Habits of promptness, faithfulness, earnestness, and usefulness, cannot be too early formed, nor too diligently cultivated. Not only in the sphere of professional life, but also in every kind of business and labor, the neglect of preparation in youth is felt over the whole period of after life. As fast as you learn the true object of life, learn also to be earnest in all your preparations to meet it. Be a "live" member of the family to which you belong, of the school in which you are educated, and of the circle of business or labor in which you feel called to move. This will lead to the laying of a sure and hopeful foundation for success, making your life cheerful in its flow, and honorable in its end.

The age in which we live requires live men in every sphere of activity. Life is earnest, and many men are earnest. We must run, or be run over. We must move freely, or get out of the way. We must push forward the work in hand, or expect to be rudely pushed by the moving tide of life. The vigorous life in which our lot is cast, will not tolerate drones. We

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must master, or be mastered. We must fill our places, or others will fill them for us. Whatever wrong or danger there may be in the intense activity of the age, it is upon us nevertheless. The leisurely period in which our forefathers lived is gone by, and things are hastening to some goal. He who would be felt as a power, must be alive.

Diligent in business, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Let all these three go together. Good men must be alive, and live men must be good; and a sense of solemn responsibility to God must enter into all our plans and labors. Make up your minds to it, O ye young! Life is still before you. Rouse yourselves to the work and calling of life. Lay well your foundations; form your habits with care; take hold of life earnestly, and show yourselves alive.

WRITING AN ARTICLE.

BY ELIA.

Some celebrated French author, whose name I cannot now recall, said he never could compose until he sat down and took up his pen. Thoughts then began to flow freely. The pen point appeared to concentrate his thoughts. Indeed, to ordinary minds, nothing is so difficult as pure thinking. It requires a power of abstraction and concentration that few possess. In all we do we seem to need helps or leads.

Composition was one of the most irksome tasks of our school days. We dreaded its coming, and gave a sigh of relief when it was past: and naturally so, for we had before us, as great bugbears, the creations of the matured mind, and aiming or supposing that we ought to attain their perfection, which was impossible, we dropped the attempt without an effort. If we had only known that a production equal to that of a matured mind would appear unnatural in us, and that if we had only written in the childlike simplicity of our then thought, we would have appeared natural, pleased, and done all that was expected of us. Our knowledge was sparse, and our practice trifling; and we knew not that the productions which we thought we ought to equal, were the results of labored years.

We surely did not labor under the disadvantages of *infant* notions. We had miles of paper, and oceans of ink. We had not to scratch on tiles, bricks and stones, as the early nations did. The commandments were written by the finger of God on stone. In the book of Job mention is made of writing on stones, rocks, and lead. Hesiod wrote on lead. Old Olof built a house out of the wood on which he wrote the history of his times. Still more difficult would it have been for us if we had to do like the Arabians, who wrote on the shoulder-blades of sheep, and hung them up in strings as chronicles in their cabinets. That difficulty is past. Our present is to think. We must conceive and bring forth. Conception is not all; for a man may have the clearest ideas, and be unhappy in his expression. Nor is expression all; for beautiful language may be barren of ideas.

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It is an old proverb used by Chaucer, and repeated by Elizabeth, that the "greatest clerks are not the wisest men." Three things make a writer. Fair handwriting, happy expression, and sensible ideas. The first is the least, the last the most important, and the two last cannot be separated.

Letter writing is the substitute for conversation. We cannot expect, in this ever-changing world, that we shall always be near each other—that time and circumstances will not separate us, often widely. Distance will wear away every link that love and friendship form, unless the interchange of thought be preserved. Furthermore, tradition is local, and the past, present, and future, cannot be linked, without interchange of thoughts. The dead cannot speak, nor the unborn hear. Composition and writing are, therefore, essential to our existence and progress. We must take up the thread and woof where our fathers left it, and weave it on until others take it from us. Even this ink, with which we write, tells us of the importance of using it. The composition of ink is simple, but we do not possess any of the beauty and durability of the ancients. The Saxon manuscripts exceed any thing in beauty that we have. The rolls and records of the times before the twelfth century are in the very best preservation, while from the twelfth to the seventeenth they are scarcely legible. But the great matter is to think and express. It is interesting to look into the private history of great authors, and see their habits. Most tell us the story of their diligent labor and preparation. Butler was some twenty or thirty years in writing his Analogy. Tasso's manuscripts are illegble from their frequent corrections. Pope's show a most laborious critical correction. Virgil took eleven years to write his Æneid. Dio Cassius was twelve years writing his history, and Diodorus Siculus thirty. This may teach us a lesson of patience, which all writers will do well to learn.

PROGRESS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Steadily, steadily, step by step,
  Up the venturous builders go;
Carefully placing stone on stone,
  Thus the loftiest temples grow.

Patiently, patiently, day by day,
The artist toils at his task alway;
Touching it here and tinting it there,
Giving it ever, with infinite care,
A little more soft, or a hue more fair;
Till, little by little, the picture glows,
With life and beauty, and forms of grace,
That evermore in the world have place.

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Thus with the poet—hour after hour
He listens to catch the fairy chimes
That ring in his soul; then with magic power
He weaves their melody into his rhymes.
Slowly, carefully, word by word,
Line by line, and thought by thought,
He fashions the golden tissue of song,
And thus are immortal anthems wrought.

Every wise observer knows,
Every watchful gazer sees,
Nothing grand or beautiful grows,
Save by gradual, slow degrees.
Ye who toil with a purpose high,
And fondly the proud result await,
Murmur not, as the hours go by,
That the season is long, the harvest late,
Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
Builders and artists, and bards sublime,
Who lived in the past, and worked like you,
Worked and waited a wearisome time.
Dark and cheerless, and long *their* night,
Yet they patiently toiled at their task begun;
Till, lo! through the clouds broke the morning light
Which shines on the soul when *success* is won!

ANOTHER VARIETY ARTICLE.

BY ASIUOL.

FASHION.

"Fashion reconciles us to the greatest oddities and extravagancies."

There is beauty in dress, independent of fashion. It is absurd to call one fashion prettier than another, merely because it is new and strange.

Fashion seems to have the power of changing the nature of things; it impels the mind beyond almost every restraint. It causes things at one time to appear decent and becoming, which, at another, exhibit an entirely absurd appearance. That which is graceful is rendered disgusting. In a very short time, we are remarkably reconciled to the greatest extravagancies. Though we are to distinguish between fashionable extremes and an elegant propriety of dress, all fashions are not equally becoming; and it is easily perceived that there is beauty in dress, independent of fashion. Good taste, if rightly cultivated, teaches us not to enter into every change that is in vogue.

CONTROLLING THE PASSIONS.

Proper control of the passions is necessary to a comfortable state of mind, in all situations of life.

There is the greatest difference between the mind and deportment of those who control their passions and those who do not.

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What extreme folly persons are led to indulge in by an excess of the passions!

Those who do not govern their passions, degrade themselves, and exert an evil influence over others.

Christian education chiefly enables persons to restrain their passions within proper bounds.

BENEVOLENCE.

It is one of the greatest causes of happiness.

It awakens feelings of sympathy toward others.

It brings the blessings of friendship in advanced life.

The want of benevolence exerts a bad influence on principle.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

Filial affection assists in the formation of a character that is commendable through life. It is one of the greatest virtues that can be possessed.

PURITY.

Purity of thought and manner may be said to spring from humility and good sense.

Its effect upon the character is beneficial and permanent.

The influence it exerts upon different dispositions is elevating.

The enjoyment that flows from it is peaceful and abiding.

CHARITY.

Charity is kindness. Liberality to the poor is one of its practical manifestations.

It originates in benevolence, or a desire to extend to others the blessings that are enjoyed by ourselves.

It ennobles the mind, and exerts a beneficial influence over others in the way of example.

The happiness that arises from the act of charity, is its great reward.

THE PIOUS WOMEN OF PHILIPPI.

BY MARY.

In the account given us in the New Testament of the journeyings of Paul, we are told that he was led of the Spirit into Philippi, a Roman colony in Macedonia.

The city, it seems, was wholly given to idolatry, there being not even a Jewish synagogue; but Paul, upon inquiry, found that a small company of women resorted to a certain spot near the river's brink, for prayer to that God who was revealed to them only in the Jewish scriptures, the doctrines of which they had embraced without complying with all its external requirements. Of God, as revealed in the person of Jesus Christ, they knew

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nothing. Doubtless they often read of the promised Messiah, and waited and prayed anxiously for his coming; but that he had appeared and completed his work of redemption, having taken upon himself the form of our fallen humanity, as an obscure carpenter's son, having lived a life of suffering and at last died the shameful death of the cross, was the remotest of their thoughts. Theirs being a place of some importance to the Roman government, and the fame of Jesus having spread, not only over the Roman empire, but all the then known world, they probably had heard of the "prophet mighty in word and in deed before all the people," but perhaps never heard that he claimed to be the very Christ, or, if it ever came to their ears, were not, as many who held intimate intercourse with him, at all inclined to believe that any good could come out of Galilee.

Here then, while they worshipped in accordance with the best of their knowledge, the God of whom they knew comparatively so little, he verified the promise, "To him that hath shall be given," and as He taught them, by the mouth of His holy apostle, of Christ and Him crucified, He opened their hearts that they might savingly believe in His name.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the teachings of the apostle on this occasion, but rather to glean a lesson from the faith displayed by these women in thus meeting together from time to time. Nothing is told us of their life and character or their number, but judging from circumstances, we cannot suppose it to have been great. Remembering that human nature has always been the same, we can in our imagination sympathize with the weary ones that came desiring rest, the burdened ones seeking relief where it can alone be found, the afflicted pleading for strength to bear submissively the chastening rod, and others in gladness having their joy hallowed by the outpourings of a grateful heart. In our imagination we can see this little group of meek worshippers wending their way from the home of luxury as well as the lowly dwellings of the poor, to this sacred spot,—

> "To worship Him who deigns in humblest fane,
> On wildest shore, to meet the upright in heart."

Here was perhaps some aged one, with tottering steps, hasting to draw nigh that God who had kept her in all her years of youthful folly and ignorance, and to whom, being even now but partially revealed to her, she could intrust the remnant of her days, and in whom she hoped to find a refuge for her weary soul at last. Here with others she was wont to pour out the desires of her heart, and these were few and staid. Knowing that earthly fame and possessions were vain, she sought them not for her and hers; she only asked of Him who has said, "They that truly seek the Lord shall not lack any good thing." His protection and the light of His countenance to illuminate their darkened understanding. Probably some were here in middle life, with household cares weighing heavily upon them; for then, as now, the good wives were "careful and troubled about many things;" endeavoring to cast these aside for awhile, and find in pious counsel and prayers relief from their petty vexations. Perhaps a husband immersed entirely in the things of this life, or a beloved son belonging to the Roman soldiery and firm in his belief in Jupiter and all the host of heathen gods, claimed the burden of their petitions.

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Perchance here and there a young maiden came with the first gush of youthful affection to offer herself to Israel's God, craving, as the richest boon, to be enabled to call Him *her* God and Father. It is probably evening, when the toils and cares of the day are laid to rest. The little ones have laid their weary heads upon their pillows, or, may be, here and there a restless one is brought in its mother's arms to the consecrated spot, gazing with infant wonder on the bowed forms around.

There are several points of view from which the devotional acts of these faithful women are deserving of our highest commendation, and our imitation in proportion to our religious advantages.

First, it was seeking the Lord in His own appointed way, as far as it was revealed to them. And we know what word of encouragement He gives to those who truly seek His face. They persevered in it. Placed in an idolatrous town, they would be rather hindered than helped by the residue of its inhabitants, so that while they showed a desire to worship the Lord, they were also willing to persevere in the good way, although it was fraught with difficulties at the very outset. It was sincere. This was proved afterwards when one of their number besought Paul, if he judged her to be faithful to the Lord, that he would enter into her house and abide there. With this single exception, we are told nothing of the various stations of these women; but, they doubtless, met with opposition from within, in addition to the outward difficulties before supposed. Perhaps in doing so they were acting in opposition to the expressed or implied wishes of near and dear friends. Their sincerity is, therefore, proved from the fact that it was continued, and that despite some formidable obstacles.

We are not told that they met occasionally, when the spirit of devotion seized them like a freak of the wild wind; but that prayer was wont to be made there: it was at stated times; likely, the time when home duties were not pressing; for true devotion interferes not with life's daily practical duties, but lightens the burden of their performance. It implied a true faith. That "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," was present, appears from the circumstances. Can we for a moment suppose that a company of feeble women, with no seeming encouragement, would so faithfully wait on the Lord, without some hope of obtaining the desires of their hearts? True, they had never heard the comforting assurance of an advocate with the Father, by whom their prayers were to gain acceptance, yet theirs was a calm trust in the mercy of God, which they were told was from everlasting to everlasting.

Their motives were pure. It was not the self-righteous spirit of the Pharisee that animated the bosoms of the faithful few; for their prayers were not in public places, but they sought in secret the Father that seeth in secret. Neither was it a selfish feeling prompting each to wander off alone, as many church members retire to the innermost recess of their closet for all their devotional exercises; but they sought the common blessing in a mutual way, patiently waited the Lord's time for the fulfilment of His promises, though their faith may have been sorely tried in many instances. Some whose hearts were never right in the matter, would drop off after one or two meetings, lose their interest and remain away entirely. Of the few who claimed the promise and tarried for its fulfilment, we may well learn a lesson. On the Sabbath when Paul met those who were assembled there, they had great reason to be thankful that their feet had

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ever turned toward the hallowed spot, and been found among those who were "inquiring the way to Zion, having their faces thitherward," while the absent ones might well mourn as over some great loss. Their example puts to shame many Christians of the present time, living in the full blaze of religious knowledge, whose seats are always vacant at the weekly prayer meeting. We often think what blessed meetings must have been held in apostolic times, with Paul for the speaker; let us remember this company that met in their own poor way from time to time before the apostle was sent to them.

Here we have one of the hundreds of examples, teaching us that sincere faithful waiting on the Lord is never without its reward. They were rewarded when the Lord opened their hearts and enlightened their understanding for the reception of His word. All the hours of waiting and watching were here amply repaid, when they heard the words of life proceeding from the mouth of the holy apostle. They were rewarded when told of Jesus and drawn to Him by a true living faith. They were rewarded when a branch of the Christian Church flourished in their midst, and many of their idolatrous kindred turned to the service of the living God. These were some of their earthly rewards. That which they are this day reaping in a glorified state, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive; but we know that the condition of any who thus earnestly seek God below cannot be otherwise than happy, when freed from sin and earthly toil in His presence above.

Their prayers have had their influence, not only on the age in which they lived, but, were it given us to know, might not even we be indebted to them for some of the religious blessings we now enjoy? We have for our comfort and consolation the portion of sacred writ, addressed to that church, and their example to encourage us in our addresses to the throne of grace. The apostle's heart was cheered by this new manifestation of the presence and co-operation of God's Spirit; and the first Christian church in Europe was founded. And now what a contrast! We do not say that all Europe is indebted to this one little company of believers for the prosperity of her churches, but we can here see from what small beginnings God sometimes chooses to build up his kingdom on earth.

These women, though they are dead, have left a monument more enduring than the costliest marble. The incense of those prayers has risen up and is still ascending, bringing down blessings to the earth, though the suppliants have long since tasted the fruition of all their hopes and desires. The prayers of sincere Christians do and always will have their influence, let them be offered ever so silently.

Here we learn, that woman may aid in the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth, not by preaching, but in an humble way, by leading holy lives, thus showing forth an example which will speak louder than words. The woman who continues to pray from a sincere heart, "Thy kingdom come," needs not despair of her life as useless. We are not called upon to do some great thing for the honor and glory of his name. While we admire, and would wish to imitate the example of holy men, and men who gave their lives in defence of their faith, it is ours to glorify God by our daily lives. Let us faithfully perform the little duties, and we shall not come short of our reward at last.

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A MOTHER.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE GERMAN,

BY ELIA.

Continued from July number. 720

Although we were trained in the utmost simplicity in regard to food and drink, and also for the most part received one and same kind of nourishment, we were much more healthy than other children, and when we would tell mother of the nice things these or those children received, she directed us to be thankful for what we had; and I verily believe that scarcely two florins, (80 cts,) were spent both at Christmas and New Year for all the eleven children, exclusive of such things as necessarily had to be bought. There were times, too, when we had not a penny in the house; no one knew it, but God, who knows all things, and who gives food to the young ravens, always helped us through. Therefore is mother's motto, "Pray and don't beg," so deeply impressed in our hearts. In this respect we had glorious experiences, so that every one of us had to testify, that we had need of nothing. Even when every thing looked saddest and our need was at its greatest, mother said, "Children, it is written, Whoever hopes in the Lord, will not be put to shame." Once one of us said, it seemed to us as if it could not go on so much longer, that our property and paltry earnings would not suffice to keep us, unless father would change his ways: "Mother, I believe you would not say any thing, if we all should have to beg." She answered full of trust, "That will not come to pass; for God's word is older than we are; it testifies how God gives bread to the poor, so that they suffer no want, and David says, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Children, pray, and work, and you will suffer no want, but do not forget the little verse:

Was du Guts willst in Leben dein,
Muss alls von Gott erbeten sein."

If we children had had our eyes open to all that occurred, we would have been able to understand the Bible very well, into which we had been introduced from earliest childhood, and we would have been compelled to recognize the living God in our heavenly Provider, who is still the same as at the beginning. Being so poor in clothes and not being able to spend more money for them, they had to do us a fixed time; thus, for example up to our confirmation, we got only one pair of shoes, but we were very lively children, and as the shoes lasted us the whole year, we thought the shoemaker took especially good leather for them. But when we came into

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better circumstances, and were able to pay for shoes, we saw what leather was in our shoes. Alas! that one should be so blind! Why did the clothes of the Israelites in the desert not grow old? (Deut. 29: 4–6. Neh. 9: 21; Deut. 8: 4.)

I have said we were taught in the Bible from our early childhood. It was our only book. In it we learnt reading, and its stories were soon so dear to us that we never tired in reading them, and in this way we obtained a knowledge of God's word, which compensated for much; for we were able to go to school but a very short time. The Bible was infinitely dear to our mother. She had no time to read during the whole week, but she prayed continually while at work. We were kept at work very young. I was not yet nine years old when I had to sit incessantly at work. No one talked of recreative hours during the week. Although we would have gladly run about in the fresh air like other children, still we were right happy and contented. A good breeze breathed out of the prayers to which we listened while at work. We dare not talk idle stuff, especially no gossipings, no town talk; nor did we ever hear such from our mother. She gave us but few exhortations, but her conduct influenced us, and her prayers were such a weapon for us stubborn children, and especially for me, that I was no longer able to walk my own ways, but had to return and act as she wished me to do. When she had to warn, exhort or hinder, she did it with the power of the Lord which was in her, and her words went into our hearts like arrows. She gave us up entirely to the Lord, and the remembrance of her prayers pervades my heart even now, especially when she said to her Saviour, "Only let no one of my children be missing on that day." She was permitted to see that if one gives all care up to Him, He will provide. She lived to see how His Spirit worked in our hearts.

Although I am the youngest child, I know of countless instances of the hearing of prayers, which our mother related to us, and part of which we also experienced. A quite especial hearing of prayer was experienced by mother at the sick bed of her sister-in-law, who had been of such assistance to her that her death would have been an irreparable loss to us. Our aunt was so sick that all plainly perceived that her end was very near; she, herself, was prepared to die, and only desired the Holy Eucharist. Scarcely a half-hour after she had enjoyed that comfortable sacrament, every thing earthly vanished, (as she herself said,) from her, so that she could see into heaven. She lay upon her bed, but in the full use of her understanding, and recognized every body who came near her. It growing night, a light was brought. She said, "What are you thinking of. Such a clearness surrounds us as I have never yet seen. I see hosts of blessed children. Oh, if you could only see them too!" Mother thought, "when this foretaste of heaven is past, my sister will die." She sank down upon her knees and beseechingly prayed the Lord to preserve her sister's life until her eldest child could help her. At midnight our aunt said, suddenly turning to mother, "Now I must again remain here in this gloomy valley of death; I must still tarry with you." She lived fifteen years longer, until the eldest child was a real support to mother. This dear aunt gave up her life quite to the Lord, living for us children alone. She would rather go destitute of all things, only so we suffered no want. Some years before her death she gave us all her clothes, to provide us with the necessaries of life. During the famine of 1770, she had just so faithfully nursed her father, and brothers and sis-

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ters. Although not eighteen years old, she worked day and night to keep her family, and sought in every possible way to ease the hard life of her father, who often looked somewhat gloomy at the future. "Father only be comforted," she was used to say: "I will not leave you and the children in the lurch. I would rather suffer hunger, than that you should be in want." And really she enjoyed for years nothing but cold milk and potatoes, while she prepared better food for her father.

We see clearly, that it was the faithful providence and love of God which brought our mother into this family, where father and daughter, in union with her, spent a life of love and piety. All three were of one heart and one soul. They bore all their sufferings together in patience and a Christian soul, and often said: "We should have it quite too good, if we had no cross." This aunt aided mother in our training and education, with her accustomed love and self-sacrifice, and besides, both mother and aunt earned many things, which are so necessary for the support of a family.

If sickness came upon us, we were laid at the feet of the Heavenly Physician. Our mother knew of no other means of healing than prayer, and although we at that time did not understand it, later we perceived, that it was only the healing hand of our Saviour that helped us. Even when I had the small-pox, and was blind from them, no doctor was sent for, not a word said to any mortal. Father was not at home. When mother sent him word he should come home, his child was blind, he refused to believe it, and preferred to remain with his company. Mother was not in the slightest excited or angered at this. She prayed for father, for us all, especially for her sick child, and my eyes were again opened before father came home. One of the children once through fright got an epileptic fit, and that of a very violent degree. The child struck around itself, and foamed so, that we could hardly endure to look at it. We were all terribly frightened. Again father was not at home. Mother said to us, "I know this dreadful sickness, children; it is the most dreadful that could fall upon us; but Jesus who was able to heal the lunatic, can cure also our child. Tell nobody of this attack, we alone will go to Jesus." And she prayed with us. Not long after this it had a second attack, when father again was at the tavern. Again did mother relate to him what had happened in his absence. He laughed at it, and said, "I don't believe it. You were timid, the child was dreaming." Mother answered him, "I wish, on account of your unbelief, that the child may again have another attack when you are present, in order that you may see and believe the misery. But I pray God it may be the last time." And it so happened. After about eight days the child again commenced to foam, in the presence of her father, who now saw the truth and was dreadfully frightened. But the prayer of our mother was heard, the child had no more attacks. Not until thirty-four years later, did the evil reappear, after the death of our parents; but as we brothers and sisters knew the power of prayer, Jesus was our only Physician and Helper, as He had always been and still is.

Many a soul was put to shame by that simplicity of faith, which wished to see nothing, which committed all in faith and prayer to the Lord. Thus, once in a time of extreme need a minister became acquainted with our situation, which we believed to be known to us and God, alone. He said to our eldest sister, who was a great support to us all, "How foolishly you do

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act, mother and children, that you let things go so. Your mother should not let her husband carry on so; she should bring her complaints before the Court." Sister answered: "We never hear mother complain of our father, and therefore she insists on our not doing it; for she says, God permits nothing that is not good for us, and every thing God permits, we should receive, not as from father, but from God. If now God permit us to become roofless, he will open for us a door elsewhere, where we can live before him with his blessing. Mother often says to us, so long as you pray, you will not need to beg." The preacher answered: "I can't see that. God has permitted Napoleon to do very much that was not right. On what then does your mother build and depend?" Sister answered: "On God alone: Mother never speaks about how God will help; she only says, God will most certainly help at the right time." He then said: "Oh, you must act according to reason." To this, sister answered: "Nothing stands in the Bible about reason, but it does stand written, 'Whoever believes shall not be put to shame.'" When my sister communicated this conversation to mother, she said: "O, children, only follow me: apply to no man, tell all to God alone. That is a poor wretch who seeks counsel of man, whose arm is of flesh, who does not put his trust in God alone. You will experience," she added, "that those always find His help at the right time who do not look at circumstances, but to the Lord alone, in the firm trust that He will provide for them." That preacher was permitted to learn that the faith of our mother was the right faith; for, from that time on, our greatest need was relieved, and two years later he himself was able to recognize the saving hand which the Lord had stretched out to us.

About this time God conferred on us special benefits through experiences which gloriously crowned our mother's faith. We lived awhile alone with our mother, our father having gone into a distant country. When he started, he sold our second cow and took the money with him. A rich neighbor offered to lend us a sum, which we gladly accepted, in order to purchase another cow. Although we knew little of making such bargains, the cow rendered us such services, that we soon well knew whence the blessing came. We were able to sell to the milk dealer, every day, fourteen quarts in summer, and twelve quarts in the winter, throughout almost the entire year, so that we were soon able to pay back the sum advanced. Besides this the cow performed the other services that were required of her in cultivating the ground, with such power and rapidity, that it seemed to us miraculous. When our father came home, and heard us speaking of this cow with so much joy, he became so angry at the poor brute, that he would not suffer her in the stable any longer, and offered her to every body at half price. We children, who had not the faith of our mother, were in continual fear; if any one would only approach the stable, we thought father was going to sell the cow. Mother exhorted us not to be so faint-hearted, saying: "If father could do as he wished, she would have been gone long ago; but God will permit him to do nothing, but what he chooses to lay upon us. Only believe that God who himself provided us with this cow, will so ordain, that we shall be able to keep her as long as we need her," and it was so. The cow rendered us her services as long as mother lived, and until we were all well cared for. Then a purchaser came who paid a very high price for her, having heard of the wonderful cow from the milkman who bought the milk from us so many years. But when the

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cow was taken away from us, the wonder was at an end; she was no better than other cows.

I could recount many more cases of such simple faith and quite especial hearings of prayer, if, in reporting them accurately, I were not compelled to mention my father, who was, for the most part, the cause of our need. But as the joy was granted us, after the death of our mother, of seeing father, in a good old age, fall asleep blessed in the Lord, and thus also in this respect our mother's prayers were answered; I wish only to point to the truth of the Word of God, "Not a hair shall fall from your head without the will of your Father," and "All things shall work together for good to those who love God."

When we children became older, we assisted mother faithfully. Having been trained to work, each one of us earned so much that we suffered no more want. We were indeed afraid of having sacrificed our health, and one of us often said: "How will it go with us in old age when we shall no longer be able to work, and also have no property?" Then mother would comfortingly say: "Only let God provide; he will assuredly do so." This also she was permitted to experience; for shortly before her death she saw us all well provided for in soul and in body.

In the last years of her life, when we children were all grown up, God gave us courage to take her entirely into our protection. We unanimously declared to father that we would not permit our mother, who had sacrificed all the days of her life for him and us, to be treated in any other wise than with gentleness; that he might scold us children, but that he dare sin against our mother no longer; that there had been enough. We now sought to outdo each other in sweetening her life, in every possible way, so that she often wept for joy, and asked: "Children, why do you wish me to have it so good?" She was pleased when she saw that her friendly acceptance gave us pleasure, and that it would grieve us if she did not give up to us, all care for our outward existence, in order that she might see how we, too, had learned to look into the future without anxiety.

She experienced the joy of seeing some of her children obtain a living faith through the power of the blood of Jesus. She saw that we had not a dead Saviour, but a living one, who made his dwelling with us in deed and in power; and knowing Him who had heard her prayer, and had gloriously manifested himself in those of us who now walked in Christ Jesus, she was able, in full and happy confidence, to surrender her husband and her other children to Him.

Thus gradually approached the last year of her life, which also brought with it great sufferings from sickness. She had suffered already one whole year from dropsy of the chest, but bore all her pains silently and submissively, with her eyes fixed on her faithful Saviour. She also wished to spare us every trouble, although we would so willingly have done for her every thing in our power. She never permitted us to watch around her and as often as we wished to remain with her, she insisted that she would not fall asleep till all had gone to rest, "for," she would say, "I do not know why you should remain with me: I need nothing."

During this last year, her living faith on Him who provides for all who trust in Him, was gloriously crowned. Eleven weeks before her death a dear relative, of whom we had never heard, came from a great distance. He learned to love us, and our mother even more than himself. A new

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life now began for us. He took care of us like a father; two days before her end, he promised to take a father's place to us, and faithfully has he kept his word. Often he said, "How happy I am to provide for such children, and to give my property to them!" and how it had become a blessing to be able to fulfil, what the mother had in faith always held up to her children.

In the mean time, mother's end was near. In her last night I approached her bed twice on that night, insisting on remaining with her in the room; but how was I put to shame to hear her, with never-failing love say: "Oh, even now I still give you trouble!" I answered: "O, mother, you know it would not be too much for all the children, to nurse you day and night, you deserve it of us." She said, "I know very well you would do it gladly, but it is of no use." About 7 o'clock, after she had given us all a friendly morning greeting, she lost the power of speech, and beckoned to our oldest sister to take her out of the bed. She took her in her arms and sat down beside the bed: she sat thus quietly perhaps half an hour, and then gently departed in peace. We, with our dear relative, gave the happy perfected up to the Lord with tears of love, and it was our most ardent prayer to be able to honor her memory by striving to conduct our life in deed and truth, as she had given us an example in word and walk, in order that she in eternity might yet see that she has not pointed us to the word of God in vain, but that this word has borne fruits, and also that we, with the example our mother gave, might shine as a light to others, and thus her memory be honored in many others.

In the spirit and mind of our mother we would cry out to all mothers, "If you wish to be a blessing to your children, do not provide for them treasures which moths eat and rust corrodes; be not anxious that they have great outfits; be not troubled if chest and cupboard are empty, but be careful that you pray, and to know how to bring your children in faith to the Saviour, that he may make each one worthy of becoming a living sacrifice, so that each one may use his members as instruments of righteousness, and not in servitude to sin, that all may serve their Lord in a living faith, and spend their powers in his service. As such believing mothers you will experience the truth of the word, that you shall live long in the land, for your memory is blessed."

BEAUTIFUL RELIGION.—Beautiful religion! which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outgushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded, and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have arms, arts, letters, philosophy, like this?

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

CLOSING HYMN.

Tune—"Mornington."

The subjoined very beautiful hymn, written by the Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham, was sung at the United Communion Service of Churches of the Boston Association, held in Hollis Street Church, on Sunday evening, the 3rd of June last. The Dr's. admirable translations of many of the finest hymns in the German language have long delighted our church choirs and listening congregations; and in this, his original effort, he falls no whit behind the ablest German hymn writer of them all:—

"Communion—when we meet
Around this loaf and wine,
With memory for its lowly seat,
And Love its lofty sign.

Communion—when we part;
It ne'er can shrink or break;
For Saviour—all thou wast, thou art,
And always for our sake.

Communion—every hour
With all that's good and true;
Its food—we taste its constant power;
Its joy—we drink it new!

And what of bitter bread,
Of cups that sorrows be,
When courage shall lift up the head,
And patience bow the knee?

And when life's troubles past,
Its glories but a mist,
Then, Father, may we spread our last,
Our lowliest, Eucharist."

NO NEW THING.

Well, after all, it begins to be apparent that the old Preacher King knew well of what he spoke, and meant literally what he declared when using the language:

"Is there any thing whereof it may be said—See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

The plough of 1866 is only a modification, and improvement in pattern and material upon that which turned the furrow in the fields of the Egyptians, in the days of Joseph. The mills which ground the corn of the Midianites were in principle like those of the present day. And so of a thousand implements of the field and fireside—ours of the present age are but modifications and improvements upon those of pre Mosaic date.

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In the 1st century of the Christian era the Roman emperors and proud patricians printed their signatures with engraved seals. Long before the days of David, the loom in its action and general economy, was like the simpler hand-looms of the 19th century. The Chinese claim in their history to have been familiar with gun-powder, and to have had cannon long before Noah made his famous sea voyage. Perfect glass beads, and fair specimens of porcelain ware have been found in the fossiliferous bone caves of Finland and Siberia, certainly manufactured in pre-historic ages.

In 1436, Bartolemo Annaires invented a steam engine that propelled a vessel across the bay of Barcelona at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. At Adrianople are two cast cannons possessing all the principles of the modern Whitworth gun, except that the bore is square. And these two ancient pieces were antiquities when Rome was founded. Among the debris of the city of *Chi Chen*, which was a ruin when the foundations of the great Egyptian Pyramids were laid, have been found beautifully wrought ornaments of gold, identical in pattern with modern articles of jewelry.

For the space of three hundred years there has been in the famous historical collection at Dresden in Saxony, a *fac simile* of the modern Colt's revolver, except that it has a flint lock. Otherwise, there it is—the six revolving barrels, precisely like Colt's original invention, and no clumsy uncouth affair either, but as pretty and elaborately finished a pocket firearm as the majority of our modern weapons. "Who shall say that there is any new thing under the sun?" COSMO.

THE HOODED WARBLER.

Myiodioctes mitratus.—AUD.

There is another of our Pennsylvania birds of beauty—not that he is so brilliantly beautiful either, or a native Pennsylvanian, but he is a darling sweet little fellow, and charmingly sociable, with just a blush of shy coquetry in his familiarity. Why naturalists should have christened our charming little favourite as they have done, I am at a loss to guess, as he is neither hooded, nor does he ever warble, though there are bits of bright music in his three queer little energetic notes uttered only when he is darting and flashing to and fro like a ray of greenish light among low bushes and weeds—always his favourite haunts, in rapid pursuit of the insect food that forms his daily fare—"Ter-w-e-e-ter-wee-twi-c-h-e-e," tinkling, sharp and sweet as the metallic clink of a tiny, silver bell; there he flits, the little beauty—hither and thither, eccentric and swift as the flight of the humming bird.

Ah, there he is, perched at last, almost within reach of our outstretched hand, careless of our presence—a capital opportunity while the dear little fellow is busily pluming himself for another flight, to mark his features, so that we shall know him again when we meet.

The adult male is in length about five inches; wings, two and three quarters, tail two and a half. The top of the head, neck, and part of the breast is a glossy black. Back, half the breast and the sides, including the middle wing coverts, is a beautiful olive green. The inner surface of the three outer tail feathers on each side, white. Across the forehead there is a bright yellow band, lapping around in lozenge-shape patches, including the eyes and ears and entire sides of the head; the tarsus are long, very slender, as are also the claws, and in color a pale yellow.

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A very beautiful little bird, our Pensylvania Pet I call him, for though found in summer in all the states east of the Missisippi, North to Nova Scotia, and South to Central America; it is in our mountain glades and beautiful Key Stone valleys east of the Alleghanies, that he is most beautiful in plumage, makes to us the most friendly overtures, and lingers the longest on the approach of autumnal storms.

SHELLS.

In all the wonderful creations of an Almighty Hand, countless in number and infinite in variety and structure, no where else do we find the creative wisdom and omnipotent power of God so conspicuously apparent as in the mechanism of the millions of beautiful shells that abound in all the waters upon the face of the earth. A pity it is that conchology, one of the most interesting and instructive studies, should be so little known, taught, or cared for.

Every shell, from that of the magnificent Pearly Nautilus that spreads his filmy satin sail and glides a fairy frigate over the vast waves of the shoreless sea, down to the atomic *Pyrimidella elegantissima*, that requires the aid of the microscopic lens to reveal its marvellous beauties, every shell that floats upon the surface of the sea, inhabits its blue depths or having lost its animate tenant, lies an inert shell, bleaching on the ocean beach—every shell has a voice, eloquent and instructive, though silent, telling of an Almighty Creator, so undeniably that no atheist in existence sitting down to a single hour's unbiased study of a moderate collection of shells could arise saying:—"*There is no God.*" No other than the hand of a Creator, infinite in wisdom and omnipotent in power, could have wrought so wonderfully such variety and beauty.

Myriads as there are of species and families, of shell-fish living at the present time, more numerous still are the families extinct and found now only in a fossil state. The *Strombus*, *Murex*, Whelk, Cone, and Volute families are represented in fossil by from one hundred and fifty, to seven hundred species each.

Several hundred species are extinct entirely, and are only to be found in fossil, imbedded in rocks below the Tertiary strata. Of this class are the *Ammonite* family, embracing many species, all beautiful, and three or four of the larger varieties, magnificent beyond description. Only a specimen, or an exact drawing can give more than a faint conception of the wonderful beauties of the larger Ammonite, some of which are three and a half feet in diameter. From a delicate star-shaped centre, the shell winds round and round upon itself in a perfect scroll, lobed and admirably foliated, the outer circumference artistically serrated, and terminating in a curiously scollopped mouth lying close down upon the coil. MADELINE.

CURRENT COLLECTIONS.

ANCIENT. Recently, in pulling down an old mansion adjoining the Church of *Notre Dame* in Paris, the demolishers found cut into the wood of one of the beams, the following:—"I was placed here A. D. 1450, and was 600 years old when taken from the forest."

HUMAN PERVERSITY. The perverse folly of human nature is every hour illustrated by our determined persistence in following the *Road to Ruin*, full of sloughs and stumbling stones, thickly studded with toll gates,

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established and maintained by our own indiscretions, the keepers of which exact such excessive tolls, that we are beggared by the time we have reached the terminus of the road, short as it is.

PRATING FOOLS. A great many people are like prattling poll parrots, parting their lips in conversation only to pour forth second-hand nonsense. Millions of men and women would win some credit for wisdom by opening their mouths only when handling knives and forks.

DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS. The various Christian denominations are after all but diverging ways varying in color, emanating from a common source, and finally gathered again by God into harmony in the great central Sun of Divine Truth.

MISCELLANEOUSLY MUSICAL. The fascinating young gentlemen that, on a single evening last week, serenaded seven beautiful young ladies, singing melancholy melodiously under the window of each trusting fair :— "Dear one, Thou art all the world to me!" may be set down safely as the most perfect specimen of a musical Lyre (liar;) extant.

MODESTY. If we were to banish Modesty from society, her twin sister Innocence would follow her into voluntary exile, and following her example, every one of the virtues would soon leave us.

HEART FLOWERS. Tears and smiles are the beautiful flowers blooming from the garden of the heart; tears bursting into bloom at parting with dear friends, smiles springing forth at meeting. Coming simultaneously into bloom as they sometimes do, they whisper of Heaven, making of the heart a glorious parterre.

LOOK BOTH WAYS. Whenever we find our moral camp surrounded by foreign enemies, the policy is to charge all our vigilant sentinels to *Look out.* If the danger be from domestic rebels and home-born traitors, we must look *in.*

OF DOUBTFUL UTILITY. In my own mind it has long been a question if the preaching from the pulpit sermons, making odious vice a specialty and picturing cases of individual wickedness in detail, as a warning, or of the publishing of the trials in our criminal courts circumstantially, are of public utility. There are ten instances within my own knowledge, of young men and women having been led away and lost by morbid monomania, if you please, to see and test for themselves the horrible, revolting pictures of vice they had seen and heard drawn by the press and preacher.

COSMO.

SUNDAY. Though in the Bible the word *Sabbath* is so frequently applied to the seventh day of the week, it seems singularly enough to have gone suddenly out of use in the second century of the Christian era, and in my diligent search through much ancient authority, no where can I find that the word was ever brought into more than very infrequent use by any of the Christian sects, until about the time of the rise of Puritanism in England. Every where, *Sunday*, and "The Lord's Day" were the expressions used; the former by the Saxons and all Teutonic races; the latter, by the people of Southern Europe, only that the Italians maintained

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the Bible name through all ages, because they could make in their language nothing else of the word, and were not willing to admit an idiomatic term from any other language into their own. Hence in the Italian—Sabbath has always been *Sabbato*. In the Russian language the word *Sunday* is significant, meaning the Resurrection of our Saviour.

SELF-TAUGHT. All very well, commendable enough, this self-education, where one is obliged by necessity to take that course or none. But I vote for schools, and tutors, and accomplished instructors. However well taught we may be by "Self," it is mostly a long and tedious road, instructed as we are by a very ignorant teacher. MADELINE.

TOBACCO.

BY LIRREM.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes thus: "Travelling in the West would, on the whole, be entertaining, but for the filthy, nauseous, tobacco-chewing and its consequences. I wonder how a tobacco-chewer can get a wife. The pores of his flesh are soaked with the offensive juice, and his breath is always pestilential. This fault has been the source of sarcasm against us by all travellers, especially foreign. It appears to be an Americanism, too, for we do not know of the peculiar luxury of spitting being indulged in in any other country.

The history of tobacco is very curious, and contains some of the most amusing incidents of any custom that that curious animal, man, has adopted. Every one is, no doubt, aware of its having been introduced into England on the return of Drake's squadron from America. That part of its history is so familiar I do not care to touch on it; only to say, that in the beginning of the sixteenth century it was introduced into Portugal, and some seeds were sent from there to France, to Catherine de Medicis, by Jean Nicot, from which it derived its generic name, Nicotiana, the specific name being derived from Tabac, the name of an instrument used in America for smoking it. It has been supposed that it was only used in Europe since the discovery of America; but Mr. Brodigan, in his treatise on tobacco, alleges several passages from Herodotus and Strabo, to show that it was known anciently. Herodotus, in lib. 1, sec. 36, says that the Massagetæ, and all the Scythic nations, had among them certain herbs, which they threw into the fire, the ascending smoke of which, the company being seated around the fire, caused them to dance and sing. A diluted use of it.

I have, however, no space to go into general detail. It is of our peculiar institution I wish to speak—chewing. The origin has not been traced, but, probably, arose from the desire to extract from the entire tobacco a substitute for the fermented juice, the *moo*. At this day, the women in the province of Varinas, carry this inspissated liquid "in a box,

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which they wear like a watch, suspended to one side at the end of a string. Instead of a key, it is furnished with a spoon, with which they help themselves from time to time, of this juice, relishing it in their mouths like a sweetmeat." Taking this in connection with what some of our old ladies will recollect as "priming," it gives the old story of Eve and the apple. It was used very commonly by women in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The history of tobacco gives another striking illustration of the futility of legal restrictions on the inclinations of men. There was some restriction on it in England, in Elizabeth's time, because it was feared it would debase and make a return to the same barbarism as those from whom it was originally obtained; but they did not dare restrict it totally, because it was an ample source of revenue to the crown. King James I. did not totally restrict it on this account; but as he considered himself a distinguished author, he wrote his famous "Counterblast to Tobacco," in which he says of it, that it is "loathesome to the eye, hatefull to the sight, harmeful to the orgaine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoake of the pit that is bottomless." We have, also, a curious incident in the history of our own country. Many, no doubt, have heard of the Connecticut "blue laws," in which the Court took cognizance of all faults, even that of kissing, entitled the code of 1650. I transcribe the regulation, in order to show the estimation our pilgrim fathers held it in. "Tobacko,—fforasmuch as it is observed, that many abuses are crept in, and committed by frequent taking of tobacko.

"*It is ordered by the authority of this Court*, That no person under the age of twenty-one years, nor any other that hath not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacko, untill he hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in phisick, that it is usefull for him; and also, *that he hath received a lycense from the courte for the same.* And for the regulating of those, who either by theire former taking it, have, to theire own apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or uppon due advice, are pursuaded to the use thereof,

"*It is ordered*, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacko publiquely, in the street, highwayes, or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of sixpence for each offence against this order, in any the particulars thereof, to be paid without gainesaying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes, are required to make presentment to each particular courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to be transgressors of this order."

Tobacco is world-wide in its cultivation. In Syria, each peasant plants his own, and they are connoisseurs in the flavor. That which has the flavor of goats' dung being most highly esteemed. In America, that appears to be preferred by the chewers, which is most filthily put up and kept. But "the woman, who was given for a helpmeet," she did first chew it, "and gave it unto us," and we have at least Adam's apology for our fault.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—SEPTEMBER, 1866.—No. 8.

THE NATIONAL HOME-FEELING.

BY THE EDITOR.

The home-feeling which begins in the family is enlarged or expanded in the State and in the Church! As, naturally, the family provides material for the State and Church, and as the child is taken up in the citizen and saint, so also does the family home-feeling grow and widen in State and Church. The whole training of the family looks toward these two wider institutions.

True patriotism is only a farther development of home-love. What is our country but our *father*-land—the wider locality in which is embosomed the home of our father. Both in Latin and Greek the same word substantially means *father* and *country*, and so also are the feelings which underlie these words essentially the same. Love of country is love for the *father*-land.

There may be truly patriotic feelings in the bosom of adopted citizens; yet in this case there will be only a transfer of the same feelings to another soil—they will love the new country in the old. However, such patriotism can only be perfectly true, trusty, and reliable, when it either rests in principle or is confirmed by a history. There must be an actual location of life before there can be a true patriotic home-feeling.

In confirmation of this fact we may remark, what all reflecting persons have observed, that mercenaries never make good soldiers. Nor will an army ever fight on a foreign soil as bravely as on their own. Recruits gathered from that class of men, who hang loosely in society, never bring strength to the field like fathers and sons, who go out from the bosom of their families. To an army of alien mercenaries, or to loose and irresponsible recruits who are gathered in as substitutes for pecuniary reward, can never be addressed those moving words of power and inspiration:

> "Strike till the last armed foe expires;
> Strike for your altars and your fires;
> Strike for the green graves of your sires,—
> God, and your native land!"

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It is his family and fireside behind him that nerves the true soldier's arm. It was this that made the comparatively small band of our forefathers, though unskilled in war, stronger than the well-trained legions of England, in the memorable revolutionary struggle.

The Swiss soldiers, though strong as their own mountains on their own soil, became weak as water and died of home sickness when on service in a foreign land. Their hearts, which at home had never quailed before the face of any foe, melted and became as the heart of a child, when they could no longer hear the tinkling of herd-bells along the slopes of their familiar and long-loved Alps. In like manner the Irish recruits in Canada were taken with nostalgia, and became entirely useless. Instead of answering to the call, "On to the fight," their homesick hearts only sighed a response to the remembered song of their own loved bard:

> "Never again, in the green sunny bowers
> Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
> Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
> And strike to the numbers of Erin go Braugh!"

There are many incidents on record, which show how pure patriotism ever rests back in the domestic feeling, as its true and proper source and home. Thus it is said when Epaminondas, the illustrious and patriotic Theban, had won three battles over the Lacedemonians, the fact which gave him the greatest degree of pleasure was that his father was still living to hear and enjoy the news.

After Washington had received the sword of Cornwallis, and was crowned with the greenest laurels a grateful country could place on his brow—after he had given the strongest proof of his patriotism—he went first and direct to his childhood home, and rushed, like a loving child, into the arms of his mother! The fountain of the home-feeling, as it flowed from his mother's heart, was still most refreshing to him; and in her bosom, while a nation shouted, he buried his honored brow, like a modest child when it is praised. Into the hands of such a man we fear not to throw the reigns of government and to say: "With a mother's heart in thy heart, reign thou over us." In the true patriot, as in the true Christian, there will be found most of the childlike.

In the State, as in the Family, the home-feeling is life located; and it receives its nourishment from persons, places, and seasons.

Persons become patriotically sacred to us in the State as in the Family It is not the office which they hold in itself that gives them power to waken in us the home-feeling—it is rather the holy savor of their patriotic acts, joined with their personal worth. Not every parent, just because he is a parent, binds the heart of children to the homestead; the heart must have carried away with it a real blessing, if it is to go back on a pilgrimage of sweet memory and grateful love. It is just so in the State. Not the office, but the man is the embodiment of this mysterious attracting power. Our hearts would kindle into patriotic flame, if, in a foreign land, some one should say to us, yours is the land of Washington, Jackson, Clay, Webster; but there are many other men who might to be referred to, as having occupied official positions just as high, whose names would inspire no such pride of feeling. These were equally the organs of the nation's power and honor, but never lived in the same degree in the nation's af-

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fections. Only those hold this sacred power who, by real personal patriotic deeds, have secured a living influence over the people's love.

The home-feeling gives us power to possess the treasures of the past in the present. Nations, like individuals, are strong in proportion as they have power to gather the past into the present. The present stability of a nation, other things being equal, may be measured by the length of its history of glory and honor, even as streams are mighty according to the length of their tributaries. Hence it is a sign of strength, and a promise for the future, when a nation warmly cherishes its great and honorable names. What gave France power to draw back from the fearful gulf of red-republicanism, socialism, and anarchy, and for the time even to sacrifice the true spirit of freer institutions which wrought blindly in the chaos—what but the romantic charm, the talismanic power of a name? On this element in the national mind the far-seeing Napoleon steadily relied. It was this that kept his hopes alive when in banishment, causing the constable of London, the penniless exile from his fatherland, to feel in his veins the stir of royal blood and encouraging him to turn his eagle eye in unwavering hope toward the throne of France. "He declared on one occasion publicly his confidence, that his countrymen would one day recall that great name whose bearer he was, and which reminded them of twenty years of glory." His confident hopes based thus on the French home-feeling as inspired by a name, was fulfilled. At this moment it is not so much the man Napoleon, that sits upon the throne of Charlemagne, as it is that name which glory has illuminated, so that it moves still before the French people as the glory of their Past and the star of their Future.

In our own republic the centrifugal force had lately become so strong as to make the centre tremble. It did not succeed in tearing it to pieces. If it ever shall succeed, it will be when that reverence which bows before the past has died out. Our past history, as it clusters around our sacred persons, places and times, is our strength. The Washingtons, the Mount Vernons, the Fourth of Julys as they gaze in upon us "in the impenetrable mystery of silence," are our monitors. To listen reverently to their words of mystic wisdom, is to live; to despise them, is to prepare for an early death.

It must be confessed that just before the war, the signs of the times were against us in this respect. The Washington Monument made slow, groaning progress. Congress was reluctant to vote money to buy Mount Vernon; but a mercenary company was ready to be formed to purchase it, with a view to making it a taxing place to patriotic pilgrims for the health of their own pockets. Autograph letters of Washington and the Signers of the Declaration of Independence sold low. Canes of the wood of Independence Hall were dull sale. Braddock's field was planted in Irish potatoes, and the finger-board on the National road that used to show pilgrims the way to it, hung by one nail and pointed down into the earth. In short, the glory of the past was fast dying out in the rush of the present. The spirit of irreverence and desecration was abroad in the land. The patriotic home-feeling was declining in vigor. The shallow babblings of self-seeking politicians were heard where great, and good, and earnest men once reverently sat. Strange fires were kindled upon the National altar. Men, to whom the wisdom of the solemn past, and the voice of the venerated dead had no sacredness, feared not to touch the ark.

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As a vile worm can gnaw its way in to the vitals of an oak that has braved the storms of a thousand years and weaken it for its fall, so may an earth-born tribe of self-glorifying demagogues, if not checked by a steadier spirit of patriotism, gradually prepare a nation for its decline and death.

We have reason to be thankful that the traditionary spirit, the true patriotism of the people, has showed itself still strong enough to save the nation from disintegration. The national home-feeling has still been a power. The memories of the past in our history gave sacred earnestness to the present. This spirit must be cultivated. Where else has it a right to dwell, if not in American hearts—on this virgin continent—in this land of the future? Here—here—

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said:
> "This is my own, my native land!"
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wanderings on a foreign strand?"

The history of the war through which we have just passed has furnished us with rich material and means for the cultivation of the national home-feeling. It has given us names that the nation may be proud of for generations to come. It has given us sacred places, which are as Mecca shrines all over the land. It has given us many new and glorious holy-days. In all these there is guarantied a greater power—though it be a more silent one—for the perpetuity of the national life, than resides in our public Councils, in our Army or our Navy.

USING AND ABUSING CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a disposition on the part of persons, who have little or no inward respect for Christianity, nevertheless to use its ministry when it suits their own interest and convenience.

This spirit sometimes manifests itself in connection with *funerals*. Persons, and families who never or seldom enter the Church,—who show by all their conduct that Christianity is to them an altogether indifferent, if not a silently-hated interest, and who in no way give it their support, when a member of the family dies, seek Christian burial at the hands of the Church. The minister is invited and expected to attend, as a matter of course. He is also expected to dispose of the departed one in a hopeful manner, giving the public assembly some pretty strong assurance that he is safe in heaven, and bestowing some considerable praise on his manner of life for the comfort of friends! This he must do on peril of giving offence.

Moreover, he is expected to do all this service without any remunera-

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tion for his time and labor. If he has to go some distance to the funeral, and is necessitated to hire a horse and vehicle, he is expected to pay for that himself. Is not the gospel *free?* Ought not a minister rejoice in the privilege of preaching the gospel, and is he not under obligation to those who afford him an opportunity to do so? We have ourselves performed such service where it cost us two days of time, tedious travel through wintry snow, rain, and slush, and in addition to this, over five dollars in cash, and received not a cent toward paying our actual cash outlay, and no thanks for our services! Though we preached afterwards frequently within a mile of the same family, we never heard of the attendance of any one of its members.

This is not an extreme, but a very common case, as scores of pastors can testify. When this class of persons get into trouble and need a minister as a means by the aid of whom they can maintain a decent respect before the community, or somewhat to cheer the darkness of a gloomy grave, they lay their demands upon him. He must submit to the service, and gracefully pay his own way. If he should, in return, demand the defraying of his inevitable cash expenses, in which demand the sense of common justice in every reasonable man would justify him, there would be a terrific howl against him and Christianity itself.

This is just the class of persons, who are expert in picking flaws in the Church—who can point out the faults of Christian ministers—who can more than hint that they preach for money, that their support is a tyrannical burden imposed on the community, and that they care far more for the fleece than for the flock. In short, to them, ministers are persons to be *tolerated* in the community, to be sure, because this is a free country, but to whom neither respect nor support is due; and when an occasion occurs when they may be used, they are expected to attend to it in meek faithfulness and silence, but without expectation of justice or thanks.

In a similar way are the services of the Christian ministry often appreciated in the civil sphere. We say civil, though we would have said the *political* sphere, were it not expected that ministers should not use the word at all, or to think of the thing itself, except as they are graciously allowed, or peremptorily bidden to do so! They are expected to have sense,—and reliable sense, too,—on every other subject except politics. To have any views on that subject is unholy, and incompatible with the dignity of their office. They are expected, and very properly, we think, not to announce their own political views in a partisan way, from the pulpit as a part of the gospel; but apart from this, they are, by many, expected not to care any thing about civil affairs, or to vote with either one party or the other. They are expected to put themselves in the same class with Dante's neutrals, who were for ever suspended between heaven and hell, because they had never been able to make up their minds which way to go! They are not expected to vote, because that would imply that they knew how to vote, at least as well as the store-box loafer, or the bar-room brawler. If any one addresses him on civil questions—which is sure to be the case now and then, and in some places very often—he is expected in any case either to agree with him, and thus *lie*, to disagree, and thus *fight*, or to say nothing, and thus make a fool of himself.

This is truly a hard road to travel; but he must make the best of it, as long as he pays any deference to that unreasonable class of men—to what-

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ever side they may belong—who are determined that Christian ministers are only things to be used in their own selfish partisan interests.

There are also public occasions, for public objects and interests, when the religious sense of the community expects the presence, and the official services of the Christian minister. It would seem, that, in a popular government like ours, any great and earnest movement, involving some important principle of government, though not viewed by the whole community in the same light, may properly seek in its behalf the divine direction and blessing, and to this end, recognizing the divine mission of the Church, invite one of its ministers to inaugurate its deliberations with prayer. But this is apt to be regarded, by this same class of unreasonable men, as a profanation of the sacred office. Is not the scripture view of the subject rather this, that any such movement is itself profane when it is not sanctified by prayer? Does any political party view itself as so cut off and separate from the Christian life and spirit, and so completely outside and independent of the divine will, as to regard the acknowledgment of its dependence on God a profanity? We rejoice to think that no party in our land has so utterly fallen into heathenism;—no, not heathenism, but atheism; for even the heathen invoke their gods by religious services in all the affairs of the State.

No; the State needs the Christian ministry; and, in our popular government, the people, unless they intend to be utterly godless, need the offices of Christian ministers in all their great and earnest discussions, deliberations, and movements in which they may propose, and have truly at heart, the health, peace, and prosperity of the republic. What we solemnly protest against, is, that they should be so used only to be abused. We protest, while the State still acknowledges Christianity in its official acts by requiring chaplains in its councils, its army, and its navy, that any or that all parties, or any class of unreasonable men in these parties, who either possess or seek the control of the government, should think it their right and privilege, in any political movement, to bandy about and abuse that same Christian ministry.

This is fairly arbitrary and unreasonable in any view of the case. The Christian ministry in this country,—whatever exceptions there may be, as there always are in all imperfect human life,—the Christian ministry, in general, and as a class of men, can claim, we will only say full equality with any other class, in solid learning, judicious thinking, reverence and respect for true principles of civil government, honesty of purpose, and sincerity of love for the honor and prosperity of the fatherland. He certainly presumes too much, who supposes that men of thought, of conscience, of learning, of honesty—men who have all the motives to do right, to think right, and to act right, which all other men have, together with a far heavier additional responsibility to God and man resulting from their office, their public position and their solemn vows—should, in degradation of their manhood and to the prostitution of their office and public standing, consent to be used as mere mimics by unreasonable men, or abused and annihilated from that civil sphere which is, next to the Church, the highest and most solemn community-interest in the world.

We are, in this present writing, reproving no political party. We are not siding with any party. We have our own views on the great questions before the nation. The editor of the Guardian would be ashamed

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before himself, as well as before every man, woman and child in the land, if he had to confess that he had no political views and convictions. We are no ball of jelly that only moves as it is shaken. We have very decided political views. But as we hold that there are occasions and times when a Christian minister ought to hold his political views at bay, we claim that there are times and occasions when he may and ought to live and act in them; and this he ought to be allowed to do as a right, which he possesses equally with all other men, and a duty for which he is, equally with all other men, responsible before God and man. With this view, we merely defend the sacred right of ministers, and enter our solemn protest against their public abuse by unreasonable men.

If your pastor differs with you in politics, accede to him that right. Give him the credit of having at least some sense, even if you cannot believe him to have as much as yourself. Believe him to be as honest in his views as you are yourself. He does not insist that you shall be put out of the Church because you do not agree with him, why do you seek to abuse him, or to starve him out, because he does not, cannot think as you do? Why do you use him wherein he suits your purpose, and then abuse him when his views are in your way? Such a man ought to have a world and a Church of his own, and then be his own statesman and his own pastor! This would secure the agreement he requires.

Let there once, at last, be an end of all such nonsense. Let men who claim to be rational, discard the funny idea that the heavens will fall, and that Christianity will suddenly stop, because all men do not agree with them. It is only a horrid dream of the past that the right going of the world and the Church is to be secured by that arbitrary intolerance, which seeks to silence men who differ, by cutting off their heads, or gagging their minds or mouths.

SEPTEMBER.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In the meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go,
In the faded garden where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hiding places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their flimsy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the Eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

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Ah! soon on the field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost or snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead Summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest Summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnut browning,
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breese
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers
In a gentle playfulness
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a scene of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the Summer doubly pleasant,
In all my Autumn dreams
A future Summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

— *Harpers' Magazine.*

HEAR, YE YOUNG MEN!

BY THE EDITOR.

We do not know of a single Christian denomination, in which there is not at this time a pressing want of men for the ministry. To whom does this fact appeal but to the young men of the land? From its ranks must the want be supplied.

The cause of this deficiency it is perhaps not difficult to indicate. It must be kept in mind, that the rate of increase of population in our country is unprecedented in the history of nations. The hopeful of every land are literally pouring in upon our shores. The tide of immigration has of late greatly increased, not merely from the fact that the return of peace has spread new fields for industry and enterprise, but chiefly perhaps on account of earnestly threatening troubles in almost all European nations. This is the land of hope and of the future, and upon our immensely wide and greatly productive territory the ends of the earth are congregating. Here effete as well as oppressed nationalities recuperate, by the stimulus of a vigorous life around them, and with only due subordination to the mould-

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ing supremacy of our own unique national life, they feel free to conserve and, for a time at least, to perpetuate their Ireland, their Germany, their France—and so of the rest—in the all-comprehending bosom of the Great Republic.

It is evident from facts, that while there is this immense immigration of the people, there is not a corresponding influx of ministers from the countries whence they come. This is left to be provided for here. This extraordinary demand can only be met by an extraordinary supply. But there has been no such extraordinary supply furnished. The increase of the ministry has kept on the regular and even tenor of its way, and thus the extra demand has outstripped the regular supply.

Farther. The influx of all manner of people has brought with it all manner of ideas, theories, and beliefs, and this, combined with the intense activity of mind which characterizes the age, has a certain restlessness, and consequently danger to the Christian faith and life, which makes more work for the Christian minister, both in his public ministrations and in his more private pastoral duties. No pastor is able to attend to as large a spiritual charge now as he could thirty, or twenty years ago. The old quiet, conservative, traditional life is greatly broken up and set in a state of flux. Life is restless around him, and he finds in his every day duties, that it is not possible for him to extend his presence and care over as large a cure as formerly. With the growing wealth of the country, the ability and willingness of supporting more frequent ministrations, has also increased. Thus, pastoral charges are divided and made smaller. This is one great reason for the increased demand of ministers.

In whatever way the cause of this want may be accounted for, the fact plainly exists; and the cure ought perhaps to interest us more deeply than the cause.

It is thought by some that the war has greatly demoralized the young men of the land. That many have been made worse, by the temptations and dangers always attending a period of civil commotion, cannot be doubted. But that many, by the very triumph over those perils and temptations, have been made stronger, better, and more earnest in the great work of life, is equally plain. There is a very large number of young men who went out for the life of the fatherland, now in our Theological Seminaries. A still larger proportion is found in all our Colleges and Academies. Thus, many have come out as gold from the fire, purer, more valuable and shining. In them is the word fulfilled, "Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life."

Still there is one way, in which the result of the war may tend to keep the number of candidates for the ministry, somewhat diminished for some time to come. The close of the war has wonderfully stimulated the business interests of the country. There is an unusual demand for labor, skill, talent, and genius in all departments of life. Besides, all employments of a secular character are highly remunerative. Wealth has a powerful attraction. The hope of it, if allowed to prevail, holds a terrible tyranny over the young aspiring heart. Is it a wonder then that many of our young men of talent and spirit should be allured into promising secular callings, and to this end resist the pressure of God's solemn call upon their conscience, or at least endeavor to make themselves tolerably comfortable under the sin of Jonah and the negative inhabitants of Meroz!

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There is beyond doubt a certain class of young men lost to the ministry, where the cause lies in the want of thoughtful care and sagacity on the part of pastors. We know that religious instincts and impulses are in their very nature retiring, and shun publicity and ostentation; and the deeper and more earnest these religious aspirations are, the less disposed are they to make themselves known. Hence many youth, under the influence of this amiable Christian modesty, pass the age when they ought to begin their preparation in a kind of silent and painful suspense and indecision. They need a word of encouragement. Every pastor ought to exercise that penetration and discernment which discover cases like these, and attend to them with the proper counsel and inspiration. In almost every congregation may be found, for instance, men in middle life and with families around them, who have always had and still have the feeling that they ought to have prepared for and entered the holy ministry. But it seems now too late. These are cases of the kind mentioned. These are persons, whose youthful exercises of mind on the subject of the ministry, failed to be met by the necessary pastoral counsel and encouragement. Inexperienced and filled with modest fear and hesitation, their youth passed away without their finding the path of their true calling, and growing years found them involved in social and business relations, which were even more difficult to break away from, and thus gradually what was a strong hope and desire is finally abandoned in despair, though it remains as an uneasy burden on the heart and conscience through life.

This is a solemn point. It ought to be taken to heart by all pastors. Any one of ordinary sagacity, who knows his youth as a faithful shepherd knows his flock, cannot fail to discover such cases in time to give the needed counsel and encouragement. Their talents, their general spirit, their fondness for doing good, their earnestness and taste for divine and all other knowledge, will most surely reveal the stirrings of that mission which is in them. Let them not grope and blunder in doubt and darkness, only at last to fail entirely of their high and holy calling.

Sometimes parents, and even parents who are members of the Church, stand in the way of their sons; and not only discourage, but by their parental authority and refusal of the needed support, absolutely hinder them from studying for the ministry. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Not a few who are now in the ministry can testify that they were pressed, under a sense of their calling, to the very verge of disobedience to arbitrary and selfish parental opposition, and were able only after long delay, and to their great loss of time and advantage, to succeed in surmounting this sacred but unnatural hindrance Such cases greatly need pastoral help. It ought to be judiciously but firmly afforded both from the pulpit and in a more private way.

Having now set forth the great want of young men for the ministry, and also some of the causes of it, may we not address ourselves to our many young readers in the way of solemn appeal? If God has given you talents to be useful in this sphere of high and holy activity, and now shows you how greatly the labors of your life are needed in the service of His Church, what can you say against His pressing call? Shall we not listen to the voice of Him who made and redeemed us? Shall not the silent, unconscious, but still deep and earnest imploring of the multitude that are ready to perish reach our ears and our hearts? If great be the

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labor, great also is the reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

MARIA ANDREAE.

From the German of G. Schwab.

BY L. H. S.

MARIA, daughter of the Vogt, Valentine Moser, of Herrenberg, was born October 23, 1550. Being of a family that produced the patriot John Jacob Moser and his talented son Frederick Charles von Moser, in the eighteenth century, she herself became the daughter-in-law and mother of two pillars in the Evangelical Church of Würtemberg, Jacob and John Valentine Andreae. In her ninth year she lost her mother, and her grand-mother, Catharine Currer, who had grown up amid the beginnings of the Reformation, trained her in reverence for the Word of God, in love for God's sanctuary, and in the practice of Christian sympathy, and, by the help of the Holy Spirit, implanted in her brave and fearless soul, the seeds of that meekness and tranquility of soul which controlled her passionate temper, of that modesty and disposition to oblige, of those gentle manners, of that active love for art and science, for poverty and the poor, of that extreme moderation, which in close connection with natural talents developed themselves so grandly in and through her after life. Indefatigable in labor, simple in habit, especially skillful in the collection of herbs and the preparation of medicines, firm and strong in faith, earnest in prayer, she lived according to and by the Word of God, read the Bible through every year and the Psalter every month, and was well versed in the religious literature of her age. Care for the poor and sick, for whom (there were no Alms Houses or Orphans' Homes in those days,) there was always a separate room and a place at the table in her father's house, became a second nature to her, as she was wont to say: If it would only please God, she would prefer of all things to be matron in a hospital. During her unmarried life she nursed until his death, her father, who had been a merry, musical social person before he became a confirmed invalid, then, in her twenty-sixth year, married John Andreae, the son of Jacob, of Gotzingen, at that time preacher at Hagenloch, near Tübingen, and lived, after she lost her husband, who died at Abbot, near Königsbronn in 1601, thirty years a widow. Of tall, slender and vigorous frame, and with a refined countenance, as authoritative as a man in the house, and as domestic as a young girl, gentle and generous to others, content with little or nothing for herself, rugged in body and harde ned by toil, neat and indifferent to ornament, she passed her life becomingly every where, was always welcome to every one, was careful of her own, was tolerant of others, respected public opinion, injured no one, showed the joy of well doing to every one.

She furnished some excellent proofs of her brave spirit. When the great theologian Hafenreffer lived with her husband at Herrenberg as deacon, he lamented his marriage with a widow, the daughter of the celebrated

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Brenz, when some one spoke to him of one richer and more beautiful. Maria, whom he esteemed highly and called his *heroine*, rebuked him with these words: "What, art thou, a man of learning, and a minister so ignorant, that thou knowest not thine own good fortune? Dost thou not know that she is a woman of honest family, good education, happily married before? Dost thou not prize her? Art thou not ashamed that thou knowest not how to prize thy treasure, the good fortune of thy household? Thou possessest the blessing of her first marriage and the great name of thy father-in-law, and art thou not thankful to God for thy happiness?" The theologian was himself again, at these words of the woman, and his marriage was a happy one.

Her ample dowry was consumed in the support and education of her large family, and when after the death of her gentle and beloved husband, whose more tender spirit by contact had softened her spirit, and at whose departure she allowed herself to weep for the first time,—after she had closed his eyes, given him the last kiss, and clothed him in the robes of death, she removed with her seven children to Tübingen, and supported herself and them frugally by taking boarders. Her children she trained as thoroughly as a school teacher, and as carefully as a physician, in the fear and admonition of the Lord. When a friend counselled her to allow one or more of her sons to learn a trade in order to lighten her expenses, she took the veil from her head, after he had left, and throwing it on the table before her sons, burst into tears (a rare sight for them), and said: "If you will only bravely remain with me, I will spend every thing, even this veil, so that you may gain knowledge and station, and the wish of your father may not have been in vain." Nevertheless the children were separated: the daughters lived with the husbands they married, and the sons entered public institutions or private boarding houses.

Providence now indicated a new path of life for the mother, dating from a friendship she had formed some years before. When the reigning Duke, Frederick I. of Würtemberg, the alchemist, and patron of alchemists, with his wife Sibylla (a princess of Anhalt), and his two oldest daughters spent a few weeks at Königsbronn, in the year 1598, Maria Andreae was represented to the Duchess Sibylla, who practised medicine as an amusement, by her companion Frau von Stockheim, a friend of the family of Moser in Herrenberg, as an amateur in like studies, and she found favor with her. This princely friendship was kept up by epistolary correspondence between the mother and one of the daughters.

The Princess remembered her friend at the proper time, and Maria was appointed Directress of the Ducal Court Dispensary shortly before the death of Frederick I. In this place, an exemplary life, old-fashioned manners, a mind devoid of falsehood and a tongue of flattery, won for her every heart in the Court and the city, and she was only known to them all as *Mother Andreae.* She was careful that the Dispensary should maintain its character strictly, and was vexed when she found that the Institution had been made subservient to the luxury of the Court and the rich. When the Duches Sibylla made her home, as a widow, in Leonberg, she followed her mistress thither, and became her confidant and the almoner of her charities, without asking a farthing (*Heller*), for her own children; but was always radiant with joy when she caused any gratification to the needy. After the death of Sibylla (1614), Duke John Frederick called again to the Court, the

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trusty matron, whose good offices his wife had experienced on several occasions at Urach and Stuttgart; but she preferred a pension and the hospitality of the Leonbergers. Soon after this, she took up her abode with a son-in-law (visiting her children alternately), and after his death, she found her Goshen spared by the plagues of Egypt (the thirty years' war), with her son John Valentine Andreae. Here she was also honored by every one as "the mother of the city," and she allowed herself only once an excursion to Tübingen to visit some old friends. In Calw she lived until past her eightieth year without any sensible diminution of her strength, without diminution of a single sense, in full use of her teeth and all her limbs, and unimpaired digestion, modestly spending the decline of life in the house or in attendance upon Church; but whenever it was necessary to help her friends or to bring succor to the poor, then Christian love gave wings to her steps, and it was no labor to her to go on foot a distance of miles. On the 19th of January, 1631, she was taken suddenly, after a long period of unbroken health, with the fourth or fifth and last attack of sickness she had ever experienced, which lasted seven days, and on the 25th of January, at 8 o'clock in the evening, strengthened by the holy communion, in full possession of her senses, after she had enjoined upon her family that they should live in harmony and always be mindful of the poor, she passed over to the heavenly Jerusalem. Her funeral procession was composed of her son, three daughters, more than forty grand-children, some great-grand-children, and the whole city. Her corpse was carried by the clergy. Only one of her sons had brought her any sorrow, and that was by an unhappy marriage. She herself rejoiced at his release through death, not suspecting that the event itself was the result of an assassination, that the adulterous wife had effected. Her son, Valentine Andreae celebrated her memory in a Latin biography, in which he reared an eloquent monument to her piety, her strength of soul, her liberality, temperance, industry, and equanimity. "Thus at length," he closes,' "'beloved mother, thou art removed from us and art present with the choirs of heaven! Thou wert long since wearied with life, but never shall ardent longing for thy companionship desert us! And I, thy son, to whom thou gavest birth, whom thou didst nourish without stint, tenderly love, instruct in wholesome doctrine,—formed after thy pattern, supported by thy prayers, chastened by thy strength, commended by thy virtue, enriched by thy blessing, honored by thy presence and constant companionship, I, as thy greatest debtor, offer this tribute of gratitude to thy sacred ashes!"

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.—I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot, and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I choose to seize and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece drops to the ground, like any other unsupported weight.

A stream of life from the Lord brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off.

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A DAY AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

July 4th, 1866.

BY MARY.

Where can the anniversary of our nation's independence be better observed, than in the strongholds of liberty, our glorious mountains? What could serve better to remind us that we are free, than the wild, untamed luxury of our mountain vegetation? Where can we better realize the moral dignity of each citizen of our beloved Republic, than amid the giant "strength of the hills?"

The grand, the glorious old mountains! they stand aloft like a mighty wall of protection; catching the first gleam of the rising sun, and reflecting it back into the valley below; where cloud-shadows chase over their faintly azure surface, and, like agile wrestlers, fling one another down through the valley, and over the village beneath; where the first gray mists of dawn, and the last soft hues of departing sunlight gather, and reflect their hallowing influence into the heart, through the eye, of every admiring beholder. It was in such ravines, beneath such craggy, overhanging rocks, the persecuted Highlanders and Waldenses crept, in trembling silence, for protection from the insulting demands of a cruel priesthood.

So we thought, while jaunting along with a small company of friends, on the day noted above, having, "Ho! for the mountains," as our watchword.

It was not from experimental sympathy that our minds reverted to the cherished memory of the

> "——— slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold,"

for we were repairing to the romantic wilds of C—— Gap—

> "Not as the flying come,
> In silence and in fear;"

No: we were determined to act as becomes children of the Republic that acknowledges all men to be possessed of "certain unalienable rights;" where it is our high privilege to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, under our own vine and fig tree; yea, and beneath the shadow of our grand mountains, none daring to make us afraid.

The soft mists of a cloudy summer's morning wrapped the mountain tops, like Corinthian capitals on the pillars that support the blue dome above, and, in a more practical but less poetic point of view, warned us of the probable approach of rain.

During our ride, when slight elevations of the road furnished us with a good range of vision, we could bend our gaze from the towering height of "the knob" slowly westward, then southward, where the cultivated fields on the slope of the southern mountains were set off in bold relief against the dark woods on its summit, and we felt that we were thoroughly walled

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in. But there was one "needless eye" through which we might and did pass, leaving horses and wagons at the nearest suitable dwelling, where we had stopped for rest, refreshment and recruits. Behold us, then, footing it through a narrow pass between a seeming heap of gray mossy rocks, clothed with trailing vines and tall forest trees, and a mountain rill, whose ceaseless babbling over moss-covered stones, and beneath overhanging branches of pine and birch, its border of fern gracefully drooping, and its canopy of clinging vines, made us feel a child again, deeply desiring to creep through the pendant foliage into bowers of nature's own framing, there to build houses, and wall in springs with green mossy stones from the brook, and then watch the fish playfully darting out from the bank, and hear the delicious music made by the wind and waters. But we are suddenly reminded, as by a demon of malice, of the existence of such things as rattle-snakes and lizards; whereupon, our undignified fancies are changed into a still more undignified recoiling sensation, which quickens our steps, and causes us to watch more narrowly all that takes place regarding the stones, dry leaves and sticks and logs that some adventurous woodman had felled across our path, with the vain hope of intercepting our march into the interior.

Here we arrived at last, our destination the old ground where, a few years before, on this very day, all the inhabitants of our village were wont to resort in commemoration of the great event always brought to mind by its return.

Scarcely had we become familiar with the aspect of nature around us, till the drops, that had fallen in few and far-between trios all morning, began to quicken their pace and augment in number, until we had an abridged edition of the deluge. After waiting in vain for a lapse in the war of elements, again behold us in rapidly-moving groups, returning whence we came, with drooping feathers; which fowl insinuation extends not farther than the outward appearance; for braver hearts never beat in soldierly breasts. What cared we for wind and weather? Only insomuch as they changed our base of operation; for pleasure was our aim, and that could be found as well on a certain long piazza, as among the rocks and on the green sward at foot of the mountain.

There are times when things assume so purely practical a form, as to leave neither time nor inclination for fancies. This was surely such a time; for even the leaves, whose fresh, green hues we admired before, were a source of annoyance in our path.

What had become of the natural bowers, the mossy bank and babbling rill? Of the latter, we could catch occasional glimpses, with bubbles formed and floating over its surface, then bursting, and compelling us to confess them very like the fickle, ignis-fatuus-like goddess we were in search of, and had had almost in our grasp. And yet, to the minds of all the party, that homeward walk through the mountains, over the wet, yielding sand, with dripping garments, will ever have a pleasant association. Surely, we enjoyed the rain, when, safely beneath a hospitable roof, we could watch it descending on the grateful earth, and freshening the mountain "livery of green."

Had a stranger been introduced into our circle shortly after the sought-for shelter was gained, several matters of anxious inquiry, suggested by contemplating the garb of all, would be presented: "Have I, by some

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magic, been carried back to July 4th, 1830?" or, "Do the original signers of the Declaration of Independence stand before me?" This would be his inquiry concerning the male portion of the assembly. Turning to those of the ladies not engaged in the laundry, his perplexity would have been increased: "Is it morning, noon or evening? Summer or winter?"

Notwithstanding we were arrayed in borrowed plumage, we were all as merry as birds in the morning; and when two of the four great elements had done their part toward making all again presentable, we took our homeward way, with thankful hearts to that Hand that had kept us from dangers, seen and unseen.

LOOK UPWARD.

They build too low, who build beneath the stars.

Thou didst help me across the brooklet
And over the marshy fen,
All through the tangled thicket,
And up the rocky glen;

But when we came to the torrent
That dash'd and foam'd along,
A stouter heart I needed,
A grasp more firm and strong.

Thou didst lead me through the twilight,
'Mid shadows gaunt and drear,
And with thine arm around me
I felt no doubt nor fear.

But when the grim, deep darkness
Set in on every side,
My faint heart sank within me,
I craved a safer guide.

Thou didst comfort me in seasons
Of sadness, toil, and pain;
But when death stood between us,
I look'd to thee in vain.

In rain, and wind, and tempest,
How constant was thy hold!
But when earth quaked beneath us,
I felt thy touch grow cold.

O strength so dearly trusted,
O clasp of human love,
Frail reed we fondly lean on,
How feeble dost thou prove!

O silence dead, unbroken
By friendship's tenderest tone,
Dark ways that must be trodden,
Dark waters stemmed alone!

A surer faith, unshaken,
The failing heart demands,
A voice from higher regions,
A grasp from unseen hands.

All the Year Round.

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MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred spot beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday, as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it now pains my heart, and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long while, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outwards, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must be stone, not to have melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it? With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, if I live to be one hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water; but I did not do it kindly, and in stead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I couldn't sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my

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clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! she never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I might die and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

THE HOLY MINISTRY AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have elsewhere, in this number, presented some thoughts designed to reprove the somewhat prevalent and growing spirit, which seeks to use Christian ministers, and then turns round to abuse them. We have, also, some thoughts to advance on a somewhat different form of the same evil. We refer to the common and increasing practice of using the names and influence of ministers for the advancement of some secular business, and the subserviency of many in being so used.

Who does not know the tricks of agents—book agents especially—who, in peddling their wares, seek to move into popular favor in the community under the wing of some minister's endorsement. Not only must their prospectus contain the recommendation of some "prominent city clergymen," but the list of subscribers for the work must be headed by the pastors of the churches in the particular town and community where the agent proposes to operate.

The pastor is the first man called upon. If it be a work that he does not directly need, and he pleads his inability even to buy such books as he actually needs, the virtue of a bribe is tried on him! His name is necessary on the list, for the purpose of wheeling his members into the ranks. His name is worth something; because even the widow Smith, who earns her bread by hard daily labor, and who needs all she can make, will feel like not missing the profit that will be afforded her by the possession of a work, for which her beloved pastor has subscribed, and, by his name, has endorsed in the strongest possible manner. If the agent can show her the name of her pastor, he has gained the battle against her poverty. For only a little time does her mind vibrate between her poverty and the prize-book endorsed by her pastor's name. She soon yields to the potent influence of her pastor. She subscribes for a book of no earthly account to her! If poor Mrs. Smith, in the face of her poverty, becomes an easy prey to the agent, how much easier are his conquests in the case of other members, who are less straitened in their means! All this the pastor's name will accomplish. The agent must have it at the head of his list—*da ist's aus und vorbei!*

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Now for the bribe. The agent drops his conversation to a lower key, and subdues his voice into the confidential tone, as if there were some one near who might hear what is now to be said, and then informs the good pastor in effect: "That the publishers of this great work are very pious, and that he is very pious himself, and that they have great sympathy for pastors, that they are aware of the small salaries which ministers, now-a-days, get, and that, from all these considerations, they have agreed to let all ministers have the book at a reduced price, yea, at bare cost, which, after the publishers and the agent both have dropped their profit, puts the book down to only half its regular price!" And then, with a tone of confidence that expects nothing but prompt surrender, the agent winds up with, "*You* shall have the work at half price!" Who can stand against that? Some ministers can, and some cannot. They take the bribe! in fact, sell the use of their name and their influence for half the price of what may be, and, in most cases is, a very indifferent book.

Who can justify such an act to his own conscience? Why is the minister's name so much desired—preferred to other names? It is plainly because it is believed to carry more weight with it. The influence which that name has, from his sacred office and position in the house of God, is dragged about through the street and used for peddling purposes! The minister of God lends himself to secular business agents as an advertising medium and a puffing machine.

Not only for the sale of books are ministers useful, but also for other wares of almost any kind. A minister's name is worth, at least, ten per cent. for the sale of soothing syrup or cough candy. The aborigines of Mexico, when they saw the first Spaniards on horseback, imagined the horse and rider to be one creature, and were surprised overmuch when they saw the rider dismount and walk away, believing that the one terrific animal had divided itself into two! In like manner, do we always see Bronchial Troches and Henry Ward Beecher together. So long have we been accustomed to see this clerical and throat-easing combination in the papers, that if we saw an advertisement of Troches without the name of Henry Ward Beecher, we would be, at once, inclined to regard it as a misprint, and that Troches ought to read Roaches. The name of the eloquent ecclesiastic of Brooklyn, forming thus, "as it were," one of the very elements of the Troches, is, of course, worth considerable to the manufacturer. It is not only an advertising medium with as large a scope of publicity as his own fame covers, but it carries with it all that power of recommendation which belongs to that name. Then, is not Henry Ward Beecher known to be a very fluent speaker, and as he eats Troches before he preaches, of course every speaker who does likewise has some hope of speaking eloquently also. An advertisement with such range of power and influence is not to be despised. Happy is the manufacturing firm which can sweeten its sugar with the savor of such a name. It is said that when one has once secured a reputation, he can go to sleep; but still truer and greater is the fact, that when a Christian minister has won a great name, he can recommend Troches and other sweetmeats with true effect and force.

We have nothing to say for or against Troches. They may be good, or they may be a humbug for all we know or care. We assume that all men, and especially such as are likely to have any irritation of throat from public

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speaking, have some sense. If they think they need Troches, let them buy them, and eat them in peace. Our quarrel is not with the thing itself, or with those who make and buy it, but with that miserable prostitution which those make of the sacred ministerial office, who degrade it into an advertising and puffing medium, causing their names, attached to the common sensation wares, to be hung up in every drug store, and other places of business throughout the land, and paraded in the advertising columns of all kinds of newspapers.

It is the REVEREND attached to the name which gives it force and influence. Did merely John Smith's name appear on the puffing shingle, who would pay any special attention to it? But when the public see that it is the *Rev.* John Smith, *D.D.*, who is the eloquent and far-famed pulpit Apollos of some metropolitan city, the case is far different. We insist, it is the ministerial office that is made the advertising medium; and it is this office which constitutes its superiority to other modes of advertising. This, we earnestly say, is worthy of all reprobation!

Quack dealers in our cities are full of devices. Thus, one mode of advertising is to hire an old loafer, hang around his body a square box, with the advertisement on four sides, and then send him along the streets, crying out at intervals, "He-e-s the greatest discovery of the age!" Even this is found to pay. But what is all this, for effect, as compared with a clerical advertising medium! What is a loafer's influence compared with a clerical city Magnus Apollo? When *he* carries the advertising board on the back of his name, and says, not merely like the loafer, that it is the greatest discovery of the age, but that he has himself tried it, and knows it to be so, then the world will listen. Think of St. Paul's name stuck up, attached to a recommendation of some quack article of merchandise, in the apothecary shops of Corinth, Ephesus and Rome!

But let us come to the richest of all this class of advertisements that has ever met our bodily eyes. We shall give the advertisement in full, as we find it in a number of religious papers in the land. But before we print it, we wish distinctly to say, that we get not a cent for inserting the advertisement, that we know nothing whatever of the "Fragrant Sozodont," that, not having ever cleaned our teeth with it, we have had no occasion whatever of being "convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities," and cannot, therefore, join with "many eminent clergymen and their families, of New York," in giving it our "cordial commendation." All we know about it is, that we once saw a bottle of it on the study mantle of a good brother, and can testify that it has a nicely gilded label on the outside, with the inevitable word "Sozodont" highly illustrated and illuminated. We can also add, that the following brief and abruptly-ended conversation took place between us:

"Oh, here, I see you have the Sozodont. Now, come, tell us its great virtues."

"Well—yes, I thought I would try it."

"Made an investment, eh? Well, how does it turn out?"

"Oh, well, it has a very agreeable flavor. Don't think I shall buy any more."

"A bottle lasts a lifetime, does it?"

Then, as if he wanted to change the subject, abruptly asked a question which had nothing whatever to do with Sozodont! Seeing his embarrassing case, we kindly allowed him to escape.

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Besides, we have seen the Sozodont painted on rocks along the railway, and in other places "too tedious to mention." But never having used it, we are altogether non-committal as to its qualities; and not being an advertising medium, we refrain from recommending it.

We are, however, keeping the reader too long from the advertisement. We shall, therefore, give it at once; and we here charge the printer to print it in the very type of the original, as it appears in the various religious papers:

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

FOR THE TEETH.

Read the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families, of New York City, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and

☞ Give it their cordial commendation: ☜

Rev. THOS. DEWITT, D.D., Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.

Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.

Rev. J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.

Rev. W. F. MORGAN, D.D., Rector St. Thomas' Church, Broadway.

Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D., Pastor of Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.

Rev. SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.

Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.

Rev. B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane St.

Rev. HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.

Rev. W. S. MICKELS, Pastor of Baptist Church, Sixteenth St.

Rev. GEORGE POTTS, D.D., Pastor of Presbyterian Church, University Place.

Rev. E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Forty-second St.

Rev. T. E. VERMILYE, D.D., Pastor of Col. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.

From G. F. J. Colburn, Doctor Dental Surgery, Newark, N. J.

The Popular Dentifrice known as VAN BUSKIRK'S "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!!!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
NEW YORK.

There, you have the whole thing—the Sozodont and the eminent clergy! Whatever of the ridiculous may strike the reader's mind—and we confess that we see that quality in it in a very high degree—he will please not hold us responsible. The eminent clergy are responsible for that themselves. They have won for their names this ludicrous publicity by affix-

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ing them to the advertisement. How it was possible for "Hall & Ruckel" to obtain these names, we confess ourselves unable to divine. Nor do we intend any disrespect to this list of divines. Some of them we have the pleasure of knowing personally, and can bear testimony to their learning and Christian worth; and did we not see it with our own eyes, we could not believe that any of them would allow his name to be used for such a purpose. As ministers and men, we honor them; but as advertisers of cosmetics, we read their names with feelings of sadness and pain.

Who can—can they themselves—after sober reflection, justify such prostitution of the influence of the highest and holiest office on earth? A sound Christian sense must revolt at the sight. If we had no reason for our repugnance, save only a sense of Christian and ministerial propriety, that alone would lead us to condemn it as a high offence to the Christian consciousness of the land. God does not allow his name to be used in vain—that is, for an empty or trivial purpose; and the bandying about of his name in common places, and for common purposes, is the height of wickedness. He does not allow it. Now, unless our own moral sense deceives us, something of the same feeling characterizes every Christian man, and especially a Christian minister. It is inwardly unpleasant to him to see his name used in common public places, and especially for mere secular ends. As it is not according to his taste to have his face seen in any and in all common public places, so he does not wish his name to be made a common sign, to influence customers into shops of trade.

Moreover, they here speak not as men to men, but as officers in Christ's Church they speak to men. They speak with their titles—the titles of their holy office. They speak as pastors of prominent congregations. And of what do they speak to the Church and the world?

1. Of people's teeth.
2. They say that they have used Sozodont on their own teeth.
3. They drag out before public gaze the toilets of "their families," and tell us that they have used it on their teeth.
4. That they have done this "for a long time past."
5. That they "are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities."
6. That "they give it their cordial commendation."
7. They tell us what their office is—Reverends. What their titles are—D.D.'s. Of what churches they are Pastors and Rectors.

All this! And where will you go to find such another combination of solemn and trivial things. Reverends, Doctors, Pastors, Rectors, teeth-cleaning and Sozodont!

Then we have another serious question. What business or calling have ecclesiastical dignitaries with the care of teeth? They are presumptuously intruding their empirical experience into the sphere of another profession. Dentistry is a respectable, distinct, and learned profession. They have studied, in a scientific way, the care of human teeth, and are the proper persons to recommend dentifrice. For one profession to intrude upon another, is a direct and inexcusable violation of professional etiquette, and an encouragement of quackery. What would these Domines think and say, if a number of "eminent" Dentists would combine to recommend to public favor a catechism, or some practical religious book, stating that "they and their families had used it for a long time past, and are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities?" They would say,

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very properly, that these Dentists had travelled out of their sphere, and that a Doctor of Dentistry and a Doctor of Divinity are, by no means, the same thing. That a dental surgeon should know Divinity, is just as supposable as that a Doctor of Divinity should know what is good for cleaning and preserving teeth. Why, then, should an ecclesiastical dignitary undertake to regulate the market of Sozodont? If every cobbler ought to stick to his own last, then why ought not even a Doctor of Divinity be content to doctor in his own sphere of duty?

The more we think of it, the more are we amazed at the indelicacy of the whole business. These good men publish to the whole Church and world that they wash and cleanse their teeth with Sozodont, and that it possesses "invaluable qualities." Their parishioners read, in their church paper, in the morning, before they go to church, that this article is used by their pastor; and now, will they not be curious to observe for themselves, what effect it actually has upon the dental ivory. They will watch for the dental exposure, not to hear the sacred words uttered, but to see the teeth! For the sake of the consistency and reputation of the advertisers, we hope their observing members may find the state of their pastor's teeth to be such as to prove the "invaluable qualities" of the "fragrant Sozodont!"

Now, finally, we once more protest that we mean no disrespect to these "eminent clergymen." If there were nothing else to awe us, it is done by the fact that one of them has been, for some years, dead, and has left the very highest reputation as an author, minister, and Christian man. We cannot but feel how rude and cruel it is to make him, though dead, still speak for the sale of Sozodont. While we honor the reputation of the men, we confess ourselves exercised for the honor of the Church, and the dignity and sacredness of the Christian ministry far more. However strong our words of condemnation, as against this kind of clerical advertising and puffing may seem to be, we would, if we knew how, make them ten thousand times stronger, so as to tell, adequately, how every instinct of our heart, and every judgment of our mind, rises in protest against all such-like prostitution of the high and sacred office of the Christian ministry.

THE WATCHER AT THE GATE.

BY DR. GUTHRIE, OF EDINBURGH.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, mid darkness, storm, and strife;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life:
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land:
O would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

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The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe:
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer won,
How lovingly they'll hail me, when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in:
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure; thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest.

FASHIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

What is a bubble? This you shall know; for we shall duly inform you on the subject. A bubble is a drop of water that has been so transformed, that its inside has all been absorbed by the outside. By this change in its condition, it has become larger, though only apparently so. Its size has been swelled at the expense of its solidity. It has also been beautified; but this is also only apparent. When a solid drop, the rays of the sun shone in it with a chaste, pure, and clear light. Now, that it is expanded into a bubble, the sun's reflection from it is variegated, presenting all the brilliant colors of the rainbow. It is now a gilded thing, but, at the same time, an empty thing.

But we look at our caption, and see that we are writing, not of bubbles, but of fashions. Very well. What if it should appear that we are, after all, not very far from our subject? Perhaps our observations on bubbles, if rightly managed, might still stand as a graceful introduction to an article on the fashions.

Fashions, we would say—if you will permit us to coin a word—are an undue *outwardization*. The extravagances of fashion manifest a too strong outward tendency. As in the formation of a bubble, the solid substance flies toward the periphery, and presents itself in a flimsy, short-lived outward show.

If, now, the reader, gifted with a logical mind, should conclude that such a strong determination toward the outside, must, as in the case of the bubble, necessarily leave the inside empty, it is not for us to resist his inference. Perhaps it may be so. If it be found to be so in fact, it will only be in agreement, not only with the law of bubbles, but also with the laws of many other things. For where there is only a given quantity of substance at hand, the outward cannot possibly be increased without a corresponding loss to the inward.

Another of our readers, still sharper than the one just mentioned, may go yet farther back to the root of the matter, and say that the emptiness of the inward is in order before the expansiveness and show of the outward. What shall we say to this? We are not disposed to argue against him. For if there be not an inward weakness, and consequent want of coherence in the drop, it is hardly possible that its solidity should be

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broken by the outward pressure and tendency so as to form a bubble at all. If this be so, the outward show of extravagant fashion does not merely produce inward emptiness, but, rather, is produced by it. Thus, the outward pressure is the result of the inward absence; and hence, in proportion as there is much on and around the head outside, must there be little inside the head itself. This is the logic of the thing. Whether it accords with facts, must be decided by observation. We shall be on the alert in the way of investigating this subject by means of observation, and our readers may do the same.

One thing seems certain, a full pursuit of the fashions, as they now stand, takes *time* and attention; and whatever of this important stuff of life is devoted to fashion, cannot, in the nature of things, be devoted to any thing else. Time and attention must be lost somewhere. Think of the time it must take to make all these gewgaws, to keep them in trim, to put them on, to exhibit them on the street, to take them off and remove the street-sweepings that have adhered to them! It must be remembered that there are, in every family, a great many other things to do. Most houses have a kitchen, and rooms to sweep, and furniture to keep clean, and a hundred little things to make, to do, to put in order, and to see after every day. True, mother can do a great many of these things herself. But then, an affectionate daughter ought to have at least time enough to cheer her at this daily drudgery, by singing for her that soothing melody, "Who will care for mother now?"

Time? Why, we are informed that there are, in this year of grace, 1866, no less than twenty-five styles of bonnets alone, that are all approved as being in the fashion! To choose one out of this number! What thought—what care—what time—what consultation and deliberation are necessary for this huge decision! What if there should, after all, be a mistake in the selection! Then, when the style has been decided on, there come up other no less serious questions. What material? What color? What ribbons and flowers? What dress to suit the bonnet? All these momentous questions take time. Then—what is most perplexing of all—when the whole troublesome problem has been satisfactorily adjusted, and the milliner has her definite orders, on the very way home, who do you meet but some lady who does not at all belong to the same crust of society, and lo! she has a bonnet on just like the one that has been ordered! The impertinent, pretending, thing? Must *she* have that style of bonnet?—the same as yours! True, perhaps she cannot afford so fine a purchase. But what of that? She has purchased it to her evident satisfaction, and your great mortification.

What is to be done? What else than to go back to the self-same milliner, countermand the order, look over the list of twenty-five styles again, and go through the same round of investigation and choice? And what if the second, and the third, and the fourth choice should meet with the same dreadful misfortune of having been anticipated? Perhaps the mortification would not be great enough to justify suicide, but it is certainly great enough to give you a great amount of trouble, and to absorb a vast deal of time and attention that might be both more usefully and more comfortably applied.

"Much remains" unsaid. The subject is endless, and we may as well stop here as any where else. Now, we protest—do not set us down as an

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old crusty fogy, for what we have said. We admire taste, and even ornament in dress; but we think at present the thing is most magnificently overdone. We think twenty-four styles of bonnets would be quite sufficient, and, therefore, object to twenty-five! To all our ladies, we put in this plea of Irish Pat: "Ladies, be aisy, and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can."

"TAKE MY HAND, FATHER!"

The way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father! take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear, and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father! take my hand,
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

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A BEAUTIFUL ANCIENT LATIN HYMN.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi prœlium certaminis.

TRANSLATED BY NEALE.

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, with completed victory rife,
And above the Cross's trophy, tell the triumph of the strife;
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd, by surrendering of his life.

God, his Maker, sorely grieving that the first-born Adam fell,
When he ate the noxious apple, whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this wood, the ruin of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's art by art would overthrow;
And from thence would bring the medicine whence the venom of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness of the appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left His Father, left His bright and heavenly home,
And proceeded, God Incarnate, of the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the Infant in the manger that in Bethlehem's stable stands;
And His limbs the Virgin Mother doth compose in swaddling bands,
Meetly thus in linen folding of her God the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling, His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, He meets His Passion, for that this He freely willed:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted, where His life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the shame and spitting, vinegar, and nails, and reed;
As His blessed side is opened, water thence and blood proceed:
Earth, and sky, and stars, and ocean, by that flood are cleansed indeed.

Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peers may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron, sweetest weight is hung on thee!

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigor, that thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the King of heavenly beauty on thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy this world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwreck'd race preparing harbor, like the Ark of old:
With the sacred blood anointed from the wounded Lamb that roll'd.

Laud and honor to the Father, laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit, ever Three and ever one:
Consubstantial, co-eternal, while unending ages run.

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NEW BOOKS.

Der Heidelberger Catechismus, &c. This is a new and critical edition of this well-known symbol of the Reformed Church, by Dr. Philip Schaff. He has carefully revised the text, according to his own first edition, from the first original edition of 1563, and accompanied it with critical remarks. For this work Dr. Schaff has had particular advantages, having had opportunity, during his late visit to Germany, to examine a well-preserved copy of the original edition, which is exceedingly rare. He has thus brought to light evidence of the fact, that the famous 80th question was not at all contained in the first edition of the catechism, but that part of it was added in the second edition, at the express command of the Elector, and still another part in the third edition. He has thus corrected the mistake into which many eminent historians of the catechism had fallen, and settled the controversy in regard to it. The work farther contains a fac-simile of the title page of the original of 1563; also, of pp. 12 and 13, containing the first three questions, as well as of p. 55, which shows the 80th question omitted, and that question 81 thus stands there as question 80. More than half the work, which contains 171 pages, is taken up with a history of the catechism, in which Dr. Schaff has presented a vast amount of historical matter in a comparatively small compass, and in a very clear and vigorous style. This little work of Dr. Schaff was first published in 1863, as his contribution to the Tercentenary Jubilee which was held in that year in honor of the catechism. This second edition he has rendered still more valuable by the improvements mentioned.

The Theological Eclectic. A Repertory chiefly of foreign Theological Literature. Bi-monthly. Edited by George E. Day, D. D., Prof. in Yale Theological Seminary. The Associate Editors are Dr. P. Schaff, D. D., (German Reformed,) Dr. H. B. Hacket, (Baptist,) Dr. J. McClintock, (Methodist,) Dr. Henry Green, (Presbyterian Old School,) Dr. C. M. Butler, (Episcopal,) and L. J. Evans, M. A., of Lane Theological Seminary. Published by Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, New York; 94 pages, of the usual size of a Review. The contents of the present number, which is Vol. IV., No. 1, are: I. Romanism and Rationalism, as opposed to Pure Christianity. By John Cairns, D. D., Berwick. II. Systematic Theology as an Inductive Science. From the British Quarterly Review. III. The Citations from the Old Testament, by our Lord and His Apostles. Translated from the Dutch of Dr. Van Osterzee. IV. Isaac Taylor; from the British and Foreign Evangelical Review. V. Strauss's New Life of Christ, in part. By Peter Bayne, from the Fortnightly Review. As a medium for presenting to the American Theological world the ablest articles from Foreign Reviews, this publication possesses value. Of the merits of the articles in particular, we cannot speak until we have time and opportunity for further reading and examination. Terms, $3 a year, n advance.

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

I am not of, or with those who argue and profess to believe, that a woman may not laugh without incurring the charge of vulgarity. Following the rigid rules of conventional blue-lightism, a woman may smile, simper, titter, te-he, and present silliness personified, and maintain her social status as an example of well bred, polite deportment. But let her so far forget or ignore conventional propriety, as to burst forth in a peal of that glad, joyous laughter that God has given as one of her natural attributes, and forsooth, she becomes an outlaw in the judgment of prejudiced prudes and sour cynics.

I do not argue that woman may or ought to be loud, boisterous and Bacchanalian in her laughter, by any means. Loud guffaws, haw-haws, unnatural shrieks and *outre* squeals, are objectionable in men—in women, rude, indelicate and vulgar. But laughter—hearty, honest and natural, is the sweetest music that ever floated out from woman's lips. It comes clear, sparkling and refreshing as the genial rain upon the parched soil. It bursts forth from the very soul, pure, and as welcome as the gushing spring from the way-side rock to the thirsty traveller. How often, in our cares and perplexities, the glad, ringing laugh of woman has put to flight the dusky phantoms that surrounded, the black, lowering clouds that hovered over us, bringing sunshine as if by enchantment, and by its magic charms leading us willing captives, better and happier than we were.

I have wandered something widely over the earth, been afforded more opportunities than the majority have had of reading, studying humanity in many lands, and in all its varying degrees, from the *elite* of the aristocratic "*west ends*," to that condition of barbarism but one step above the brute, and among the women of all nations, civilized or savage, my experience has taught me that those who laugh, honestly, frankly, fearlessly, a ringing, happy woman's laugh, are always the truest, kindest and best women.

IDLENESS.

What an unnatural anomaly in our busy, working world is human idleness. What a wretched pilgrimage it must be to the man or woman, who passes on along life's highway, finding nothing to do, and about them every thing, animate and inanimate, busy—every one, in its way, industrious, fulfilling the designs of the Creator and its own creation. Beasts, birds, and creeping things; the denizens of air, earth and water; in life, every living thing, from the tiny atom to the elephant; in the vegetable kingdom, all things, from the microscopic plant to the giant forest tree, all industrious; birds warble hosannas and songs of praise, flowers joyfully lend their fragrant odors to the atmosphere, bright streams flash in gladness, and, in dashing cascades, unite their silvery voices in the grand hymn to the Creator, great giver of all good; only man, woman, idle. Endowed

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with attributes and capacities almost Divine, wasting weary lives in idleness, the ends and aims of life all lost; for no manor woman can, by any possibility, be an idle Christian. COSMO.

"TO AN INVALID WIFE."

Col. A. J. H. Duganne has written very many beautiful and good things; but never any thing better or more beautiful than the following lines, addressed to his invalid wife:

"Wife of my youth! some quiet wrinkles
Are pencilled on thy forehead fair;
And Time his silver moonlight sprinkles
Amidst thy hair.

And underneath the silken fringes
That tremble o'er thy glances meek,
The flush of health no longer tinges
Thy pallid cheek.

But Oh! for ME the graces cluster,
Wife of my youth! around thee now:
Mine eyes still find the olden lustre
On cheek and brow.

'Tis in the love-light, soft and tender,
That Beauty's nameless charm still lies;
And 'tis the SOUL'S unchanging splendor
That glorifies.

Thus, through the glooms of earthly weather,
Still walking, hand in hand, dear wife,
God grant that we may reach, together,
The Gates of Life!"

WHAT IS LIFE?

I have learned, though but a youthful student in the wonderful science of human existence, that life is not always to be measured by the number of times we have seen the sun rise and set. A lapse of years simply, is not *life*. There are those who leap, at a single bound, into life, and as rapidly out, into eternity. Some live through a long life in a single decade; many men and women carry a burden of threescore years of childhood, all their life long, children, knowing not life.

To mingle in society, crowding, jostling, seeking distinction, fighting for position, battling for fame and wealth, and applause, making ideas merchandise, sleeping, eating, encountering diurnal light and darkness, turning thought to trade account, keeping conventionalities as a convenient handmaid, all this is not *life*. It is but a poor fraction of humanities, unconsciousness half wakened, while the holier sanctities that make life, and it worth our while to live, still slumber till death awakens them. Chalmers most beautifully pictures life in a brief sentence:

"Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of joy that vibrates the heart; the tear which freshens the dry wastes; the music that brings back our childhood's days; the prayer that calls near to us the future; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardships which force us to struggle; the anxiety that awakens us to being. That is *Life*."

MATRIMONIAL GAMBLING.

If fair play were observed in the game of matrimony, *hearts* would, invariably, be the winning cards. But "*knaves*," both sides, "shuffle," and

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"cut" unfairly, "dealing" false "hands," and "diamonds" are almost always sure to win the "game." MADELINE.

SHARKS.

There are several varieties of "Land sharks," so dangerous in society, that if the capacity of our *Kaleidoscope* were sufficient, I should be delighted to give them several turns, showing to the readers of the GUARDIAN such pictures as would induce them to give the scaly fellows, as sailors say, a very wide berth. But just now, salt-water sharks were in my mind; so, if you please, a few words about them.

Many people living always on shore, and some, also, who live a good deal on the water, have very mistaken ideas of sea sharks and their habits. Some imagine that a shark is a shark, and that all sharks are alike. These, and many more, have heard and believe stories of the ravenous fish leaping high out of water, and seizing a victim dangling by a rope half-way up a ship's side. All errors. I saw but one, among the many thousand sharks which I have seen, leap out of water. And he was a monstrous fellow, of the "shovel-nose" society, that we had caught in the South Atlantic, off Martin Vas, disembowelled, cut out his heart, cut off tail and fins, and flung overboard, after having him, perhaps, an hour on deck. The ship was lying becalmed, the water very smooth, and the great mutilated "man-eater" we had pitched overboard, lay quietly five or six fathoms from the ship, and two or three feet below the surface.

We had on deck three other smaller sharks, and having slashed off their tails and fins, and cleaned out all their entrails, sailor fashion, we plunged one overboard to keep his commander company. *Splash*, he went into the water, and in a second, the great fellow shot up, vertically, quite twice his length above the surface, and at each successive plunge of the other sharks, out he came in the same manner. If the shark had an idea as to why he leaped out of water that way, he did not impart it to us, and we had none of our own; neither have I ever had since; but it is the only instance in which I have known a shark to leap out of water.

There are twelve varieties of sharks, the more rare and ferocious being the hammer-head—$\frac{Z}{3}$—*malleus*, which attains the length of fifteen feet, and the basking shark, S. *maximus*, of tropical seas, which frequently attains the length of thirty feet.

FEMALE ATTRACTION.

After all, if lightning is to be believed, women are not nearly so attractive as has generally been supposed. By observation and actual count, it has been ascertained, that nine men are killed by lightning to one woman; and it is known that when a man and woman are walking together and lightning strikes, the man invariably goes down and the woman escapes. The popular opinion has been that women were more attractive.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

From the lately disinterred dwellings by the lake of Zurich, in Switzerland, there have been obtained great quantities of tools of various descriptions, toys, arms and domestic implements, and even a cellar full of preserved fruits, grain, bread and animal flesh, all in a state of carbonization resembling bituminous coal. The tools and utensils are all of flint, and there are many bones of animals, of species extinct before the rise of history. COSMO.

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THE SUM OF HAPPINESS.

Here is a beautiful gem wandering, its paternity lost, so far as I know. Let us all adopt the little orphan, and give him a home in our hearts:

"Just wealth enough to keep away
Of want the direful scene;
Just health enough to gild the day,
And make life's course serene;
Virtue enough to act that part
Which is devoid of sin;
Courage enough to ask the heart,
'Art thou secure within?'"

ISINGLASS.

Some people wonder if the edible isinglass, used in cookery and confections, is the shiny scales we frequently see in soils, and then wonder again how they fix it fit to eat.

Isinglass, for cooking, is made from the *sounds* of the hake, a fish of the codfish family, and often sold as such. The little town of Rockport, Massachusetts, nearly monopolizes the isinglass manufacture, immense quantities being made there during the fall and winter months.

HOPE.

Hope snatched the snowy pinions of the gentle dove, stole the radiant beams of the morning, and flew away over the wide world on his mission of mercy. He alighted at the bedside of the wan sufferer, held forth the emblem of his faith, and instantly the wrinkles of pain, the look of despair vanished, and there beamed in their stead a glad, joyous smile. Hope flew to the house of mourning, kissed the quivering lips, comforted the sorrowing hearts, and taught the bereaved ones to look heavenward for help. Hope laid his downy pinion lightly upon the arm of the desponding wretch, and saved from self-murder; placed his anchor in the path of men and women grown desperate, and held them from dishonor and crime. Hope snatched a feeble infant from out the very clutches of death, laid it gently in a fond mother's arms, whispered *hope!* and flitted on his mission of mercy. So flies hope to-day, the whole earth his field of labor, his avocation to bless and make mankind better.

IMPROMPTU IDEAS.

— The wise sayings of fools, and foolish sayings of wise men, are so nearly balanced, that civic crowns and caps and bells are oddly jumbled up in this world.

— It is recorded in the Bible, that God visited his displeasure upon women who went after and worshipped *false calves*. Punishment may possibly overtake the foolish ones who wear false ones. Better be careful, fellow females.

— *Don't care* has led along the road to ruin ten times more men and women, boys and girls, than despair. I *do* care is the safer motto.

— Modesty hides from observation true worth, just as the foliage screens from the glaring sun the most delicious fruit.

— No one is born into the world to be absolutely idle. There is always work of some kind laid out for us all; only in our idle indifference, too many of us spend one-half our lives in shirking our duties, and the other half in regretting lost opportunities. MADELINE.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVII.—OCTOBER, 1866.—No. 10.

THE TRUE IDEA OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

An Address delivered before the Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall College, on Tuesday evening, July 24th, 1866, in Fulton Hall, Lancaster, Pa., by Rev. Thomas G. Apple, A. M.

This Address, which its author has kindly furnished for the Guardian at our request, discusses one of the most really important questions of the age in regard to education. The difference between the education as comprehending the interests of man, in view both of this world and the next life, is unfolded in so clear and masterly a manner, that no one who earnestly reads can fail to feel the overwhelming force of the argument. The truth herein contained, with its solid Christian savor as over against the low empiricism and utilitarianism of the age, is just what we could desire, above all, that our readers might ponder and lay to heart. Let no one be deterred from reading by the length of the article. It is worth a volume.

Editor of the Guardian.

Fellow Alumni:—

We are assembled on the present occasion to celebrate another anniversary of the Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall College. As in life, the recurrence of every birth-day leads us to turn and look back over the ever-lengthening perspective of the past—back even to the earliest dawn of conscious childhood; so the return of this anniversary calls up many reminiscences of our College days. To each alumnus there are periods and occasions in the history of the College upon which the mind rests with peculiar interest and pleasure. The exercises of the present Commencement carry some of us away from the scenes immediately around us, to the mountain home of Marshall College in its earlier history. We mingle again in the festive throng that congregated, when, with hearts swelling with youthful ambition and honest pride, we stood forth to receive the honors of the baccalaureate. They remind others of similar exercises in the years that are gone, when in this new home of the College, they took

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leave of honored teachers, of class-mates and fellow-students, to go forth and engage in the earnest and solemn work of life. We meet to-day, fellow-alumni, as members of one literary brotherhood, around the altar of our *Alma-mater*, to revive those common attachments which bind us to her and to each other. For a little while it is pleasant,—it is right, thus to live over again that period of life which remains always fresh and green in the recollection of every alumnus.

But the earnest countenances before me, and the earnest work of life from which you have come to join in this festival, remind me that it is something more than mere sentiment and pleasure that has brought us together. We are here not only to revive pleasant reminiscences of our College days, and renew the warm and unselfish attachments of former years; but we are here, also, to manifest our regard for the Institution to which we are indebted for our literary training, and to contribute our part to her future honor and usefulness.

As a theme adapted to the present juncture of affairs in the history of the College, and calculated to enlist anew our interest in her welfare, I propose to discuss briefly—The True Idea of Higher Education.

I. The immediate object of all right education is the normal development of all man's capacities and powers. Of course this implies that the abnormity of his being brought about by sin, as Christians believe, shall be removed, and that he shall be placed in possession of his true spiritual life by being brought into right relation to God. This we assume at this point of our discussion.

In order that his capacities and powers may be developed, it is necessary that they be exercised in the sphere of truth. As the body of man is adapted to the outer, material world, to which it is so closely allied, and needs to be brought into communication with it, to breathe its air, to receive its food, to behold its light, in order to its growth; so there is an inner world of truth to which his intellectual nature is adapted, and into communication with which it must be brought, in order that it may be properly developed. Truth, as the food of man's intellectual nature, the element in which alone it can legitimately act, is brought before him in the circle of sciences in the College course. Commencing with the simple elements of this course, he is conducted onward, step by step, until he has been introduced to the whole field of science, as this lies spread out before him in all its various departments. He learns to know the outer world, with its endless varieties, as a vast, wonderful organism, governed and controlled by immutable laws. He turns in upon himself and investigates the still more wonderful organism of his own being. He traces the history of the race in its languages, institutions, and laws. He passes beyond himself and the world, and investigates the realm of truth in its infinite proportions. As a result of it all, he passes from a state of childhood, and attains to intellectual youth and manhood; and having attained this, he may say his work of irksome study and long-continued toil finds its own exceeding great reward, in what he is and what he knows. Man is the subject and the object in the work of education. He is educated for his own sake, under God, and not for ends and purposes apart from himself; and truth is studied for what it is, rather than for any uses to which it may be subservient apart from itself.

The sculptor is a true artist when he chisels his marble in order to bring out, in fit proportions, his own beautiful ideal. The painter who paints

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and the poet who sings, realize the true end of their work in what they thus produce, and not in any uses beyond, which they may be made to subserve. Let one carve a model, or paint a landscape, or sing his odes, merely for honor or gain, and the true artist at once disappears, the work has lost its true moral character, and divine art takes its flight.

In saying that education has its end in itself, and is not to be regarded as a means merely to some worldly end beyond itself, we are not insensible to, nor would we undervalue, the legitimate uses to which it may be applied. These are as varied as the world on which we live, and the pursuits and occupations of men. We would not take away from science the honors and homage it has fairly won, and rightly receives, on account of what it has done for man's worldly well-being. Neither would we say that it is no commendation of education that it has wrought out the means by which the interests of the world, in its natural forms—of commerce and navigation, business and trade, have been advanced. The printing-press, the mariner's compass, the electric telegraph, are all, in their own sphere, monuments of its importance and value. We say not that education is to be shut up in the classic hall or cloister, and kept aloof from the life and activity of the world, lest it be contaminated by the contact.

But if what we *have* said be granted, it must follow that these are not the ends for the attainment of which it is to be regarded merely as a means. Truth, science, is far more and greater than its worldly uses, and the development of mind is infinitely above the development of a nation's resources. Education is perverted and degraded whenever it is regarded as means merely to some worldly end. Science is brought down to the very dust, when it is dragged from its exalted niche in the temple of truth by the rude grasp of the utilitarian, and made to minister only to sordid self. Yet, who cannot see that it is precisely this theory of utilitarianism, in its lowest and grossest form, that seeks to lay its hand upon the higher education of this country? It is not satisfied with legitimate use, the vast benefit it derives from education, but it seeks to measure its value by these uses and benefits. Science has led to the discovery of continents, has revealed the secret, buried wealth of the earth,—has brought the vast resources of nature under man's control; therefore this is its legitimate end, and its study should point directly to these benefits. Beyond this, it is visionary and empty. Is not this the language of the utilitarian? Does he not seek thus to poison the public mind? Does he not seek to regulate the course of study in our higher institutions of learning, with this object in view? It is doubtless right to establish scientific courses, and polytechnic departments, and agricultural schools. No objection can be urged against these, any more than against the study of a profession or a trade. But when these are considered the legitimate and only end of science, then education loses its true character, and our Colleges and Seminaries of learning are placed on a level with a cotton factory or a rolling mill. Utilitarianism, as a principle in Ethics, is always false; but in this lowest form, where its ends are of a merely worldly character, it is especially dangerous. It closes over man's horizon with clouds, and it would make him believe that there is no clear, blue sky above him,—no heights of space in the immense creation of God, beyond. It reverses the order of man's destiny. Instead of pointing from the lower up to the higher, it makes all that is high and sacred subservient to the lower, and thus works for man's degradation and

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stead of his exaltation Its influence on education is felt in all its departments. It casts a deadly blight over the common education of the land. The higher here continually rules the lower, and when an error of principle has found a place in the higher institutions, it soon works out its bitter fruits in the lower. How generally the course of study in the Common Schools is averaged and measured by its bearing on mere worldly ends—success in making money, or the securement of place and power!

Here then, at the beginning of our discussion, we set aside this erroneous principle. We part the cloudy covering in our spiritual atmosphere, and rise above it, that we may seek the true idea of higher education in a purer sky and a clearer light.

II. But if the study of science in higher education is not to be regarded as means for material ends, but is to be regarded as an end in itself, what is to interpret this end for us? Science is not its own interpreter. In a liberal course of study there must be some process by which the various sciences shall be made to stand in their true relations, and the whole course attain what may be called its self-consciousness. The child that is learning the elements of written language, has little or no conception, as yet, of the meaning or purpose of what it learns. The letters of the alphabet, to it, are no more than Egyptian hieroglyphics. But when these letters are put into syllables and words, and these words into sentences, a new light is shed upon all its study, a new world dawns before it, and it becomes satisfied with the end attained.

In like manner the human mind presses to such a conclusion as shall bring its knowledge into a system of thought, as shall make its elements speak a language in which shall be revealed the meaning of its study. *This is philosophy.* No system of education can be complete without it,—no course of Collegiate study can discharge its weighty responsibility, unless it be able to interpret its own work in such an order or system of thought.

Philosophy generalizes knowledge, and gives us the resultant of the investigations of the human mind. "It symbolizes a nation's culture, and gives us a synopsis of the nation's mind. It mirrors the hidden life of epochs, and reveals its character and meaning. The rich and varied literature of Greece, presents to us the activity and research of the human mind in that age of the world. It is brought down to us in her history and poetry. The student to-day pores over the writings of Xenophon, Herodotus, Homer, and Pindar, to learn her rich and beautiful language, and to commune with her intellectual and spiritual life. But in her Plato and Aristotle, we have presented to us the inner meaning of Grecian civilization, as apprehended by that age."

The sciences present to us the parts of a beautiful temple of knowledge, but it is philosophy that erects these scattered parts into one structure. Philosophy is not limited by national boundaries. It is catholic. It penetrates the common life of the race. It speaks for the brotherhood of man, and expresses his relation to eternal truth.

From this, it must appear that philosophy is not a science among sciences. It is rather, as Aristotle defines it, "The art of arts, and science of sciences." Truth is one and organic in all its departments. The parts can be understood only as we grasp and comprehend the whole. This may be illustrated by reference to a single science. What would we think of

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the teacher who should instruct his pupil in the separate rules or parts of a science, as though they stood, each distinct or separate from the other, without teaching him their organic relation to each other? And just as little does it comport with the true idea of education, to teach the round of the sciences, without uniting them and gathering up their meaning in one general system of truth. The defect in this case is not one of incompleteness, as though philosophy were merely something additional to the course going before, the highest study in the College curriculum. No one science can be understood or properly taught without the light of philosophy.

Hence, we say that no higher institution can discharge its weighty responsibility, unless it is able thus to interpret its own work. Without this, education is a power without any moral end. It is like putting edged tools in the hands of one who has no acquaintance with their use. What part it will contribute in the progress of the world's true interests, must depend upon the passing current in which it may, for the time, be carried along.

But we must go farther than this. Philosophy has to do not only with the course of scientific study comprehended in the College curriculum: it goes beyond the mere College, and takes hold likewise of professional study. This must be so. For, what are medicine, and law, and even theology itself, but sciences?—the last a divine human science indeed, above all others, different in important respects from all others, but still a science. And how can these find their true meaning and moral end—except by being made to stand also in the whole system of truth? What is the study of medicine worth unless its moral character is thus interpreted? Unless it understands its relation to other professions, and to the system of truth as a whole, and the life of the race? And jurisprudence—shall it comprehend only the disentangling of knotty points in law, to settle disputes between neighbors, and bring fees into the attorney's pocket? Has it no relation to the will of God in a more general form? and has it nothing to contribute to the progress of the world's higher spiritual interests? Shall these learned professions sink to the level of mere trades, and become means for material, worldly ends? Wo be to that order or system of education which has no other than an affirmative response to give to these questions. Fearful indeed must be the responsibility of that College, which is unable to follow its students as they leave its halls, and direct them as to the true moral end of their professional studies.

To realize the true idea of higher education it would seem, then, that these various departments should be brought together in the University, as they are in the higher institutions of the old world. This has been aimed at by some institutions in this country. The want of such unity has been felt. But such outward unity does not realize the true idea unless it is animated by a system of thought, a philosophy—which binds all the parts in one. We believe they *should* be brought thus together, and we pray for the day when such an end may be realized in the history of this institution. But whether this is accomplished in form or not, the College is still bound to furnish a philosophy which will follow its students out into the Theological Seminary, the Medical College and the Law School, and hold his professional studies in one general system of thought. It is one of the evidences of the presence and power of philosophic thought in this insti-

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tution, from the beginning of its history, that its students, so far as they have been faithful to their teaching, have thus carried with them into all departments of professional life such a guide, by which to interpret the study and work in which they were called to engage.

But why speak of philosophy in practical, progressive America? While you are dreaming over your categories, she is hastening on to her manifest destiny. Are not her rail-roads, and telegraphs, and cotton-gins of more account for the nation's true interest than your air castles of philosophic thought? Such a question may be boastingly asked by the sciolist and the fanatic, but for the man of thought and sense it can easily be answered. The blind forces of nature, ever guided by mere science, may propel the nation with a fearful rapidity, but whether it rush recklessly to destruction, or move onward to its true destiny, must depend upon something which is able to guide both. Nay, America has her philosophy too. Her educated men, her professional men, her statesmen, must be taken up and controlled by some generalizing system of thought and action. If her higher institutions are silent, they must find it elsewhere, either in their own subsequent investigations, or else in the guidance of some chance leader of public opinion. Whether it prove to be the materialistic philosophy of a Locke, or the shallow infidelity of humanitarianism, will depend mainly on chance. What we need more than all else for the well-being of this nation in all forms of its life, is a sound Christian philosophy. Shall our higher institutions send forth the literary and professional men of the nation, and yet shrink from directing them as to the inner meaning and ultimate end of their responsible work?

The day is indeed not far distant when America will *ask* for a sound philosophy to assist in guiding the spiritual energies and tendencies of its inner life. The deepest questions of human progress—of religion, morals, and law, of political and social life, cannot reach their proper solution by the mere wild play of intellectual, scientific truth. The vessel may roll majestically upon the broad expanse of the ocean, but in order to give proper direction to its course, and enable it thus to reach its destined haven, it needs, above all, compass and helm.

What has philosophy accomplished? As well might an ardent admirer of nature point to the odorous and beautiful blossoms of May, and ask, of what use is the richly laden fruit of autumn? Nay! what has philosophy *not* accomplished in the world's history? If it has not discovered continents, and tamed the wildness of nature,—if it has not levelled forests and built cities, if it has not sent the lightning on its rapid career, and the rolling car over the iron course, if it has not whitened the ocean with spreading sails, yet it has gathered up the intellectual and spiritual life of the ages and shown its relation to a world of truth and life, compared with which these outward things are but as fleeting shadows. It has brought man to a consciousness of himself. It has shown him the true forces of the world; it has revealed to him, through the light of history, and the teachings of conscious nature, the conditions of national greatness, and the elements of all permanent civilization.

III. But we have said that the true idea of higher education requires that it shall present a sound *Christian* philosophy.

It is becoming to be conceded more and more, that man's intellectual development can go forward properly, only as his moral and religious na-

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ture is also devoloped. In his search after truth, man must acknowledge his own ignorance and inability, and listen to the revelation which comes to him in his fallen state from a higher world. Religion and science must come together in the one system of God. In other words, science must be Christianized,—as Christ is the centre of all *truth* as well as life.

This, we say, is coming to be more acknowledged than it used to be. Efforts are being made in some of our higher institutions, to introduce the Christian religion to the study of the sciences, so long held apart. The Bible is being taught now, where once it was a sealed book—so far as any scientific study of its pages is concerned. Even symbols of faith are here and there placed along side the scientific text-book.

But for the most part, these are brought together as strangers for an introduction, to go on afterwards each his own career with little or no communion. Education is not made Christian by such external contact. It is only a union in name, and it rests on no different theory than the one commonly prevailing, that intellectual culture and religion are two separate departments, which may be attended to each in its own sphere separated from the other. Religion is for the Church, and Sunday, and the other world; science, education, is for this world, for week days, and the present order of things. Hence, while men have been ardent and tenacious in their advocacy of the Christian religion—yet they have not felt that these two forms of our common life—our intellectual and moral nature, require an education that shall unite religion and science. We say that this theory may be given up in form while it still remains in fact. It is possible to teach religion every day in a College, and yet hold it apart and separate from science. How, then, shall these two come together organically for truly scientific ends?

I answer, they come together in *Christian philosophy*, and only there for the purposes named.

Philosophy does not create or develop the facts and truths of science. It interprets them by putting them in a system which shall unite them in one. Now, philosophy is just as much bound to receive the light that comes to man from revelation as that which comes to man from science. Nay, more—it must get its true stand-point from the light and truth of that revelation. But as revelation must become subjective for us and for our use—philosophy here finds its true work in bringing all departments of truth now into one system by the higher light thus afforded it. All truth now centres in Jesus Christ, and standing in this relation to Him and a higher world, it assumes a new character. The natural sciences now have a higher character, a deeper meaning than they had before. They not only present facts and principles as abstract truth, to excite our wonder and admiration, or to be used for worldly ends, but they become the symbols of a higher world, parables of the imperishing—the undying. The same may be said of history in all its departments. It is studied or understood from a different stand-point. Its philosophy reveals to the student something more than a passing panorama of men and things, and more than the mere development of the world's natural life. It reads it all from the illumining centre of the Incarnation. Philology, mathematics, art, all are studied from a Christian point of view. There are those who do not, or will not, see this. Is not a proposition in Euclid, or the analyzing of a flower, the same for the Buddhist as for the Christian? But a proposition in Euclid and the analyzing of a flower are only

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links in the sciences of Mathematics and Botany. They become truth properly only as they stand related to the science as a whole, and the science is truth properly, only as it is linked to a general system. If this centres in Christ, the parts must all be Christian. If it centres in Buddha, it is Buddhist. Thus we may say that every part and parcel of science are different in a system of Christian philosophy from what they are in any other system. And thus it must appear that science is not complete and perfect in its own sphere, without the light of the Christian religion. This it is, as we think, which constitutes a system of education truly Christian; and on account of the absence of such Christian philosophy in much of the education of the country, we are compelled to pronounce it infidel.

We might proceed to show now, how a higher education of this character reaches out and exerts its power for good in all departments of human life. For, while Utilitarianism cannot be received as the principle of Ethics, yet it is nevertheless true, that whatever is truly good and great, is also truly useful for the world's highest interests.

Such education will make its power felt in the common education of the land. The lower schools receive their books, their directors, trustees, regents, and teachers from the higher institutions of learning. There is in the government of the school-room, in the general animus of the method and order of teaching, a power, which must work in a Christian or an infidel system.

It will be felt in all the walks of professional life, giving to the learned professions their true moral character. It will be felt in the halls of our Legislatures—our national councils. It will not indeed make men personally Christians, but whether Christians or not, they will be able to know what is for the true moral elevation of the nation. It will reach to the wants of business and trade, and lead men to understand that even these need not necessarily find their only end in the passing hour and in material prosperity. But this is not necessary in view of what has already been said as to the nature of philosophy in general.

We might rest here our statement of the true idea of higher education. But there is one more characteristic which we must notice. While this idea is one and the same in its essential features the world over, yet education must be more or less modified, and take shape and coloring from the character of the mind on which it acts. It cannot be precisely the same for England that it is for Germany, and not the same for Germany that it is for America. So also in this country, mirroring the peculiarities and nationalities of the old world, the animus of a system of education adapted to one section, may not be adapted to another section.

In this State, and to a large extent in this country, are brought together two elements of European life, which confront each other and mingle into one—the English and the German. Coming from the same stock originally, they meet here after their long separation. Their meeting is productive, not of evil, but of good. The Englishman is practical, realistic, empirical. He has power of organization, and presses to realize in actual life whatever may be acknowledged as true and right in his mind. The German is ideal—pursues his investigations more in the inner world of mind, but has no great practical ability. These two come together in one life in America, especially in Pennsylvania.

A system of education which aims at the training of such mind must be itself Anglo-German.

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Education, as Anglo-German, does not mean merely that the English and the German language should come together in the course. A New England Institution may teach German, and its students may learn it, still it remains an English Institution. Latin and Greek are taught in all our Colleges, yet this does not interfere with their being of a purely English type.

Anglo-German education could not well perpetuate itself without the German language. Its literature should be preserved and studied. Its poetry is worthy of a place alongside the greatest and best the world has ever produced. But the union of the two is effected more fully in the order of thought which prevails in the institution, or perhaps we might say, its general life—something deeper than language or thought. Any other system can never meet the real and true wants of Pennsylvania, so far as it is an Anglo-German state.

True, education is catholic; it tends to set free from national differences and bring all in one. But in its progress to this end—these differences cannot be ignored.

It would seem as though Providence designed such union of different elements in this New World in order that man here might reach the highest development. In a materialistic, practical age, in a new country—most strongly tempted by the great necessity for developing its immense resources, to give itself over to material prosperity—*to* mammonism, Germany sends us her spiritual, ideal philosophy—her truly wonderful researches in the inner world of mind. They are like the voices of our own inner nature. They call us away from materialistic thoughts, and direct our minds to the unseen and eternal.

These two orders of life have been compared to the Grecian and the Roman. The German, like the Grecian, is noted for "its depth, its inwardness, the freedom and accuracy of its scientific research, its comprehensiveness of ideas, its richness of imagination, and its warm, hearty freshness. The Englishman, like the Roman, expands his territories, extends his dominions, carries every where the power of law, the faculty of organization, and excels in all the useful arts. But by his one-sided practical constitution he is continually exposed to the disease of utilitarianism and materialism. He is disposed to undervalue science and art, as such, and sink them into mere means for particular ends."* Thus writes substantially an eminent German scholar, who is intimately acquainted with English and American life. The thought is not new, but we believe it is true; and if the German interest in this country is not to fail at last in making its proper impression upon the civilization and culture of this nation, and be utterly lost, it must wake up to it, and act upon it with a vigor and a liberality that will comport with the same on the side of the English life around it. Let the German interest of the great State of Pennsylvania remain asleep awhile longer, indifferent to the cause of higher education, and it will wake up at last to find that its precious legacy from the Fatherland is forever gone.

But we still hope for better things from the Anglo-German life of America. We still hope to see in the midst of our growing wealth and prosperity, in some garden spot of Pennsylvania, where the freshness and luxuriance of nature smile on all man's labors, an institution rising

* Dr. P. Schaff's Anglo-German Nationality.

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which shall not be altogether unworthy the noble Universities of the Fatherland.

I have sketched very briefly my conception of the true idea of higher education.

I believe these outlines will be recognized, by every one acquainted with this institution, as containing the main features of that idea of education which it has aimed to realize.

From the very beginning of its history, the work in which it was called to engage was regarded as a work of the very highest order. It has always spurned with indignation that utilitarian theory of education, which would make it a means merely to some earthly end. And this, because it has had a philosophy which interpreted its high and noble work. That philosophy teaches what *man is*, in the exalted character of his being. It holds up truth as the object of study and research—truth for its own sake. It interprets the meaning of all the sciences taught in the institution. It reaches beyond the College studies in its influence. The graduates of this institution have found its great principles able to interpret to them the ethical character of the learned professions. They have been able to apply it to questions of national and social life. It has been a constant light by which to read the history of the race, and it has pointed them forward and upward to man's true destiny in a world of truth and life above this present world.

Its philosophy has been truly Christian. By this we mean not merely that this institution has taught to its students the facts and truths of revelation. This is done to some extent elsewhere; but it has introduced the power and light of these facts and truths into the order of human thought, and thus shown their bearing on truth in all other forms. It reverently bows before the divine-human Teacher of the world, and owns Him as the absolute Truth as well as the absolute Life.

It has fairly won for itself the character of an Anglo-German institution. It has not imported wholesale systems of German philosophy for its use, as in other days it was wont to be falsely charged, but it has received the ripened fruits of German thought as a rich inheritance for its use. Called to labor in the sacred cause of education under the auspices of a Church of German origin, and in a State in which the German so largely prevails, it was not ashamed to respect and honor German language, literature and life, at a time when, through ignorance, these were in low repute on this side the ocean.

Such we believe to be the main features of that idea of education which Franklin Marshall College seeks to realize. It needs hardly be said that it is an idea which does not fall in with the reigning current of thought in this country. It seeks to put a check upon the materialistic tendencies of the age. It points to a world of truth and love above the natural and visible. It seeks man's highest interests, his true destiny, not in material prosperity or worldly glory.

Yet it is not difficult to see, that it is one of the real wants of the age, and this want looms up in earnest minds, and seeks to find expression. The youthful, utilitarian age of this nation may be expected to pass away. Its material progress has already laid a broad basis for a noble superstructure. But in this superstructure something more precious than silver and gold will be required. The true ethical meaning and end of the

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nation's life must be sought and found, or else the final issue must realize the fulfilment of the words of the English poet—:

> There is a moral of all human tales;
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
> First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.

The idea we have endeavored to unfold contemplates something more than the interest merely of a College. *It looks to the whole higher educational interests of that religious body under whose guardianship mainly this institution is carried forward. It would concentrate these in one*, so that as we have one philosophy—which sits a royal queen among the sciences,—we may have one institution in which the true idea shall be fully realized.

The question addresses itself with solemn meaning to every alumnus, to the Trustees, to the German Reformed Church, to this community, to the friends of this idea of education every where. Shall it be realized? If not—the noble history of Marshall College and Franklin and Marshall College, a history to which we may refer with manly pride—will still remain as a voice of earnest prophecy to the passing age—a voice which we believe will yet be heard and heeded. If it shall be realized, as we would fain believe it will, then we may continue to look with increasing pleasure and pride upon an institution whose power and influence shall go down, ever widening, ever deepening, in the ages—the golden ages—of future life and peace for the world.

BEAR FORWARD THE KING'S BANNER.

"Vexilla regis prodeunt," &c.

The Royal Banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth with mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side;
To wash us in the precious flood,
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect, upon whose faithful breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey!

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A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Events occur here, and those which are in themselves altogether insignificant and unimportant, but which, nevertheless, move us powerfully when we reflect upon them in their connection with other events. Very impressively do they point upwards, where the fatherly faithfulness of God ever wonderfully provides and cares for every one of His children. Such an event took place in Hamburg in the year 1833.

A young man had prepared himself for a journey to America, and with industry and perseverance, saved as much money as would pay his passage, and enable him to set up a small business in his new home. In the harbor lay a merchant vessel, which was only yet waiting for favorable winds in order to set sail. The ship bore the beautiful name, "Good Hope."

When he had now put himself in full readiness for the voyage, he went to the captain of the ship, secured his passage, and paid his fare.

Now, there is a custom that ships about to sail, give notice of their departure by the discharge of a cannon, which is at intervals repeated three times—the last being the signal for actual sail. He must be deaf, who fails to hear so distinct and loud a call. But now, the captain had said to the young man that he need not be on board before five o'clock in the afternoon, as there was yet enough to be done on board to consume that time before he was ready to set sail.

His friends and acquaintances, from whom he had already taken final leave, the young man did not wish to visit again. In order to fill up the time, he wished rather once more to visit the surroundings of the city, where he had spent so many pleasant hours as a boy.

On the site of the ancient fortifications of the city of Hamburg, there are now beautiful parks and pleasure gardens. One of the most attractive of these is the so-called STINTFANG. This, at the same time, lies on such an elevated site, that it commands a full view of the large city, together with the river Elbe, with its shipping. Thither the young man repairs, seats himself on a stone bench, and looks with tender sadness upon the scene before him. Is he not about to part from all this, perhaps forever? He thinks of his father and mother, who are resting in the grave, of brothers and sisters, who also have, for a long time, been sleeping in God's acre, and his cheeks become wet with tears. He lifts his eyes to the silent heavens, and offers up a devout and hearty prayer.

Just as he says Amen, he hears the first signal report of the cannon from the ship. He rises, and descends with hasty steps from this elevated site. As he passes along, he casts his eyes upon the green grass by the side of his path, and sees—A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. He smiles and

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thinks of the years of his childhood, when he ever believed that the discovery of this kind of clover leaves must bring good success. The thought enters his mind of plucking the rare clover, and to lay it into his pocket-book, as a remembrancer of the last hour spent in his childhood home.

But now, there exists in Hamburg an ordinance that whoever plucks even the smallest blade of grass in the public pleasure gardens, is at once to be arrested, and brought before the Police Court, where he is compelled to pay a fine. Notwithstanding, the young man, forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts and feelings, stoops down, plucks the four-leaved clover, and lays it into his pocket-book.

Just as he was about replacing his purse, a sentinel near by called out, "Halt!" Then suddenly the young man's spirit sunk within him, for he knew that the city soldiers stood firmly upon their duty. As he knew what the fine was, he took out his purse and offered to the soldier the amount of the fine.

"Here is my fine," he said. "Understand, I did not intend to injure any thing; in half an hour I sail for America, and I only wished to take with me this four-leaved clover as a memorial of the hour of my departure."

"What you wished to do with it is nothing to me," said the sentinel. "And the money it is not my business to receive. This you will pay at the Head-quarters of the Police."

"Then be good enough to take me to the place," begged the young man.

"That I cannot and dare not do," replied the sentinel. You must wait till I am relieved!"

Full of anxiety, the young man answered: "Then I will miss my ship! And I have already paid my fare. Have consideration for me, good man."

"Here, all consideration is out of the question," replied the sentinel. "I know only my duty, and cannot help you. As you know so well the law, and are familiar with the penalty to the penny, you should have left the clover leaf in its place. But as you have not done this, you must now accommodate yourself to all its consequences."

Now, then, there was nothing to be done but to await the relief of the sentinel. The young man stood as on coals of fire. The clock struck a quarter of five, and the second signal gun thundered from the harbor! but the relieving sentinel did not yet come.

The young man felt himself in a very sad predicament. Did the ship sail without him, he could sail after it to Kur-Haven, but that would cost him much money. If, then, the ship had left that port, the fare he had paid would be altogether lost.

At length the relieving sentinel came. He followed the retiring sentinel to the distant Head-quarters of the City Police. Just as he reached the door, the third and last signal gun thundered from the ship. He rushed in before his judges, hastily related his case, and begged imploringly that they should take his fine, that he might still reach the ship. This was also done, and then he started with the utmost haste, by the nearest way, towards the harbor. But it was now a great distance; and when at last he reached it, no trace of the ship was any more to be seen. There was now nothing left for him to do but take a skiff, and follow to the next port, without counting expenses. He hastens to Altona; but the "Good

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Hope" has long since passed. He makes for Blankenese; but here also he is too late. Then he strikes out for Kur-Haven. But the wind had become every moment stronger; the ship had passed by under full sails, and night sunk down over land and sea. Thus all "Good Hope" was gone!

Bitter tears rolled over the cheeks of the young man. His beautiful prospects were blighted—the precious opportunity was lost. The stormy days, which make voyaging in spring and fall so dangerous, drew ever nearer. His fare-money was gone, and to it were added the fine and the extra expenses to Kur-Haven, and, to make matters still worse, he has now the dreary prospect of spending the remainder of his money in Hamburg, while he awaits the departure of another ship. And the four-leaved clover is the cause of all this trouble. So he thought, and yet he himself was responsible for it all. Discouraged and sad, he returned to Hamburg.

Still, after only three days of delay, an opportunity of departing presented itself. Another merchant ship was preparing to sail. The young man at once secured a passage, removed his baggage promptly to the ship, and told the captain how sadly he had fared before. The captain, who was a piously-inclined man, said to him: "Who knows what good there may be in your apparently ill success? God's ways are not as the ways of men. But a good advice I will give you: remain now on the ship, and do not leave it again."

This seemed to the young man to be actually good counsel, and he accordingly followed it.

At length came the time appointed for the departure of the ship. The sails were set, the cannon gave a farewell greeting to the city, which lay before them in the glory of the setting sun, and gayly the ship rode out toward the open sea. As long as the lingering light of day continued, our young voyager remained on deck, observing the sailors at their work. But when night had set in, and supper was over, he commended himself in prayer to the protection of God, and sunk peacefully to rest.

The next morning, when he came out on deck, the sea lay around him, made golden by the rays of the early sun, and the last vestige of land had already vanished from view. The ship-bell called to breakfast. After it was over, the captain drew forth from his pocket a package of newspapers, which he had yet secured the day before, just as he was ready to sail.

Suddenly he pauses, and exclaims: "Yes, God's ways are wonderful!" Then he goes to the young man, who contemplates him with great curiosity and surprise, hands him a newspaper, points with his finger to a paragraph, and says: "There, read!"

And the young man read: "A ship, which has just arrived, brings the sad intelligence that the merchant ship 'Good Hope,' in the storm of last night was overwhelmed, and has perished. It sunk with mice and men, and not a soul was saved from a watery grave!"

When the young man had read the sad item, he became as white as a sheet. His eyes filled with tears, and he folded his hands in a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God.

After a little while the captain asked him, "Have you still the FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER?"

"Yes," was the reply.

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"Well," said the noble captain, solemnly, "then preserve it as you would a diamond. Look upon it often, that by it you may be reminded that God often brings our own plans to naught, in order to deliver us from harm and danger—and that, very often, what we look upon as our great misfortune, is really the means of a greater good. Have God always before your eyes, and learn to bend yourself, humbly and trustingly, to His guiding hand. His wonderful ways are always good, and often best just when we least understand or comprehend them."

'S MÄHE MIT DER DEUTSCHE SENS.

In *uns're* Zeit geht's Mähe guth—
Mer used die Gäul,
Do gehts in Eil—
'S kost net viel Müh, un net viel Muth.
Mer macht sich's leicht, un heszt sich "schmert"
So sin die Leut
In "*uns're*" Zeit—
"Was net viel kost, is *recht viel* werth!"
'S war *net so leicht*, in *alter* Zeit—
Was hot mer g'schwitzt,
Un sich verhitzt!—
Wer's recht versucht, der wesz noch Heut!
Un *doch* war's Fun—Die *very chance*—
Hot mer sich g'sucht,
Un net gerugt—
Zu mache mit der deutsche Sens.

Wie endlich 'mol der Dag is kumme,
Der längst schun war bestimmt;
Hot Jedes *frueh* sei Sens genumme
Un—"first rate abgetrimmt":
Klop, klop, klop!
Hinner em Haus—uf me jede Block—
Klop, klop, klop!
Uf e' me schmahle, odder me brehde Stock.
Was war's en Geklepper—
'N Gespautz—un en Geschnebber—
'N Gewenn—un en Gedreh—
Mit der Hand, un mit de Beh!
Klop, klop, klop!
Jehdi deutsch Sens, dengelt mer sich 'raus—
Klop, klop, klop!
Forne vom Spitze, bis ganz hinne 'naus.
Dann is mer rei in's Haus, zum Esse—
En Jedes hot gelacht;—
"Now, Helft euch selwer!"—hot's gehese—
Un, so hot mer's gemacht.

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Rüstig ziegt mer dann an's Feld—
Jeder weiszt sich wie en Held:
Henkt der Jacket uf,
Strippt die Aermel nuf—
Sie wählen all ihr Plätz
Mit Hörner an de Lätz—
Mit Wasser un mit Stee—
Was guckt doch *des* so schö!
To whit, to what!—
To whit, to what, to whate—
"Macht's just first rate"—
To whit, to what—
"Guth gewetzt, is halb gemäht."

Guck! Die Sunn kummt ah herbei—
Schönner könnts jo gar net sei!—
Frischi—klohri Luft,
Bähm und Grasz voll Duftl—
In so 're schöne Zeit,
Werd ehm sei Herz recht weit—
Die arme städtler Leut,
Die wisse nix von Freut—
Schwenkt euer Sense,
Un loszt sie glänze!
"To whit, to what," &c.

Der fetterst Mäher nemmt sei Sens;
Hebt sie hoch, un jumpt die Fens;
Hackt 'mol ei, un meht sich ah—
An're sin—*dicht* hinne drah!
Sense rausche,
Mäuscher lausche,
Hummle brumme!
"Losz sie kumme."
Hackt nidder aus, un nidder ei—
Streckt euer Aerm un loszt euch nei—
'S *Maehe* musz gelernnt sei!

Des is gewisz en schöni Rei
Männer—Buwe, sin derbei—
Jeder frisch—mit guter Brust—
Halte Streech—des is en Lust:
Hie un widder,
Uf un nidder,
Jeder wehrt sich,
Schwenkt un kehrt sich!
"Hackt nidder aus, un nidder ei"—&c.

Guck just! Wie sinn mer so vergnügt;
Jedem schmunzelt sei Gesicht!
Still un ruhig geht's do hie—
Des gebt Fuhder far das Vieh:—
Tausend Helmcher,
Blumme Kelch'er—
Zart un säftig,
Süsz un kräftig.
"Hackt nidder aus, un nidder ei"—&c

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Halt now 'mol ah, un guckt zurück—
Des, war schun en guthi Lick!
Wetz emol, un schnauft derbei—
Wetze—sell musz öfters sei:
To whit, to what!
To whit, to what, to whate—
"Ehr machts—*first rate!*"
To whit, to what—
"*Guth gewetzt, is halb gemaeht.*"

E. K.

GAMING.

To the gay and the idle, the useful occupations of life are insipid and irksome; while, for want of some employment to engage their attention, time passes heavily away. To alleviate these feelings, many plans have been devised, which, under the delusive pretext of innocently filling up their vacant hours, are, in fact, the means of squandering this invaluable treasure. Among those which, in this specious character, impose upon the young and unwary, few are more lamentably successful, or more certainly pernicious in their tendency, than Gaming. To say the least of this practice, even when pursued only for pleasure, and in private parties, it is a childish and irrational employment, which occasions a prodigal waste of time.

Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company, observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. "My lord," said Locke, "I am endeavoring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for having waited with impatience for the honor of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect, and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to their characters.

"I think it very wonderful," says Addison, "to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures."

There is, however, something so fascinating, both in the thing itself, and in the company and scenes which it leads into, that it is calculated to engage the affections in an immoderate degree. Hence, we find that those who addict themselves to this dangerous amusement, generally acquire for

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it a fondness amounting almost to infatuation. This infatuation, heightened by "the love of money, which is the root of all evil," and which is excited in a remarkable degree by this diversion, opens a wide door, and presents powerful incitements to the destructive habit of *gambling for money;* and thus, what was at first resorted to merely for amusement, may soon become the primary business of life. The example to young persons is exceedingly pernicious; for those who have been familiar with cards or other kinds of play at home, and have there witnessed their fascinating effects, sanctioned by the example and approbation of their parents, will not easily be restrained from resorting to the public gaming table, which is almost always the scene of riot and *drunkenness.*

How many of those miserable beings who crowd our penitentiaries, and furnish the awful spectacle of public executions, date the commencement of their wicked and unhappy career from the period when they first sat down as partners at the gaming table! It has proved the irretrievable ruin of thousands, who, betrayed by its allurements, have gone on from staking small sums, to larger ventures, until at last they have hazarded and lost their whole estates, and involved themselves and their innocent families in the most abject wretchedness. Oppressed by poverty and pinching want, stung with remorse at the recollection of the comforts they once possessed, and which their folly and madness have torn from them, deluded by the vain hope of some auspicious change, they resort to means more avowedly dishonest to retrieve their circumstances, and furnish them with money once more to "*try their luck;*" but again and again they are disappointed, till driven to desperation, they fly to drunkenness, debauchery, or self-murder, to drown the reproaches of a guilty conscience. Thus, many an unoffending and helpless family have been reduced to beggary, while none are really enriched by the practice; for we challenge its advocates to produce a solitary instance of the useful and proper application of wealth thus fraudulently obtained; on the other hand, numerous examples are presented where it has been lavished in the most debasing excesses. In consonance with these evils, it fosters the growth of all those fierce and malevolent passions which corrupt and degrade the human mind. Anger, deceit and dishonesty, intemperance and blasphemy, distressing anxiety of mind, neglect of business, abject poverty, theft and suicide, may be ranked among its dreadful consequences.

The pernicious consequences of play have been frequently described in the strongest terms, and illustrated by the most striking examples. Seldom, however, have they been presented on so large a scale as in the late account of the fate of *a great body of gamesters* at Hamburg, which an intelligent spectator has published in a German gazette, as the result of his attentive examination during a period of two years. Of *six hundred individuals*, who were in the habit of frequenting gaming-houses, he states that *nearly one-half* not only lost considerable sums, but were finally stripped of all means of subsistence, and ended their days by self-murder. Of the rest, not less than a hundred finished their career by becoming swindlers or robbers on the highway. The remnant of this unfortunate group perished, some by apoplexy, but the greater part by chagrin and despair. An awful instance which recently occurred was related to us by an eye-witness: A youth, under nineteen years of age, of the most respectable connections, after having by gambling lost his estate, amounting to

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many thousands of dollars, and indulged in those excesses which usually attend it, rose from the table, drew a pair of pistols from his pocket, and to drown the horror and anguish of his mind, deliberately put an end to his existence by shooting himself through the head. Can any man, then, who is sensible of the awful responsibility which rests upon him as a parent, and a disciple of Christ, countenance an evil so enormous and so dreadful in its effects, even by permitting its introduction into his family as an amusement or pastime? Or can an employment which produces such painful excitement and wild disorder in the passions, and so wholly absorbs the attention, deserve the name of relaxation or entertainment? Did we diligently discharge our social and religious duties, and conscientiously fill up our stations in the world, we should be so occupied in following the example of our Divine Master, who "went about doing good to all," that we should find no time to prostitute to such baneful purposes.—*From a Tract published by the Society of Friends.*

JOHN ANDRE.

BY I. D.

"'Tis not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now.
* * * * *
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death."

The American Revolution gave rise to some very affecting scenes. One—known to every school-boy and touching to every heart—is that of the unfortunate Andre. The circumstances connected with it are well known: captured at Tarrytown, N. Y., tried by a board of war, and found guilty, he was hanged at Tappan, in October, 1780. There is something in the circumstances attending his life and death, which we cannot analyze; we do not feel toward him as if he had been our enemy; we all love him, have unfeigned sympathy for his fate, and in his conduct while a prisoner, in his youth, intelligence, manly bearing and private relations, forget that he was a British spy. There is no event of the entire Revolutionary period more deeply affecting than this. It produced a profound sensation at the time. While, on the one hand, we believe he ought to have been hanged, on the other hand there is no one who has not a tear of deep sympathy for him. There were circumstances attending the event of the most interesting character, of a private as well as public nature. By his bravery, intelligence, and fidelity, he had gained the confidence of his commander, had won the good-will of his countrymen, and enjoyed the

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fairest prospect of a special promotion; he had left his betrothed in England, who, with his kindred, were anxiously awaiting the news of his promotion, when, sad to tell! he fell by the unholy hand of Arnold. There were, however, also circumstances of a public nature which greatly affect the event: immediately, after finding himself in the hands of the American officers, he made a full, frank, voluntary confession of all that had transpired, telling how he had been deceived, and, no doubt, confidently hoping that a knowledge of his true character and mission might, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, weigh in his favor. The board of war deliberated long and earnestly before rendering their verdict, and mean while, in a private way, even endeavored to effect the exchange of Andre for Arnold, so much were they influenced by the touching peculiarities and redeeming features of the case. All, however, was in vain. He was found guilty of espionage; Washington, with trembling hand and bleeding heart, signed the death warrant, and Major John Andre was hanged.

There was something very interesting about the young man. In his few days of intercourse with our officers, he completely gained their sympathy, and probably would never have been hanged, but for certain considerations which made it almost imperatively necessary, and which seem worthy of mention in this connection: first, it was at a time when an example of firmness and decision was necessary to gain us proper position before the country, especially since the late treason, which, unless signally dealt with, might have developed itself still further in other parts of the army; secondly, our men had not forgotten the death of brave Nathan Hale, in 1776; captured on British ground and condemned as a spy, he was immediately hanged, without even being allowed the consolations of a Bible or priest, to prepare his soldier heart for death; he, too, was young, had expectations, and by his bravery had endeared himself to his army; our men could not forget the manner of his death; and when it was now necessary for them to deal with Andre as a spy, they found him guilty.

During the pending of his trial, it is said, he bore up with most surprising fortitude, never betraying the least fear, always conversing in cheerful tone, and no doubt confidently expecting that the peculiar circumstances of his case would so far counterbalance the usage of nations as at least to save his life. When, however, he learned his fate, he tried to feel reconciled, making the simple request that his death might not be on the gallows, but suited to the feelings of a man of honor—death by the rifle. His request was considered, but not granted.

Tappan lies about twenty-five miles above New York, about two miles inland from the western bank of the Hudson. It is a small village, a quiet place, snugly planted in a pleasant region, and not noted otherwise than as the scene of Andre's execution. In it is the house in which the unfortunate man was confined. It still bears its old name, "The Seventy-six Stone House," and is used for a hotel. It is a low stone building, very old, yet respectable-looking. The room which Andre occupied, with an adjoining room, have been thrown into a ball-room. How must he have felt, as he paced his lonely course around its bare walls, in prospect of such a death, at such a time, and in such circumstances!

About half a mile back, on a hill in an orchard, is the spot where he was executed. Some years ago, the place was marked by a stone, put there by some gentleman in New York, but the stone is now gone, having

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been broken and put along the half-stone fence near by. The place is now known only by tradition, and marked by only the rudely-carved initials of visitors on the boards of the fence.

Oh, what feelings come over you, standing there and contemplating the scene that transpired just eighty-six years ago! A martial group is the centre of attraction; brave, earnest men stand around; that young man in British regimentals on the death-cart, is a spy; his time is very short; he takes his last look over the beautiful earth; thinks of his mother and his betrothed; he says a soldier's prayer and a soldier's farewell, bandages his eyes, and——look! he struggles in death.

All is over! no, not all; those strong men are moved to tears, honest tears for that brave young man! All is not over; he yet lives in our hearts and memories, yet awakens our tenderest sympathy. He was buried on the spot of execution, where he lay until 1821, when his remains were exhumed, removed to England, and re-interred in Westminster Abbey.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England:

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—
Some vague impression of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past or present care,
Or any thing beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

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EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY THEODORE D. FISHER.

Deep and abiding are the first impressions on the youthful mind. When we look back, through the dim vista of the past, although our whole former life stands forth to us as one short fitful night's dream, we find inscribed in memory's tablet, in clear and well delineated characters, thoughts and feelings which in early years were of momentous interest to us. These can never be wiped out. The full-grown man may engage in active, unremitting labor; he may roam through distant lands, and sojourn in foreign climes, occupying every moment with business;—but there will be moments when the early impressions of his childhood will rise up distinctly before him, and demand of him a thought also on them. They will *not* lie unheeded and utterly forgotten forever. But often when he is most actively employed, deeply involved in business, or intently seeking pleasure, the impressions of his childhood will thrust themselves forward to his attention, forcing their way through the accumulated thoughts of many years. No one can forget them. But who would, even though he could? Could any one be so base as to disregard or entirely conceal from thought the impressions made on his youthful mind by a mother's counsel —a mother's tears! Has he been taught to kneel by a mother's side and breathe to Heaven the simple but fervent prayer, and would he in a few years basely turn away and remain forever utterly unaffected by a thought of his childhood? Has he been blessed with the early companionship of an affectionate sister, now gently chiding him in his childish wrath, or kissing from his soft, warm cheek the tear of grief, now gayly uniting with him in childish sport, and would he in a few years be so unkind to himself, and so unkind to her, as to shut out from his soul every warm emotion which fond memory may excite in him?

But such recollections cannot be suppressed,—such impressions cannot be erased. There is no land so distant, but a gentle breath of air coming from the home of his childhood will rekindle in his breast the least spark of affection for it which may slumber there, and fan it into a brilliant flame. No life so long, but memory will love to revert to the pleasures and associations of childhood.

"The schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

No man is so depraved, so deeply steeped in crime, so utterly lost to every thought of the good and the true, but that at some time his heart will warm and his eyes moisten with tears, when suddenly the ineffaceable impressions of youth will rise up before him.

How often the criminal, condemned to close confinement in his lonely cell, will look back over his past life with deep regret and self-condemnation, and bring back to his heart the "dream of happier days." His repining lot will recall to his sorrowing mind a sister's love unrequited—a

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father's counsel unheeded—a mother's tears ridiculed! Burning thoughts will arise unbidden, and no effort can repress them, no tears quench them.

If then the first impressions of youth cling to memory with such abiding firmness, if distance cannot remove them, if time cannot obliterate them, if depravity cannot erase them, how important that the associations surrounding the young should be of the most favorable character! How watchful should be the eye of the parent! More delicate than the tender plant which requires every care and attention, a warm temperature, and sufficient nourishment to assist in a healthful and flourishing growth; the youthful mind demands unremitting care in training.

But although the mind of the child be properly educated—although a pious mother direct his early footsteps in the path of duty—duty to himself, to his parents, and to his God,—he may, nevertheless, afterwards be tempted, and at length be prevailed upon to turn aside from this path, and find pleasure in the company of the wicked.

> "Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen,
> But seen *too* oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

How many of the inmates of our prisons made small beginnings in their course in crime! One, when a child, beheld with delight the sweet meats in the shop window. He desired some. But he was taught the wickedness of sin. He was taught never to take what belonged to another without permission. But he was tempted—he yielded! With trembling hand and aching heart he grasps it. He feels uneasy, and loses all desire for the sweet-meats. This feeling, however, soon wears away. He is tempted again, and, unchecked, he proceeds from one crime to another, each surpassing the other in guilt, until in the bold, remorseless transgressor, no one could recognize him, who, with trembling hand and suffocating heart, made his first essay in crime at the shop window. But his course could not be continued with impunity. He is imprisoned—and in his imprisonment, there are moments when his mind involuntarily runs back over his past life, and calls up the hours of his childhood, a parent's earnest counsel, a sister's love. Such thoughts he cannot resist, and if he yields to them, and compares his former with his present life, in his misery he must resolve to change his course. Early impressions are never lost.

"Come,"—I verily think there is not a sweeter word in the Bible, than the word "come." I am sure that when it fell from the lips of Jesus, when the Spirit and the Bride uttered it, when it was echoed by the tongues of apostles and saints, and, in all these cases, was addressed to the weary and heavy-laden—to those who were athirst with spiritual needs—it was so full of grace and truth that it could not be exceeded in preciousness by any word from human speech. And this word "come" is the keynote of the Gospel. "Come," with whatever thirst you faint; "come and take the water of life freely."

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SIN UPON SIN.

BY I. D.

Have you ever noticed how seldom one sin stands alone? What a tendency there is for several sins to hang together! And yet not in a loose, disjointed and arbitrary way; but they grow out one of another like the roots and branches of a plant.

You may call this the multiplying power of sin. A child does what is wrong; then tells a lie to hide the wrong, and so perhaps commits a long series of sins in order to screen himself from detection. Covetousness will lead a man to robbery; robbery may end in murder; this will produce bribery, perjury and false-witnessing, even a dozen sins, all growing out of the first one of a series.

The Old Testament is full of interesting examples of this sad fact, presenting a fearful array of evidence against our fallen nature, and teaching us that it has always been just what it is now. Let us take up some of the main examples; and we shall see that the same things in the way of moral cause and effect happened four thousand years ago as to-day.

First of all comes Gen. iii., presenting an exceedingly interesting example, because it shows that the very first sin of the race partook of this nature, this multiplying power. Eve's first sin was her doubting God's word which Satan contradicted; she then actually ate the forbidden fruit; this led to Adam's disobedience; they then both tried to hide themselves from God's presence; Adam excuses himself by throwing the blame partly upon God (iii. 12; the woman whom *Thou gavest* to be with me, &c.,) and partly upon the woman; and she, instead of penitently confessing her sin, as Adam also should have done, casts the responsibility upon Satan, and so tries to excuse herself. Here are six distinct sins all hanging closely together, the last always growing out of a previous one, back even to the first.

Gen. iv. 5–8. Cain and Abel brought offerings before the Lord, but only Abel's was accepted. Cain became jealous; his jealousy led to fierce wrath; his wrath completed itself in murder; and when God called him to account, instead of penitence, he showed hardness. Here four sins hang together.

Gen. xviii. 12 and 15. When the angel of the Lord announced to Abraham that a son should be born to him even in his old age, Sarah, standing in the tent-door, mockingly laughed within herself at what she considered absurd and impossible (which was very sinful, because she was doubting *God's* word,) and then, through fear, told the angel a lie to hide her sin. Oh, how searchingly he answers: *Nay, but thou didst laugh!*

So when Jacob was about to return from the East country to Canaan, Rachel (Gen. xxxi. 19 and 35) stole images from her father's house, and had to act a lie in order to hide her sin of theft.

Gen. xxxvii. 1–35. Joseph was Jacob's favorite son (perhaps because he was his *best* son.) This made his brethren jealous; and we are told:

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"They hated him, and could not speak peaceably to him." Jealousy, anger and abuse—how often these three hang together even yet!—led to a conspiracy against his life, which virtually was murder. At Reuben's pleading they saved his life, but nevertheless sold him, their own flesh and blood, to Midianite merchants who carried him into Egypt. Of course this sin must be covered, if possible. Accordingly, dipping his coat of many colors into the blood of a kid, to make show that he had been slain by wild beasts, they carry it to their sorrow-stricken father with a bare-faced lie: "*This have we found;* know now whether this be thy son's coat or not." And then, adding insult to injury, as well as sin to sin, when their father wept and mourned for Joseph, with his clothes rent and sackcloth upon him, with impudent hypocrisy, "all his sons rose up to comfort him!" What will not men do to hide their sins? Here are seven sins: jealousy, anger, abuse, murder, selling Joseph, false witness, and hypocrisy!

With Exodus v. begins the wonderful history of Pharoah's sins against God's people. We cannot give details. He greatly over-burdened the Hebrews, blasphemed against God, increased the sorrows of His people, and again and again perjured himself by breaking his oath to let them go free, showing most fearfully the hardening nature of sin, and how one sin prepares the way for another.

Joshua vii. 21. Here we are told that the Israelites suffered a most humiliating defeat at Ai, owing to a theft that had been committed. Lots were cast for the tribes, and the tribe of Judah was taken; lots were cast for the families, and the family of Zahrites was taken; lots were cast for the individuals, and Achan was taken, who confessed his deed as follows: "When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, *then I coveted them and took them.*"

There is not in the Bible a passage richer in illustration of the truth that sins hang together, growing out one of another, than 1 Sam. xviii.–xxx., setting forth Saul's conduct toward David. Out of jealousy grew wrath, and this led to murder. Thrice he tried to smite him with a javelin; he sware to Jonathan he would not touch David, but soon broke his oath, and even tried to kill Jonathan. "He *eyed* David"—how significant a word! Twice he urges him to become his son-in-law, but makes a murderous condition, namely, that David should fight the Philistines; that is: "Saul thought to make David fall by the hand of the Philistines." In this whole matter we find him guilty of ten murders (the attempt being taken for the act), malice and perjury, all growing out of jealousy.

2 Sam. ii. 1–15. David was guilty of adultery in his heart toward Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah; out of this grew actual adultery. In order to cover his shame, he tried to deceive Uriah in a certain particular. Not succeeding in this, he wrote a letter to Joab, his general, telling him to put Uriah—the noble brave—"in the forefront of the hottest battle, that he may be smitten and die." Here you have adultery, lying and murder.

1 Kings xi. 1. In the same way, Solomon, having sinned by his unlawful marriage with *heathen* women, was almost necessarily led into the terrible sin of idolatry—worshipping their gods.

1 Kings xxi. 1. King Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth, and became angry when he refused to sell it This led Ahab's wife to bring false witnesses against Naboth; and on the charge of blasphemy he was con-

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demned and stoned to death, according to the Jewish law. Then, without hinderance, Ahab took possession of his blood-bought field. Here you have anger, bribery, perjury, false witness, murder and theft hanging together, all growing out of covetousness!

2 Kings v. 20. Elisha had cured Naaman of leprosy, but had refused his gifts of gratitude. Gehazi, the covetous servant of the prophet, thought he might as well take some of these gifts for himself. Accordingly, he followed the chariot of Naaman, hailed him, and lied to him, saying his *master had sent him* for a talent of silver and two changes of raiment. Here he not only bears false witness against his master, Elisha, but also takes from Naaman what he has no right to receive, and so violates the eighth commandment. In order to cover his theft, like many a thief, he must add a lie; namely, when he went in and stood before his master, "Elisha said unto him, Whence *comest thou*, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither." Covetousness, false witness, theft and deception! How often we see them joined to-day yet!

Esther iii. 1. Haman, having been advanced to very high honor by King Ahasuerus, was filled with that pride which goeth before destruction. Therefore, when Mordecai would not bow to him as other subjects did, he was filled with wrath. This again led to murder, but not a common murder; he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone, and therefore his proud, wrathful heart conceived and cherished a most murderous plot against the whole people of the Jews scattered throughout the kingdom of Ahasuerus. Pride, anger and murder! What a fearful trio, and yet how commonly joined together!

The list of examples might be greatly increased, especially from the New Testament. The covetousness of Judas led him to betray his Master unto death. Peter thrice bare false witness against Jesus, adding oaths to his denial. See also the trial of Jesus, where anger, malice and treachery, bribery and perjury, false witness, blasphemy and murder hang together with fearful meaning. Also your own experience and observation, good reader, can add dozens of excellent examples of this multiplying power of sin.

The Scriptural examples given should not be received as mere matters of curiosity. They teach us some good lessons. (1.) The terrible power of sin in us, and Satan's skill in developing it. (2.) The necessity of watching against *first sins*, in order to prevent others following. (3.) The fact that all the outward acts come from some inward sinful disposition: Cain's murder from jealousy; David's from lust; Ahab's from covetousness, and Haman's from pride. Therefore, we should especially guard against these inward dispositions. (4.) The subject shows how closely the Ten Commandments are related: to obey one, you must obey all; to break one, is almost certain to lead to the breaking of several.

Future Judgment.—"If God has given such demonstrations of the judgment to come as may assure all the world of the certainty of it, and an atheist, an epicure, a fool will not believe it; if he will not believe what devils believe and tremble at; God will never come crouching to him and beg of him that he will believe it; but let him disbelieve it at his own peril, and take what comes.—*Lightfoot.*

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THE EDITOR IN A CAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

But he got out again safely, or how could he tell what he saw? It is, however, difficult to describe what you see in a cave. In a cave one is overcome with a certain feeling, which the Germans call *schauder*—you may call it a shuddering dread in English, but the German gives it much better in one word. This *schauder* is by far the most sensible sensation you feel in a cave.

Were you ever in a cave? If not, it is your own fault, for there are plenty to go into. There are few neighborhoods, especially in our limestone valleys, where there is not one of these subterranean worlds. If you wish to enter a large one, you must go to Kentucky, where you find the Mammoth Cave, which is said to be ten miles long, and is the largest in the world. The fact is, this is a great country for great things. There is Niagara, the largest cataract; Lake Superior, the largest lake; the Mississippi, the largest river, and U. S. Grant the greatest General. Why then should we not have the greatest cave?

The one we were in is that near Cavetown, in Maryland. Besides its inherent merits, it "hath a sure immortality," in the fact that it has given name to the town. As this town, judging from the rate of its growth during the last twenty years, may safely grow on forever without doing violence to Mason and Dixon's line, it is likely to associate its name, its history, and its honor with this cave for the full length of time aforesaid. Besides including in its suburbs the cave, this town is noted for being the residence of a very genial pastor, who knows how to treat an Editor, or any other man of sense! Moreover, if you tell him that you are acquainted with us, he will be sure to think of the cave, and take pleasure in showing it to you.

Future geographers need not trouble themselves about ascertaining the size of this cave. They need only refer to this article for authentic facts. The aforesaid pastor, together with an old friend of the Editor's, who resides in a neighboring town, and whose cheerful face is well known to the students of old Marshall College, thoroughly and scientifically engineered the whole affair. We speak from their unpublished notes.

The cave is located only about a hundred or two hundred yards from the edge of the town, and runs a little north of west. The mouth of the cave is fifty-eight feet wide, and covered by an arch-like ceiling, leaving the entrance about six feet high. As you enter, the floor declines at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This first room is about one hundred and forty feet long, nearly the same in width, from fifteen to twenty feet high—large enough to make a good-sized church or lecture room. At the farther end of this first room, a narrow descent at an angle of about sixty degrees, and about twenty feet long, leads you into a pretty level passage ten feet high, which conducts you forward into another room, not quite as large as the first. Then another passage leads you back to the end, where

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you find a beautiful sheet of water as clear and cool as can be. This water is arched over with a roof of rocks. How far it extends back, this deponent saith not. You stand and look in as far as the light of your lamp illumines the rocks on the sides and above, and farther out, "darkness there and nothing more!" The whole length of the cave is three hundred and sixty-three feet.

From the last room there is a side passage about sixty feet long running back toward the entrance, but a little away from the main passage, which it does not join again. This is called "the kitchen." A large blunt stalagmite forms the cooking-stove, and side cupboards are plenty. The cook, however, was not at home.

We read that in ancient times caves were often used as places of worship. For this use they have certainly much to commend them. The silence is such as can almost be felt. The place itself fills one with awe, and the consciousness of some mighty presence. Then, you should have heard the music, when the company struck up and sang "Mear," in the second room, far away from the light and noise of the world. The ceiling, jagged on a grand scale with stalactites like the roof of an old cathedral, is full fifty feet high, and along above, and around among the rocks, rolled the swelling notes "like the sound of many waters." It was grand and inspiring. Only in a cave can such music be made.

Among uncivilized nations it has been common for human beings to live in caves. Even in the Bible, we read that "Lot dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters." It is certainly cool in summer, and warm in winter; but that it would be a healthy house is hardly possible. It is said that some years ago, a young man who was harvesting in the field in front of the cave, went into it to cool off, but was so suddenly chilled that he died soon afterwards. When we came out to the mouth of the cave the contrast made the atmosphere outside seem hot like a bake-oven, and the perspiration began to roll off very freely.

The ancients located their divinities in caves. The original Delphian Oracles, to which even monarchs listened with reverence, were delivered by priestesses, who sat at the mouth of a cave. From the mysterious darkness and silence behind them, they professed to call out that inspiration which they professed gave them knowledge of future events. Even among the Jews these caves were regarded as passages into Sheol, or the under-world, where the departed of earth were supposed to dwell after death. Perhaps Abraham had something of this feeling, which led him to be so anxious to possess the Field of Machpelah, "in which was a cave," as a place of burial for his beloved Sarah, as well as for himself and his generations.

Pithy Sayings.—Though Christ were born a thousand times in Bethlehem, and *not in thee*, thou remainest, nevertheless, eternally lost.

If the cross of Golgotha is not erected in thy heart, it can not deliver thee from the evil one.

Mark, that it is to thee of no avail that Christ has risen, if thou continuest lying in sin and the bonds of death.

Christ's enemies did not know what to reproach him with upon the cross, except his piety, his benevolence, his trust in God. "He saved others;" "He trusted in God."

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

AQUARIUMS.

Aquariums, properly constructed and stocked, afford not only a desirable adornment to our homes, but in the study of the habits of their various occupants, animal and vegetable, a thousand things pertaining to animate and inanimate creation are learned in delightful lessons that cannot be taught in any other manner.

The first requisite for an aquarium is a water-tight tank, or box with glass sides having a bottom of slate, marble, or iron galvanized. The construction of such a case is easily achieved by any carpenter, cabinet-maker, glazier, or an amateur of ordinary ingenuity having the requisite time, tools and materials, to wit: four plates of glass, a slab for the bottom, four corner standards, grooved to receive the glass, a little water-proof cement, and a plate glass cover to exclude falling dust, raised all round a half inch above the sides, so as to admit fresh air freely.

The tank constructed, next follows the fitting-up for the reception of the occupants. First, cover the bottom to the depth of about two inches, with coarse sand and brook pebbles in nearly equal proportions, all washed clean. On this foundation build up miniature rock work of stones as variegated as you can find, having sharp angles; as artistic and fanciful as you please, leaving in all the structure tiny caverns and fissures for your marine pets to revel and play "bo peep" in, and through. Have the crown or apex of the rock work rise in the centre half an inch or so above the surface of the water, as several of the amphibia denizens will require by times to bask in, and breathe air.

For the vegetable furnishing of the aquarium, if for fresh water, gather from neighboring pools, streams and margins of marshes, such aquatic plants as forget-me-not, ferns, water violets, rushes, cress, lobelia, duck weed, golden club, and whatever other water plants you find suitable and convenient. Having placed these in proper position, fill the tank three-fourths full of clear water, which, after remaining four or five days, should be removed, and the tank re-filled, before introducing the live stock, as some of the plants will die and taint the first water so that it would prove fatal to all animate existence.

For "live stock," procure from the nearest pools and streams whatever crawling, creeping, leaping or swimming thing you can lay hands on, not forgetting two or three beautiful little striped or green frogs. Turn over flat-stones, chunks of sunken wood and submerged leaves, capturing every living specimen you find underneath, and consign them to the aquarium. Keep a vigilant watch for the first two or three weeks, as several specimens will very likely die, and their early removal will be a necessity.

If there are fish among the stock, they ought to be fed every other day with red earth worms cut in minute fragments, or, in winter, when these cannot be had, beef, either fresh or dried, in the smallest possible shreds, is a very proper substitute. The water of the tank should be frequently aereated by thrusting into, and blowing through it fresh air from a common hand bellows, or using a large syringe.

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Such a collection, faithfully studied and diligently attended, affords pleasant and profitable amusement and instruction. Cosmo.

BEWARE OF THE WEB.

I saw, one bright, beautiful morning last week, a great, black, hideous-looking spider weaving his web just above a cluster of bright autumn flowers, and when he had completed his almost invisible net, he retired under the cover of a curled-up leaf conveniently at hand, where his repulsive deformity was well hidden from observation. Here *perdu* he lay in wait for his victims.

First came, flitting and coquetting, a little, thin, delicate, lady-looking fly, hovering over, and frequently stooping timidly towards the tempting flowers. And all the time the black, hairy savage lay quietly under his leaf, laughing in his devilish spider glee at the silly fool fly dallying thus with death. At length, emboldened by familiarity, the poor, weak thing went too near the treacherous web, became entangled, fluttered feebly, fastening herself more fatally, the spider the while laughing more like a fiend.

Next came a great, sturdy "blue bottle," buzzing recklessly above the tempting flowers, till the web caught him fast, too. Then there was a desperate struggle for life and liberty; but the strong net held him securely, till the black, hairy tiger darted out from his leafy lair, dealing the entangled "blue bottle" the *coup de grace*, laying him dead, and doomed to grace the wicked tempter's cannibal feast.

After that there came many flies, and pretty moths, and delicate winged bugs, dallying over the flowers, sooner or later nearly all becoming inextricably entangled in the spider's inevitable web.

At length there came a honey-bee, his thighs ladened with yellow pollen, hovering and humming over the inviting bouquet, until he, too, flitted too near the fatal web, and, like the other victims, became entangled. Then ensued a determined battle for freedom, the bee striving to set himself at liberty from the web-woven toils, while the grim spider looked on and laughed at the futile struggles of his victim.

After a little while the prisoner lay passive in despair, more fatally entangled in the treacherous web. Little Ida, my child-niece, in pity for the captive, put forth her tiny hand, saying:

"Oh, aunty, the ugly spider shall not have the pretty bee! See—I shall save him!"

Deftly the child's slender fingers began to break away the web thraldom, but the ungrateful bee turned upon its friend and stung her severely, and while the generous little saviour stood smarting and crying with pain, the great black spider rushed out, fastened more securely his half broken toils around the enfeebled prisoner, struck him fiercely with his poisonous fangs, and in a few moments the foolish, ungrateful bee, like his fellow victims, was dead.

How like humanity, and the fatal web woven by the devil for the destruction of souls! What a faithful type of human ingratitude! How often are we stung by entangled victims so severely, that unwillingly we are compelled to abandon them to their wayward fate! Madeline.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

Deaths by poisons, and accidents almost fatal, are becoming so alarmingly frequent, that a general knowledge of some cheap, convenient and

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efficient remedy ought to be promulgated, and the material kept always at hand in every family.

Whenever a person has swallowed poison, or, what is almost as bad, made more than a beast of himself, and gone into convulsions from an over-loaded stomach, run for the doctor first, and then, while the messenger is running, and waiting, and the doctor don't hurry, set about applying such remedies as ought to be always at hand, and in the majority of cases there will be a cure before the doctor comes.

Take a table-spoonful each of salt and ground mustard, stir it well together in two gills of tepid water, and administer instantly. By the time it is down, it will begin to come up, and with it the poison and much other objectionable material. Then, as soon as the stomach is quiet, give the whites of two eggs, or a cup of strong coffee, and almost always the cure will be speedy and certain.

SICILIAN VESPERS.

Inquire of a thousand persons the meaning of the massacre called the Sicilian Vespers, and not five of the number, in any country, will be able to answer the question. Here it is in a paragraph—

It was the Tuesday after Easter, in the year 1282, a day devoted to the festival of the Holy Spirit. The people of Palermo repaired, *en masse*, on that lovely summer's evening to the village church dedicated to the object of the day's reverence. French troops, to the number of two hundred, were present, and, as usual, in their insolence began to maltreat the Sicilian men, and insult the women. A French sub-lieutenant, named Dronet, insulted a Sicilian bride, and fell dead by the stiletto of her incensed husband. Instantly there was a wild tumult, and—"Death to the French!" was the universal cry of all Sicilians. The French troops were slain to a man; in Palermo, the enraged people fell upon the French, killing, indiscriminately, soldiers, civilians, priests, women and helpless children; throughout the entire island, the population rose as one man, and more than four thousand French were slain in that bloody massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. COSMO.

EYES RIGHT.

First of all in importance with our Maker, ourselves, and humanity about us, is to have the heart right. That monitor correct, we can never go very far astray morally. But there are social obligations, binding always, and important, too, in our intercourse with each other, the breach of which, though not strictly sinful in the usual acceptation of the word, are, nevertheless, as obligatory in their way as is the observance of any Divine, legal, or moral law. Among these are the five hundred well known, and a thousand little nameless acts of courtesy, good breeding, and correct deportment, that however humble our position, are always arbitrary, marking, as we disregard them in degrees, our ignorance of, or contempt for, the amenities of life.

In our country, in this year of grace 1866, there is no excuse for vulgarity, or a violation of the rules of good breeding. We all have too many opportunities of observing the practices of those who are well bred, to claim any shadow of excuse for want of good breeding in ourselves. With "eyes right," and a due regard for the rights of others, observation and self-respect will teach us more of needful politeness and good breeding, than is usually learned in fashionable circles, or "our best society."

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I care not how much a man or woman may boast of excelsior associations, respectability, and genteel acquirements; place them opposite me at table, and in five minutes I will fix their status beyond a question. With the wealth of an Astor, the pretentious polish of a D'Orsay, and a brigade of fashionable associations, the man, woman, boy or girl, above fifteen, who has been five times among well-bred people, and persists in spearing bread, cake and cheese with a fork, ignoring the butter-knife, and helping themselves with the knife they use to *shovel* food into their mouths, drink tea, coffee, or water, with their mouths crammed like a stuffed turkey, take soup with a slur—r—r—up, eat with arms and elbows on the table, wipe greasy fingers and foul lips on the cloth, and—that will do for the first lesson, though there are fifty table practices equally unmistakable evidences of ill manners and vulgarity. *Eyes right.* Let us all look and learn.

MADELINE.

MORAL COSMETICS.

Humanity is much the same all the world over. Rebellion is a constitutional inheritance of the whole human family.

Just say to Johnny:—"Boy, if you go climbing about the top of that chestnut tree, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" and the natural result is, Johnny will be whimpering around three months with a broken arm, and you forced to sell produce at ruinous prices to pay a $130 doctor's bill.

Say to Silvia, in your severest tone:—"Now, Miss, if I hear of your being found in company with that vagabond, Benton Wild, again, I will disown and disinherit you," and one of the next things you know, there will be a tiny note found in your pocket, saying:—"Indeed, papa, I can't help it. I'm *Bent on* going *Wild.* Disinherit—good-by."

Moral suasion is far better than coercion in all cases of moral and social rebellion.

FEMALE RIVALRY.

A woman's extravagance is born more of rivalry than pride. Silly sewing girls shiver in scanty garments in-doors, that in cheap imitations they may rival Miss Coupon on the street. Poor "pot slewers" foolishly ape Madam Millionaire. Mrs. Mangle, the laundress, diets her family on *soup meagre* for months rather than permit Mrs. Shoddy to lead her $2.75 in the price of a bonnet.

INCONSISTENT.

Many people have an unfortunate propensity for hypothecating real estate to raise funds wherewith to purchase extravagances they do not need. Flinder says, if he can negotiate the fifth mortgage on his forty-acre farm, he will buy Sally Ann a prettier pony than Colonel Bullion's daughter Minnie rides. Flinder and family will move into a shanty some of these days.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Accepting $40 as a bribe to vote for a candidate you don't like, and hiring three substitutes for $12 to vote for one you do.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Putting on last year's hats, bonnets, boots, cloaks, dresses, and overcoats, and putting by the prices of new ones to purchase a home with.

COSMO.

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The Guardian.

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ANGELS.

BY I. D.

In all our teaching and learning, we must not neglect the doctrine of angels. The Bible teaches, that between the divine and the human, there stands a third order of being, namely, angelic. We must never forget that at all times, in all places and circumstances, by day and by night, in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, at home and abroad, in the house and by the wayside, we are continually surrounded by an innumerable company of angels, a holy and powerful guard, who ever bear us up in their hands, lest we come to even the least hurt of body or soul.

> "Millions of beings walk the earth unseen,
> Both when we wake and when we sleep."

God always works through means; and in thousands of cases angels are ministers to do his pleasure. The Scripture record is full of their works of mercy and labors of love. They fed Elijah in the dreary wilderness; they comforted and delivered the three Hebrew children. Did not Gabriel announce blessed news to Zacharias, and afterward to Mary? Did not angels sweetly chant, "Glory to God in the highest!" at the birth of the holy child Jesus? Did they not minister to Him in the wilderness, and afterward in Gethsemane? Yea, time would fail to tell of all their sweet and blessed ministrations!

This doctrine is full of comfort, to strengthen you in time of trial, temptation and sorrow. Christians should always recollect what David says: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Your sleep is safe because angels watch around your head; they keep you through life; they carry you to Heaven at death, as they did Lazarus; they watch over your body, as they did over Moses; and on the resurrection morning,—

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"Angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven sing harvest-home."

What are the angels? They are created beings: created, we know not when, but surely before man. We are told (Job xxxviii. 7) that at the creation they "shouted for joy." They are intelligent beings: in Daniel and Revelation they are represented as full of eyes, *i. e.*, knowledge, intelligence, superior understanding; indeed, their whole work implies that they have reason, will and affections. Having reason and will, it follows that they are also moral beings, as is plain from the fact that some fell into sin.

So far they are like man, who is a created, intelligent and moral being; but they are also unlike him, essentially different. They have a different nature. In the eighth Psalm we are told that God created man a little lower than the angels; and the Apostle says that Christ took not on Him the nature of angels. We are lower than they, as to our bodily organization; our bodies are visible, grossly corporeal; theirs are invisible to our eyes, though capable of becoming visible when occasion requires (Gen. xix.; Matt. xxviii.; Luke i., etc.). In the New Testament, accordingly, they are called spirits, not because they are pure spirit, but to distinguish them from us, whose present characteristic is flesh. Though we cannot to a hair-breadth define the difference between their bodies and ours, we know the fact that the difference is in their favor; for the Apostle says that even Jesus was made a little lower than the angels (Heb. ii. 9). We are also lower than they in our intellectual organization. They have greater wisdom than man. The expression in 2 Sam. xiv. 20, "Wise according to the wisdom of an angel," teaches this; and their works and their position prove this. Finally, they are higher than we as to power. "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength" (Psalm ciii. 20). In Ephesians vi., the Apostle, exhorting Christians to put on the whole armor of God, assigns as the necessity: "We wrestle (fight or strive) not against flesh and blood (not against our equals, not against human beings), but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." This is said of fallen angels; surely the holy angels also must be more powerful than man.

Their superiority is the order by creation. But we may be sure this order is reversed through redemption. In Christ we are elevated above the angels, because we partake of his nature, which is higher than theirs: in Him we receive a new life and a new relation, being raised to the glorious dignity of sons of God and joint-heirs with Christ, a dignity and relation to which angels do not and cannot attain.

What is the office of angels? What is their work! What end do they serve? The Apostle beautifully answers this question by asking another, as though his needed no answer: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

They are ministering spirits. They live not for themselves, but for those to whom God sends them. Every where in the Scriptures they are represented as interested in what pertains to man: they sang at his creation; they rejoiced when his Saviour was born; there is joy among them at his conversion; they desire (1 Peter i. 12) *to look* (pry, pierce, search) into the work of redemption! Not only are they interested in him, but also active for him, "sent forth to minister." Time would fail to recite

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the many cases mentioned in the Bible in which angels guided, guarded, defended and assisted man. The experience of every Christian is full of their blessed ministrations; though, limited as we are by flesh and sense, we can neither see these holy beings, nor definitely trace their work.

They minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, that is, Christians. This is, no doubt, part of what the Apostle means in Heb. xii. 22; just as a child by its adoption is brought into a new family and new surroundings, so the Christian is brought into the society and fellowship of an innumerable company of angels. Paul almost frightens us in Eph. vi., pointing out our dreadful enemy; but over against this we have the incident in 2 Kings vi., to comfort us with the assurance that holy angels are fighting for us. If we have spiritual enemies, we have also spiritual friends. They are still around us, as they were around the servant of Elisha. Nor must we suppose that this is any disparagement to the work of the Holy Ghost, because they do it not of themselves, but from Him. They are his agents, means and messengers.

David beautifully sets forth their office, in Ps. xci. 11 and 12. *He*, our Heavenly Father, *giveth his angels charge*, *i. e.*, care, as a nurse over the child, as a guardian over orphans; *over thee*, over every child of God; *to keep thee* from harm in the way, and from going out of the way, therefore hedging and hemming thee up in it; *in all thy ways*, in all right ways, in *all* these, whether a way of joy or of sorrow, of danger or of peace; *in their hands*, the symbols of strength and help; *they shall bear thee up*, keep thee from danger and lift thee out of it, deliver thee from evil and help thee over it, bear thee up as a nurse does the child; *lest thou dash thy foot against a stone*, lest thou come to even the least real hurt of body or soul, and of course from all greater evil. Much of what we call evil, notice, is not evil, but good in disguise. Oh, what a comforting doctrine! In all sorrow and trial, good angels are around you to comfort and assist you.

Their acts of ministration are not visible to you, but yet none the less real. The infant knows nothing of its nurse, her strength, interest and care, yet is really blessed by her presence.

Their ministrations to you do not end with your earthly life. (1.) Angels will carry you into Abraham's bosom, as they did Lazarus. Surely the soul needs some Heavenly guide to take it home to glory; and who will be this guide more likely than the angels? In the valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me! (2.) The angels will be present at the last day. The Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with Him; and when God has passed judgment upon all, angels shall cast the doomed and damned into outer darkness, and gather God's wheat into the Heavenly Garner. (3.) Angels will be near you in Heaven, pointing out the glories of the place, acting as guides to direct you, and as teachers to instruct you. They will show you the beauty of Heaven, explain the wonders of God's universe, and make plain thousands of deep things which you cannot now receive.

Live worthy of the care of holy angels. You love those who are most like you; so do they, and they abide nearest those who are most like Christ. Also take comfort from this blessed doctrine: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

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THE POISONED FLOWER.

There are various traditions as to the origin of the Golden Lily upon the shield of France. Among these is the following incident, said to have occurred in the latter part of the eleventh century, during the reign of Philip Augustus.

The Prince was only fifteen when he ascended the throne; but the strong hand with which he seized the reigns of the government, awing the turbulent nobles, and protecting the common people against their aggressions, soon convinced them that he was not to be despised for his youth.

Though by this course he greatly endeared himself to the mass of his subjects, his life was more than once threatened and even attempted; but these plots invariably originated among the haughty nobles, who were restive under the restraints imposed upon them by the King's strong arm, and his just and kindly heart.

In the summer of the eleventh year of his reign, weary of the cares of state, Philip retired with his court to his royal residence at Chaumont, which was a favorite resort to him.

Among his train was Geoffrey, Count de Neville, the natural son of Louis VII., the King's half-brother. He was a mild and inoffensive man, apparently well contented with the title and estate conferred by the late King upon his mother, and which he had inherited upon her death; but unfortunately he married a haughty, ambitious woman, who was but illy inclined to forego her claims to royalty.

At the death of Louis, she openly asserted that there had been a secret marriage between him and the late Countess de Neville, and upon the head of her son should rest the crown of France, he being the eldest born, and urged her husband to assert his claims. But this the Count refused to do, being ill-fitted by nature to act a part requiring more than usual energy and ability, besides entertaining too strong an affection for the young King, who had treated him with unusual kindness, to seek to deprive him of his rightful inheritance.

If Philip heard of the pretensions which the Countess set forth, he manifested no outward token of displeasure or distrust. On the contrary, he gave his brother many evidences of regard, appointing him to honorary offices near his person, although he took care that they were such that they conferred but little power.

This was a new source of grievance to the haughty Countess, who never relinquished the idea of becoming a Queen, and had fondly imagined that, on account of Philip's youth, his brother would obtain such a strong ascendency over his mind as would make him King in reality, if not in name.

This disappointment was felt with increased bitterness when she became the mother of a son, in whom she centred all her ambitious hopes and all the love she was capable of feeling for one.

Unlike our modern fine ladies, the dames of high degree at that remote

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period were early risers; and the Countess de Neville often took long rides on horseback before the dew was off the grass, unattended, except by her groom, who kept at a respectful distance, just near enough to be within call, should his lady require assistance.

One morning she paused in front of a little cottage, situated in a perfect wilderness of bloom. As an involuntary ejaculation of surprise and admiration escaped her lips, a pretty, intelligent-looking girl, raised her bright eyes from the rose-bush she was pruning

"I have some handsomer within, arranged in bouquets," she said, smiling, "if madame would like to examine them."

Throwing the reins of her horse to her attendant. the Countess alighted, much to the surprise of the servitor, who had never known his haughty mistress to be guilty of so much condescension before.

As the Countess entered the little, low room, the pretty flower girl displayed her beautiful collection of bouquets with pardonable pride.

"All, or any of them, are at your service, with the exception of this," she said, pointing to one composed of golden lilies and white roses, and relieved by a few leaves of green; "it is for the King."

"So King Philip buys the flowers, pretty maiden."

"Yes, madame; I have orders to bring them to the Palace daily. The golden lily is his favorite flower; and there are only those in bloom today."

"I will take this," said the Countess, selecting one of the bouquets, taking from her purse a gold piece of more than double the value; "but first bring me a cool draught of water from the spring yonder."

With a light step the young girl took a pitcher and passed out to the spring that was but a short distance from the door. As she glided by the window on returning, she glanced in and saw, much to her surprise, her visitor bending over the stand of flowers, and apparently sprinkling something from her hand upon those she had laid aside for the King. When she took it away, her eye caught a gleam of a small, golden flask, such as the ladies of that period used for their cosmetics and perfumery. But when she entered the room, she found her in the same position in which she had left her.

She could not forbear an exclamation of surprise as she observed how deadly pale was her countenance.

"'Tis but the odor of the flowers," said the Countess, as drawing her robes around her she turned to the door.

"Take my advice, my good girl; place the stand nearer the window and be not much over them; their perfume is quite too strong for so small a room."

There was something about these words, carelessly spoken though they were, that deepened the undefined suspicions in the young girl's heart; and, following her suggestion. she placed the stand of flowers directly in front of the open window. Then, by a close examination of the bouquet destined for the King, she detected the presence of a fine, white powder, impalpable to the eye, upon the white petals of the rose, but clearly visible upon the lilies, whose peculiar shape, by exposing the leaves to the full rays of the sun as well as their vivid coloring, threw it into strong relief; and as she bent over them, the faint but penetrating odor that arose made her so giddy that she would have fallen, had it not been for the tall shape-

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ly youth who had just entered, and whose livery showed him to be in the service of the King.

It was her lover, Francois, King Philip's body servant, and who, passing by the house, called to have a chat with his betrothed.

"How, now, Marie?" he said, looking into her face. "What has frightened the roses from your cheek, and given you such a strange look?"

The honest-hearted fellow was sincerly attached to his royal master, and he listened gravely to Marie's account of the strange conduct of her visitor, and the suspicions to which it gave rise.

"It has a bad look," he said, thoughtfully; "though I believe there is nothing in it. By good luck, I have orders to attend His Majesty in his private apartments an hour hence. I will put him on his guard; then surely no harm can come of it."

Somewhat to the surprise of François, the King manifested no disquietude at this disclosure, though the grave look and attentive manner with which he listened, showed that he considered it of no light import. He bade him charge Marie—

"To tell no one what she had discovered, but to come to the Palace with her flowers an hour earlier than was her wont, by no means forgetting her golden lilies."

King Philip sat in his audience hall surrounded by his retinue. A number of the royal family stood near him, among them the Count Neville, his wife, and the little son, a sweet boy of three, whose winning and sprightly ways made him a favorite with the King.

"And please your Majesty, Marie, the flower girl, is awaiting without," said one of the guard.

"Admit her," said the King.

Marie had never seen King Philip in his robes of state, and the royal pomp that surrounded him impressed her with a feeling of awe as she entered. But this was quickly dissipated by the King's gracious manner as he bade her approach.

"I see you have not forgotten my favorite flower," he said, taking the basket from her hand.

"Just admire these queenly lilies, fair Countess, and inhale the fragrance from the roses."

"But why do you start and turn pale?" he added, as with an involuntary shudder she drew back from the flowers he would have placed in her hand.

"I—I crave your Majesty's pardon," she stammered, "but the odor of the roses affects me thus."

The King's eye followed the Countess as she retreated to the window, at the further end of the hall, under the pretext of obtaining air. He then fixed them searchingly on her husband's face, whose mind seemed to be entirely occupied by the laughing boy he held in his arms.

Attracted by the bright colors of the lilies, the child stretched out its hand for them. A sudden thought struck the King as he observed this.

"See how eagerly Louis is regarding them!" he said, turning to the Count. "Let him have them."

With a fond smile the father took the flowers and held them before the boy, who, catching them with both his dimpled hands, raised them with a gleeful shout to his lips.

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Instantly a deadly pallor overspread his face, and with a faint gasp, he fell dead in his father's arms.

The Countess had kept a furtive watch on the King's movements from her retreat, and forgetting every thing in her terror, sprang forward to arrest her husband's arm.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, glaring upon him like a tigress robbed of her young, "you have destroyed your child!"

"And you," said Philip, pointing significantly to the flowers, still clasped in the child's fingers, "you would have murdered your King."

"Is this the woman that called at your cottage this morning?" he inquired, turning to Marie.

"The same, your Majesty."

As soon as the Count comprehended the full meaning of these words, he cast a look of horror and detestation upon his wife; then, taking his dead boy, he laid him on the pile of cushions at the King's feet.

"I can lay before you no stronger proof, sire," he faltered, "that I was ignorant of the existence of the base plot against your life."

As Philip looked upon the still, sweet features of the child, and then upon his father, his eyes softened.

"You are right. God knows that I would fain have spared your loyalty such a severe test."

"I wish you all to bear witness," he said, addressing those around him, "that I fully exonerate Count de Neville from all complicity with his wife in this attempt upon the life of your King."

"As to you," he added, turning to the guilty woman, "I give you twenty days to leave the kingdom. If after that time you are found in my domains, you shall suffer the full penalty of your crime."

King Philip did not forget the debt of gratitude he owed to Marie and his faithful attendant. He was present at the marriage which occurred a few days after, bestowing a dowry on the bride, and other substantial marks of favor; and ever afterwards, in commemoration of his Providential deliverance, he bore upon his shield, the "Golden Lily."

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human feeling
By a single angry word.

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THE SKELETON.

Fifty years ago, the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem, entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention.. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired, was, that the poem, in a fair, clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle.*

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous vision filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye!
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
The hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

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Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the halls of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

MARRYING IN THE LORD.

BY I. D.

When Abraham was old and well stricken in years, he desired before his death to secure for his son Isaac a proper wife. Accordingly (Gen. xxiv. 2) he called his servant, the oldest and most trusty, who ruled over all that he had, and made him solemnly swear that he would secure for Isaac a suitable companion,—not a daughter of the Canaanites among whom Abraham dwelt; but, "Thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac." The Canaanites were heathen, gross idolaters, and Abraham wished his son to have a pious wife; therefore he sent his servant back to the land in which he had dwelt before entering Canaan.

So Isaac in his old age sent Jacob back to where some of God's people dwelt, in order that he might take unto himself a proper wife. (Gen. xxviii.) He charged him, saying: "Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, go to Padan-Aram, and take thee a wife from thence." And this, because of the idolatry where he lived.

In Exod. xxxiv., we are told, that before the people departed from Mount Sinai, where they had received the law, when they were about to take up the line of march for the promised land, God once more reminded them of their relation to him, and exhorted them to faithful obedience. Especially does he warn them against the terrible sin of idolatry, so general in the land to which they were going. In order to prevent them from becoming entangled with heathen rites and practices, he utterly forbade them intermarrying with heathen.

The book of Deuteronomy, as its name implies, is a kind of second giving of the Law, a revised edition, so to speak, improved, enlarged, and also condensed. Moses rather reminds the Jews of the whole law given from Sinai by repeating the sum and substance of it, explaining its principles, and applying them to their history. In chapter seventh he most plainly and pointedly forbids their intermarrying with the heathen, and gives the reason: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly."

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Sacred history tells us (Joshua xxiii.), that after forty years of wandering, the children of Israel entered Canaan, having been led by the valiant Joshua. This faithful servant of God, in his old age, called together the elders of Israel, their judges and officers, to give them his farewell words. He reminds them that God has brought them thither, and will yet give them victory and rest in the land; therefore they shall love God, and obey his commandments, having no dealings with the idolatrous nations around them, and of course making no marriages with them (xxiii. 12), lest thereby they should be led into idolatry.

Now, allow the question: Why was Abraham so anxious to get for Isaac a wife from among *God's* people? Why was Isaac so exercised in this very direction in Jacob's behalf? Why did God make such special and solemn mention of this matter of holy marriages, before sending his people on their journey to Canaan? Why did Joshua direct particular attention to the sin and danger of marrying the uncovenanted? Can you give answer?

The same principle running through all these examples, comes out most significantly in the answer of Samson's parents, when he desired them to get for him to wife a certain woman of the heathen Philistines: Judges xiv. 3: "Then his father and his mother said unto him, *Is there* never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" This simply means that they were truly surprised that he, a believer, should desire to be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever.

In 1 Kings ii., we are told, that Solomon loved many "strange women of the nations *concerning* which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: *for* surely they will turn away your heart after their gods. Solomon clave unto these in love;" which act was followed by awful consequences, namely, the division of the kingdom, rebellion and misery.

In Ezra, ninth and tenth chapters, is a remarkable passage upon the subject of marrying unbelievers. Ezra had led a colony of Jews back from Babylon to Palestine, and had authority over all the Jews there. After he had been at Jerusalem a few days, the princes of the congregation told him, that a large number of Jews who had been at Jerusalem a long time, had married heathen wives, and were yet keeping them. This was like a thunderstroke to the soul of Ezra. He tells us: "When I heard this thing. I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head and of my beard, and sat down astonished,"—astonished that Jews, a royal and chosen people, could so far forget themselves, and so grievously violate God's plain law, as to marry the unconverted!

He kept his sitting position till the time of the evening sacrifice; he then fell upon his knees, spread out his hands before God, and most fervently prayed, with deep and touching humiliation, confessing this aggravated sin. The people in the mean time gathered around him, themselves also weeping over their great transgression.

At length Shecaniah proposes that they shall put away their heathen wives, and so make some amends for the past. The suggestion was approved; and immediately official proclamation was sent out through all Judah for all to meet in Jerusalem within three days, on pain of forfeiting both property and citizenship. The day came. The people gathered to-

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gether. Ezra rose up and disclosed their sin. They humbly confess it, and repentingly yield to the painful requirement of putting away their heathen wives from them.

Now, what does this mean? Plainly and simply the same principle which runs through all the examples before given: *God forbade his people to marry those who are not his people.*

Nehemiah (chapter 10th) tells us, that some years after the Jews had returned from Babylon to the Holy Land, and had rebuilt the temple, they celebrated the re-opening of the temple with solemn and impressive services. Ezra publicly read the whole law, which produced deep conviction and humiliation, penitence and confession. The people observed a solemn fast, and during these services rehearsed not only God's goodness, but also their own ungrateful sins. They then all entered into a new and personal covenant with God to keep his commandments. They specify a few things which they will not do, the very first one of which is this: "We will not give our daughters unto the people of the land, nor take their daughters for our sons;" in other words: Jews would not marry Gentiles, believers would not marry unbelievers.

All this, without multiplying words, is most solemnly significant. The law of God and the example of his faithful people in this matter are very plain. There are two reasons underlying the commandment; God gives one, and our common sense the other.

1. God's reason for not allowing intermarriage with unbelievers, is this: lest the believer be led into the sinful ways and manners, principles, feelings and habits of his unbelieving relations. Recollect how close and intimate the marriage relation is; it not only unites an individual to a companion for life, but also brings him into a new family circle, into new relationships, and under new influences. No one can help being more or less moulded by such surroundings. Therefore a Jew was forbidden to marry a heathen, because he would be in danger of idolatry and other heathen sins. If it should be suggested that the unbeliever would be brought under correspondingly *good* influences, you must recollect the lack of inclination toward good on his part, and the disposition toward evil on the part of the believer.

God's reason is plain. At Sinai He placed it side by side with the commandment: Take not of their daughters unto thy sons, *lest they make thy sons go a whoring after their gods.* Ex. xxxiv. 16. So also in Deut. vii. 3, 4. So Joshua (xxiii. 13) with dying breath assured the Jews, that if they entered into such relationship with the Gentiles, these would be to them "snares and traps" to catch, entangle and overthrow them, "scourges in their sides" to worry them, and "thorns in their eyes" to pain them! How sadly they realized this in their subsequent history! Samson's parents speak very significantly of the "uncircumcised Philistines," showing that the whole habit of healthy Jewish thought and feeling was opposed to marrying those outside the covenant of "grace, mercy and peace." The dreadful consequences of Solomon's unlawful marriage with heathen women, is a plain proof of the wisdom of God's law on this point. So Ezra was told not only that the Jews had taken heathen wives, but also that they had done according to the abomination of the Gentiles: idolatry was the natural consequence.

2. Besides God's moral reason, there is a social reason, namely, how

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could two persons of such essentially different religious views and training pass life together in harmony? Taking for granted that the believer tries to be true to his vows, how could the other possibly have any sympathy with such religious habits and customs, so entirely different from his own?

So much, now, from the Old Testament on this subject. I have given God's law and his people's practice, in order to prepare the way for understanding and appreciating what Paul says on the subject of marrying unbelievers,—2 Cor. vi. 14–16: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?"

Notice the terms used: *Ye, i. e.*, Christians; *Unbelievers*, those not Christians; the unfitness of two such for each other, is most emphatically brought out in the words, *Unequally yoked together*. This last is a very forcible expression. He refers not merely to the yoking together of beasts for labor (this itself would be strong, because marriage is no such outward bond of bargain or contract, not a *yoking*); but he refers to a certain yoking which was positively forbidden in the Mosaic law (Lev. xix. 19; Deut. xxii. 9–11), the joining together of different and opposite things, an unequal joining because the things themselves were so unlike. There is nothing wrong in the mere joint use of woollen and linen in garments, or sowing two kinds of seed in the same field; but God wished by this law to teach his people that they must in like manner keep themselves separate and distinct from Gentiles. The Apostle, therefore, here calls the marriage of believers with unbelievers not only a yoking, but an "unequal yoking," and plainly, pointedly and emphatically forbids it.

This is the only point I wish to bring out. You can readily see that Paul taught no new doctrine, but merely repeated the old prohibition, and gave it force for the Christian Church in all time to come. It was the doctrine of the patriarchs; it was solemnly and specially repeated at Sinai; it claimed the attention of the dying Joshua; neglect of it ruined Solomon for a time and divided his kingdom forever; Ezra gave it new force and taught his people a painful lesson; the Jews themselves afterward specified it as one of the most important;—of course Paul taught no new doctrine.

See how pointedly he gives the reason also: they are contrary one to another, opposites; how can righteousness have fellowship with unrighteousness?—how can light and darkness mingle?—how can two utterly discordant instruments produce harmony of sound?—So, most solemnly the Apostle asks, how can a believer and an unbeliever unite? Where is there room for harmony, sympathy, communion? There may be social and intellectual intercourse; but spiritual, *none*. Oh, what differences and difficulties stand in the believer's way, also! He is as one joined to a "body of death!" How many a bride in her new home misses the grace at meals, the evening or morning family worship, the sweet Sabbath hymns and chapters! How many a husband would fain observe the various duties of a Christian family, but for the chilling presence of an unconverted wife! How many a bride thus falls a prey to the trap, the snare, the scourge and the thorn mentioned by Joshua! How many a husband thus becomes "entangled again with the yoke of bondage!"

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To those Corinthian Christians who had been heathen, and to whom this doctrine may have been new, and many of whom doubtless had heathen companions, Paul says: "Seek not to be divorced; but of course, if you are yet unmarried and wish to marry, obey God's command on this point, namely, marry only your own kind,—*believers:* if a woman's husband be dead, she is at liberty to marry whom she will; *only in the Lord* (1 Cor. vii. 39), within God's covenant and family!

Much might well be said on this important commandment, especially in view of its frequent and great violation, to say nothing of the dreadful consequences thereof; but let this suffice. If any feel disposed to say, "This is a hard saying," let them recollect it is God's saying, and the whole counsel of God must be declared.

Oh, that the young, for their own sake as well as for the honor of Christ's Church, would heed this old and important commandment, given so early to God's people, repeated to them again and again, and applied by the Apostle to the Christian Church! It would save many a sigh and many a heart-pang, many a pain, many a premature grave, many a sin and many a soul.

AT THE NIGHTFALL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I muse alone in the fading light,
  Where the mournful winds forever
Sweep down from the dim old hills of Night,
  With the wail of a haunted river!
Alone, at the grave of my buried love!
  And the ghostly mists are parted,
Where the stars shine faint in the blue above,
  Like the smile of the broken-hearted.

Thy low grassy couch, my beautiful dead,
  Is bright with the buttercup's blossom,
And the night-blooming roses burn dimly and red
  On the green sod that covers thy bosom;
The eyes we hid 'neath thy coffin-lid,
  Back to my love surrender,
Their tender hue in the violet's blue
  That crown thy sleep with splendor.

Thy pale hands are folded, O beautiful saint,
  Like lily-buds, chilly and dew-wet,
And the smile on thy lip is as solemn and faint
  As the beams of a Nor'land sunset. * * * *
The angel that won thee, a long time ago,
  To the shore of the glorious immortals,
In the sphere of the Star-land will smile, I know,
  When I pass through the beautiful portals.

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THE EYE EVER TOWARD THE LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

The eye is the most prominent, as well as the most excellent, of all the senses. Our Saviour, in His sermon on the mount, refers to it, to illustrate the glory of the divine life and holiness which dwell in a Christian's heart. "The light of the body is the eye."

The eye affords to us a wider range than either of the other senses. We can see farther than we can hear, smell, taste, or touch.

The eye affords us also a clearer and more distinct knowledge of objects than either of the other senses. The other senses give us but one single idea of objects. How little do we know of a flower by smell, taste, or touch, while sight gives us at once an idea of its size, shape, organization, color, as well as of all the beauties of light and shade which play upon it!

There is in all creatures an instinctive sense of the happiness and advantages which sight affords. There is a universal desire to *see* things. Though objects may have been described to us, we feel as if we had no correct and satisfactory idea of them until we see them. Whenever our attention is called in a certain direction by either of the other senses, we instinctively, and immediately, turn our eyes in that direction. When a person is addressing us, we feel as if we could not hear aright unless we see him.

So deeply is this feeling rooted in our nature, that all men, in all ages, have felt the force of it even in their devotions. All pagans, in their worship, turn their eyes toward their temples—toward their holy places. The Mohammedan prays not except toward Mecca. The Jews prayed with their faces toward Jerusalem; and, when in the Temple, they turned their eyes in anxious expectation, and in wrapt devotion, towards the holiest place. It is natural even among Christians to turn the eye heavenward when in the act of worship. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Thus we see the force of the expression of the Psalmist when he says: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord."

Turning the eyes in a certain direction, denotes that we have an interest there. Turning our eyes toward the Lord, denotes that we seek His help and His approbation in all that we do. Having our eyes *ever* toward Him, denotes that He is the object of our supreme and constant attention; that we feel our constant dependence upon Him, and our constant obligations to Him. He is the sun, in whose warmth we desire ever to bask. He is the light that makes the earth bright, and shines upon every path of duty. In His presence all mists of doubt and trouble vanish away like gloom before the rising sun. Near Him, is the blessedness of the pure in heart, for they shall see God! The true Christian heeds not the taunts of those who say: "Who will show us any good?" His heart and his eyes

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are toward the Lord; and his language is, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me."

Turning the eyes toward God indicates a heart that feels God to be the centre of all its desires, hopes, and mercies; and that acknowledges Him as the object and end of all its activities. Such a heart, with such feelings imbued, is a Christian heart.

If we ask how are the Christian's eyes ever toward the Lord? the answer is first of all: He looks ever to God in the frame and position of his heart.

The Christian, even when all the activities of his mind and heart are at rest, rests in God. The life and love of God pervade the *frame* of his heart. His heart is a fountain of life, whose silent stream flows ever toward God, as the vast ocean of love.

The heart of a Christian is a temple, with its holy atmosphere—with its altars of sacrifice and of praise—with its ceaseless hymnings and hummings into the ears of God. It is a tree of life, with its fruits of the Spirit, and its fragrant blossoms of hope and promise. The Christian's heart is, as Solomon represents it, a garden of spices, into which his Beloved comes to smell the odors, and to eat His pleasant fruits. It is a holy of holies, into which the profane world dare not penetrate. It is a deep retirement, which distractions, and vanities, and sins, do not reach. It is a heavenly place, in which God is enthroned—the object toward which the affections and the worship of the heart are always and ever turned. In that consecrated sanctuary the Christian's life is hid with Christ in God. There is the secret of the Lord with them that fear Him. There is fulfilled the blessed promise: "I will sup with Him, and He with me."

That is sometimes regarded as a hard command: "Pray without ceasing." It is thought to be an impossible thing; and so it is to the worldling. It is only possible to a Christian. He fulfils it in the frame of his heart. It is ever toward the Lord in its frame, in its dispositions, in its affections, and in its desires. In its deep undertones it is ever toward the Lord, breathing prayer, and hymning forth praise.

The heart of a Christian may be compared to that fragrant composition, which was burnt, as incense, in the temple. It gave forth odors, not only while it was consuming upon the altar, but also while it lay in its place in a state of preparation. So is the truly pious heart. It is full of the incense of devotion, and it emits prayer even when it is not formally engaged in worship. It ever, and without ceasing, beats and breathes with pious life.

The Christian's heart may be compared to a flower which is always fragrant, always beautiful, and always looking up to God. Though it is sweetest and richest in making morning and evening offerings, when the dew is upon it, yet it is always perfuming. Every hour of the day it has odors. Though it may not give forth so much fragrance around it, yet it is just as full at the heart. Though its petals are folded, its inner life reposes in perfume. So is the Christian's heart.

Taking this view of the Christian's life, we see how it is ever toward the Lord. In the midst of secular business—in the midst of toils and cares—in the midst of the intercourse of the world, the under current of the heart's affections may be ever flowing towards the Lord. Amid the

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labors of the week, as well as amid the rest and worship of the Sabbath, the life and love of heaven may pervade the spirit.

Religion is not mere influence—it is not merely a series of acts and duties. It is a life—a life that lies deeper than influence; deeper than acts and duties. It is the leaven which leavens all acts,—pervades all influences—and is the soul of all duties. This life cannot, for a moment, be separated from its source. The members live ever in, and of, the body, and through the body, in the Head. The branches live ever in the vine. Thus the divine life of the saints, like all life, ever hangs upon its source. The saint, feeling the current, and the consciousness, of this life in his heart, gives true expression to his own experience in the words: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord."

This feeling gives to the Christian's life, not a stiff, starched, slavish, legal, outward correctness merely; but a cheerful, joyful, child-like inward confidence. He will be outwardly correct, of course; but it will be the correctness of life, rather than of law—the correctness of power rather than of form—a correctness that loses its stiffness in the flow and the freedom of that life of love, which is ever from the Lord. And in aiming at correctness, the Christian looks not so much to man as he does ever towards the Lord. If Christ ever lives in his heart, then will he ever live rightly in all his earthly relations. The members that live in the head, will perform their offices, by virtue of life rather than of law. The heart, filled with the holy life of the Saviour, ever breathes toward Him in warm devotion and in cheerful love.

In such a frame, the Christian always reposes in the light of the divine favor. It is not extravagant to say, that not only in his active waking hours, but even in the repose of slumber, such a heart is positively and actively toward the Lord. "He giveth his beloved sleeping." His frame of spirit is still alive in grace. He rests, as did John, upon his Saviour's bosom, and the life of love which trembles in his heart, is felt, in deep sympathy, by Him upon whose bosom he is leaning. The current of his waking affections is toward the Lord; and, though self-conscious acts cease in slumber, yet the life of the heart beats on in the same direction, by a kind of instinctive and intuitive necessity—by its own law of life and grace.

The infant that falls asleep in its mother's arms, does, by that act, resign itself more implicitly into her care: its defencelessness, its innocent looks, its tender breathings, and the angelic smiles that play over its countenance, cause the mother's heart and eyes to turn towards it with greater complacency, and with tenderer love. But is not the saint a child of God? Does he not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child? Does he not, in his waking hours, turn towards Him in child-like affection and say, "Abba, Father!" Yes; and in such a frame he resigns himself into the arms of slumber. But God leans over His reposing child, in love. He hears the inward breathings of His child's heart—hears and smiles! Like the heart of a flower, which night has closed, is that Christian's heart—its odor lives within; and it is preparing, when morning comes, to send out a richer perfume. 'To his beloved he giveth sleeping.' He does so because the very frame of his heart is toward Him; and because the beating pulse of his renovated life is thanksgiving and prayer. "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

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Thus, like an over flowing fountain—altar—the heart pours its unceasing streams of devotion into the ocean of divine love, from whence also it draws its sure hidden and secret supplies. Like an altar, it burns incense with perpetual fires, night and day.

Not only in the frame and position of his heart, but also in all his active devotions, does the saint look ever toward the Lord.

Piety does not exist only in the frame and position of the heart; it must express itself in positive acts of devotion. This calls for seasons of worship, and for forms of worship. At these seasons, and in the use of these forms, the eyes of the Christian must be ever toward the Lord.

God in Christ must ever form the centre of our worship. Toward Him must our eyes be directed in worship. All that we do, in the way of worship, must have reference to Him. The truth which we hear must be the truth as it is in Jesus. The prayers and praises we offer must be in the name of Jesus. Our pious meditations must end in Jesus. In Baptism and in the Holy Supper, we must find Jesus. All must be from Him, in Him, through Him, and to Him. All worship, of which He is not the beginning, the soul, and the end, is not the worship of God in Christ. However earnest, and seemingly devotional it may be, it misses its aim, because it does not look to the Lord. Like a bubble it falls in pieces, because it has no solid centre upon which to lean.

There are two classes of worshippers who err in this respect.

First those who, in their worship, look to mere indefinite spiritual objects and influence. With some it is the spirit of sympathy. With some the spirit of truth. With some it is their own spirit lashed up into activity. With some it is a kind of general spirit, which they vaguely suppose may be caught by the heart, as the air is inhaled by breathing. But what are all these without Christ as their centre and substance. Sympathy is nothing but nature, except in Him. Truth is nothing but notion, separate from Him. Human activity is nothing but will-worship and passion, unless it is rooted and grounded in Him.

We may even deceive ourselves by persuading ourselves, that we can look with benefit to the Holy Spirit separate from Christ. As the Persons in the ever adorable Trinity are one in essence, so they are one in operation. "He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify *me*: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." Thus the Spirit Himself turns our eyes and hearts ever toward Christ.

Those err on the other hand, who rest in forms and ordinances as *the end* toward which religion looks. Forms and ordinances are indispensable in religion—as *bark* to the tree; as form is to life; and as body is to spirit. These are, however, not *end*, but *means*—not the best, but the good—not grace, but grace-bearers—not the ultimate object, but the channels, in which the substance flows, and by which the true object is reached.

Forms and ordinances stand in the same relation to grace as John the Baptist did to Christ. They exclaim: We are not He; but they point to Him, and say: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

Forms and ordinances are not Saviours, but they are the Saviour's acts. In them, and through them, He approaches us, and communicates Himself to us. He is in them as life is in the tree. As it pervades the branches,

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the leaves, the blossoms, the fruit, so does the Saviour's grace pervade all the ordinances and forms of worship.

How plain it is, therefore, that the Christian, while he ought to use forms and ordinances, ought not to rest in them as their own end—but penetrate through them to the Lord of life who is their life—to the Lord of grace whose grace they bear. Only in so worshipping can we say: "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord."

He that seeks the life of grace without forms, is a fanatical dreamer. He that seeks and trusts in forms without life is an idolater. He that seeks life in and through forms, has his eyes truly toward the Lord —and he will find Him as surely as the hungry man finds strength in bread, the thirsty man refreshment in water, or as we find soul in body.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

BY MARY.

"I am the way," * *

Often in this vale of tears
Faints the soul beneath its cares,
Poor and wretched, weak and blind,
Seeing naught before,—behind.

Despair then shows his gloomy face,
For his own dark dwelling-place
Takes the heart, and buries deep
Hope, as in death's last cold sleep.

Gladly would the spirit rise
To the home for which it sighs—
To the Life that knows no death—
Love that is no empty breath.

Lavish nature spreads *her* store;
Longings in the heart's deep core
Deeper and intenser flow,
Nature's ruling Mind to know.

Classic lore from ages past
Leads the mind through regions vast;
'Reft of Heaven's best knowledge, this
Leaves us 'wildered, far from bliss.

Where shall peace and rest be found!
Shall the soul, in fetters bound,
Hopelessly lie down to die?
Perish without remedy?

God of love designs not so,
But a Living Way doth show;
Follow: for its farther shore
Blends into the Evermore.

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OUR GRAVE-YARD.

BY NELLIE.

Who does not love to steal away awhile from the haunts of men to hold communion with our own souls in "the city of the dead?" 'Tis there the solemn lesson is brought home to us, that we too must die; at some time, sooner or later, we must pass from this land of ours to that bourne, "from whence no traveller e'er returned."

Such thoughts as these were brought forcibly to our mind a short time ago, while gazing upon the green turf, beneath which are sleeping the forms of our "loved and lost."

Seven grassy mounds show their resting places; the turf above them is pressed by the footsteps of those who are lingering behind. Oft while lingering there, we think we hear spirit voices borne on the breeze from the spirit-land, telling us to be faithful while here. The first three of our departed ones left us in the sunny days of childhood, before the world had come with its sullying breath to taint their purity. And though the wail of sorrow went up from our stricken hearts, and the stroke was hard to bear, still we looked up to "Him who never forsakes" and remembered, "Thy will be done." Again the angel of death came among us and took one in manhood's prime. His future promised fair, and his earthly hopes were bright; but his hopes for eternity were brighter. Each day as he drew nearer his journey's end, he felt he was drawing nearer his Redeemer. As we gathered round his bed-side to catch the last whisper, he bid us not mourn for him, saying: "I am only going home; life is but a vision, and I know we shall meet again."

Did the "angel" leave us? No, it came again, and took a loved sister from our midst; took her just as she was budding into womanhood. The summons came unexpectedly; she was borne away without time to say "farewell." With the last dying breath we caught the whisper, "I'll soon be in heaven." Again we heard the mournful sound of clods falling on the coffin of a loved son; another link in the home-chain was broken, never to be re-united on this earth.

A few short months spun on and the "angel" came again, to summon our aged grandmother to the "upper courts." She was patiently waiting the summons and passed joyfully to her home. Another went away to a distant college to prepare for the ministry. Time after time he was called home to say a last farewell with loved ones. Just when his studies were completed, and he had gone forth to "preach glad tidings," his summons came to end his earthly career. Dying, he praised his Redeemer, and then passed home to God's presence above. Before any of his kindred could reach him his spirit took its flight. No mother's ears were there to catch the last whisper, or wipe the death damp from his brow. No sister or brother was there to raise his drooping head. Strangers alone were there to hear his mournings for absent friends. Strangers robed him for the

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tomb. At an unexpected moment his loud summons reached us; again the wail of sorrow went up from our stricken household; the eldest of our loving band was gone: there was a breach in our home-circle—a void in our hearts, that can never be filled till we meet in heaven. The rains of summer and the storms of winter alike beat over their graves, but they heed them not; calmly they rest,

"Free from life's endless toil and endeavor,"

Though their graves are deep, there are graves in our hearts which are deeper. Daily memory repairs there alone to water them with tears, lest they should lose their greenness and beauty. Though the home chain here is broken, and the links severed, a time cometh when we shall enter into our "Father's house" to dwell forevermore. Only a few more days and we shall be gathered to our kindred.

They come on the wings of the morning—they come—
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
To lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

AN INDIAN STUCK TO HIS BARGAIN.

Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, told an Indian he wanted a calf killed, and that he would give a shilling to do it. "Give me shilling," said the Indian. Dudley gave him the shilling. He killed the calf, and then sauntered about. The Governor asked why he did not dress the calf? The Indian answered: "*No, no, Coponoh*, (governor,) *that was not in the bargain!*"

THE WITTY INDIAN SPEAKS HIS MIND.

An Ottaway chief, called *Whitejohn*, was a great drunkard. He was asked what he thought brandy was made of. "Well, I suppose it must be made of *hearts* and *tongues;* for when I am full of it, my heart is a *thousand strong*, and I can talk, too, as with a *thousand tongues.*"

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF EQUALITY.

An Indian chief was once asked whether his people were free? "Why not, *since I am free*, although their king?" was the reply.

"YES, YES, ME PAY YOU WHEN MY POWDER GROW."

A white trader sold an Indian some powder, at an enormous price. To show the Indian that it was cheap (for he had objected to the high price), the trader told him if he sowed the powder, like grain, it would produce a hundred fold. The Indian prepared the ground, sowed the powder, waited a whole moon, (a full year,) but no hundred-fold yield was realized. Afterwards, the Indian got a large quantity of goods, on credit, from the white trader. The time for payment was fully matured, when the trader demanded payment for the goods bought on credit. "*Yes, yes, me pay you when my powder grow.*"

The white trader, skulked, considered the account balanced. *This is justice*, he muttered to himself.

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TRUE MEN AND WOMEN.

BY FRED.

The most pressing, crying want of our age, is *true men and women.* This want is not confined to any single nation or country, but is co-extensive with the human race. How many of the one billion of the human species, reach any thing like the highest type of manhood? How many, or rather *how few*, of the most civilized and enlightened portions of mankind, yea, *how few* in our own favored land, stand forth in all the intellectual, moral and spiritual grandeur of God's last and noblest creature upon the earth? History and observation both return the answer, *comparatively very few indeed.*

It is said of an old philosopher seen upon the streets at mid-day with lantern in hand, that when asked what he sought he sarcastically replied, "*I seek a man.*" Lived he amid all the resplendence of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century, it seems to us he would still experience similar difficulty in finding such a distinguished personage. He would surely encounter many bipeds, wearing the *shape*, the *garments* and general aspect of man, but on penetrating the outward shell and viewing the mental darkness and moral rottenness within, he would stand aghast and turn away with disgust at his kind, muttering to himself "*ne crede colori.*"

Look at the men, whom the people delight to honor and elevate to places of trust and office; who, all will admit, *ought to be* the exponents of all the manly character of the nation; in short, who *ought to be men in the true and fullest sense* of the word; and do you find them such? A very few of them loom up amid the vast crowd, clothed in all the majesty and true dignity of man, like so many lofty cedars towering above the general forest, whose names indeed will be forever green and fresh in the memories of a grateful posterity; for to them we owe our national existence and salvation. But the vast majority of our public men lack every element of true manhood, except perhaps a certain intelligence; for they are the slaves of vice in its most hideous forms, and lashed to their passions, like a man to a wild and ungovernable horse, they are borne away to ruin with only the occasional lightning flashes of their brilliant intellects, to illuminate their course and redeem their names from an infamous oblivion. But let us come down from those *high places* in the nation, through the highest classes of society to the lowest plebs in the land, and every where we find rascality, dishonesty, deceit, profanity, intemperance and ignorance, deforming and defiling, tarnishing and obscuring the Creator's fair image, and debasing and brutalizing man. Having made this tour of inspection with us through all grades and classes of society, you cannot help being fully convinced of the truth stated in our first sentence as to the greatest want of the age.

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There are many false notions of what constitutes a *man* or a *woman*, abroad, these days.

Money seems to play an important part in making them, or at least in giving them currency. If not, why this universal scramble after wealth and the distinguished honors that are paid to it every where? *Money* and *dress*, every one will admit, exercise a marvellous potency in making men and women in these days of fraud and speculation. Take the meanest outcast that may come along the streets, let the barber do his office upon him; let the tailor exhaust his skill in arraying him in the very front rank of fashion; then fill his pockets with gold or greenbacks, and he "*can travel*" *any where* in our highest (in name) social circles, though he have not the gait or accent of Jew or Christian, pagan or even man. Take a young woman from the very depths of vice and shame, wash her face,—powder and paint it well, adorn her head with anointed tresses exhaling the sweet perfume of a thousand flowers, corset her waist and robe her in gaudy attire, and give her the reputation of "*sole heiress to a magnificent fortune*," her *ignorance* will at once dwindle into *simplicity*,—her uncouth manners into *little peculiarities*,—every defect of character will be changed into a virtue or a grace, and great will be the crowd of her admirers, and seekers of her hand.

Ladies, pardon me for saying it, but it does seem to me, that a majority of your sex have the the strangest and lightest notions of true manhood extant, or they are most easily gulled. Why, I believe if one were to put fine breeches, coat and hat upon a lamp-post, some *dear creature* would soon come along, invest it with all the attributes of a *real man* and good husband, and "set her cap" for him at once. Do they see a gay young lad with incipient mustache of colored down upon his lip, dressed in fine, fashionable clothes of latest cut, massive yellow chain across his vest, kids upon his hands, patent-leather boots upon his feet, and fancy hat upon his head which leans to one side from its tendency to float in air, and they exclaim in ecstasy, "*That's just my style of a man, he is so pretty—so witty—so funny—so entertaining,—in short, so every thing* that he is just *my beau ideal of a husband!!*"

Is not this just the style of men that are lionized and worshipped by a great number of our town and city misses of the best families?

What egregious errors are all these! Flesh and bones, *cloth* made of cotton, flax or wool, grown upon the earth or upon the sheep's back, and *money* dug out of the ground *make men and women?* No; the voice of slighted reason cries out "*no!*" The immortal Spirit sends forth its emphatic "no;" and God himself in man's creation thunders out ten thousand *noes*.

What then are the constituents of true manhood and womanhood? It might be argued here, that the *true man* and *woman* are "*born, not made*" by any educational training. Education can only develop what nature has given in birth. It can never put a sound and strong mind into an idiot's head. It may cultivate and develop the intellect, and if of the right kind, may, to some extent, affect the will and make moral men and women. But there is a canker at work in the depths of our nature, whose corruptions and corrosions no mere education can ever arrest, and for which there is no cure, but the washing in the purifying streams of that Fountain which was opened for sin and uncleanness. Mankind is afflicted

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with a fearful and loathsome moral leprosy, which must forever hinder its development to its highest type, if not removed. God saw this, and in mercy and love provided the remedy in Christianity. The *true Christian*, we assert, fearless of successful contradiction, is *the highest type of man.* The secret springs of activity within him have been touched by the Holy Spirit, and the canker of sin cured, or is in process of curing. As Christ is acknowledged even by infidels to have been the purest and best of all men,—even so must an unbelieving world ever pronounce the true Christian man or woman as the purest and best type of human kind. Search history, ancient and modern, and see if you can find any thing to contradict this conclusion.

Christianity, then, in our view, is the fundamental element of all true manhood and womanhood, as without it the basis on which we would build them must remain corrupt and cankerous.

If Christians generally filled the measure of their privileges, then there were no need of writing any more on this point. But, alas! how far we come short of this! With what poor attainments we are satisfied! Now, let the culture of the *intellect* come in; for, guided by grace in the heart, it can no more bear away the immortal spirit into infidelity and sin. Now, go forth and interpret nature, and let the "Heavens declare to you the glory of God, and the firmament show her handiwork." *Intelligent Christianity* is the highest state to which man or woman can attain on this sin-cursed earth. God, from on high, calls loudly to all young men and women to come up to this height, to which He exalts man in his Son, our Saviour.

Education and erudition the most finished, have in all past time failed to make *real true men* and women. It is a notorious fact that many of our most learned men are the worst men in the land, the most perfect rascals. But such can never be the case with the *intelligent* and *really Christian* man or woman. *Intelligent, energetic men and women* are the great need of this fast age. The State needs them, society cries out for them, and the Church lifts her wailing voice to the sons and daughters of men, to come into her folds, that they may realize there the highest perfection attainable by humanity. Fops, coxcombs, and that whole race of miserable excuses for men, are by far too numerous now. So, on the other side of the house, the Misses Flora McFlimsys and all that class of parlor ornaments, not to say any worse of them, are by far too frequently met with, and strange to say, sometimes in nominally Christian families. Oh, when shall the world get rid of these walking nuisances! When shall these base counterfeits of humanity be put out of currency! May the good Lord speedily deliver us from them, and send us the genuine coin in their stead.

CONVERSATION.—Conversation calls into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance, it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge with which reading, observation and study have before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser who lives only for himself.

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SPENDING MONEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A miser is a poor thing. We have not a word of justification for him, much less a word of praise. On the contrary, we admire liberality and generosity, and above all, that divine charity which regards money as a means for doing good, freely gives it for the love of God, and finds its sufficient reward in the consciousness of having helped our Saviour's needy poor. No praise of such liberality can be too high or too strong.

While, however, our time is perhaps bringing to view an enlarged liberality of this character, it is also exhibiting a great rage for the spending of money in a purely useless way. This is the case especially among the young. Who that mingles at all in society so as to be able to observe the ways of the world, can have failed to notice this fact. Luxuries and vanities are purchased with a prodigality that amounts almost to a mania.

This vast amount of funds must come from some source. Whence does it come? We may perhaps classify the sources, and in either case show the ruinousness of the indulgence.

1. One class get it in the way of wages. They have earned, and of course it is not for us to say how they shall spend it. But one thing we are sure of, that however large and liberal the wages may be, the rate at which they are spending them, can leave them but a small sum, if any at all, toward laying a foundation for a future business of their own. Yet ought not any prudent young man to have an eye to this? If he expects to be a useful and responsible member of society, he ought to establish himself in some honest and honorable business. This in any case suggests that he ought to provide a proper nucleus at least. This every young man can do with proper economy—he can do it without being either miserly or mean. If, on the contrary, he spends his wages as fast as he has earned them, he will find himself standing at the threshold of responsible business life, not only without any capital to begin with, but what is even worse, without those habits of prudent economy which are indispensable to success. How many young men, by this sad mistake, have rendered themselves poor, unhappy and comparatively useless through life!

2. Another class is composed of those, who have inherited more or less from their industrious and frugal parents. Even the sure expectation of this has already partially unfitted them for the earnest work of life; and now that they have it in hand, they spend it in the spirit of: "Easy come, easy go." This will answer their prodigal purposes for a short time. But it is wonderful how soon the end of a fortune may be reached in this way! When it is all gone—what then? This often prepares material for

3. The third class. This is made up of those, who have spent their means, and now possess neither the industry nor steadiness to go to work earnestly with a view to their recovery. Thus they become prowlers,

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gamblers, adventurers, and finally thieves. How many of our "fast young men," especially of the "baser sort," have come to their fate in this way! And it requires but a little observation to convince any one, that there are in our time thousands of young men, who are fast moving in the same direction.

Young man, if you will hear us, and take our advice, it is a most earnest recommendation of frugality and economy. Begin early not only to build up for yourself a Christian character, which is of course the chief thing, but also to lay the foundation for usefulness and success in life. This is not only the dictate of common prudence, but also the spirit of the divine teaching. Learn how to be liberal and generous, and yet economical. Avoid the foolishness of prodigality and all useless and vain extravagance. In this way you will be a true friend of yourself, and find the sure path to earthly competence and usefulness in life.

Most of our substantial men—those who are the pillars of communities, who best support churches, schools, and public enterprises—are such as have worked their way from poverty by steady steps taken in the way of frugality and economy. Because they have avoided the paths of prodigality, they are now able to be liberal, generous and charitable. The same path is open to you. Show yourself a man; and cultivate that spirit of manly earnestness and responsibility, which will deliver you from the fate of the spendthrift. In youth cultivate those solid habits, which have conducted thousands before you into the ranks of the earnest and honorable, and which will insure to you the same happy future.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the Guardian for 1863, 1864, and 1865 we published various interesting incidents connected with the little prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

A lady friend from "Peri Land" kindly sends us a little poem cut from an old paper, which she pronounces "very pretty." In this we fully agree with her. Her kindness in sending it is none the less appreciated on account of the fact that we published that poem in the Nov. No., 1865. It will be found on page 351, beginning

"In the quiet nursery chambers."

It is truly beautiful. The reader is referred to it. Our fair correspondent will please accept our thanks for her kindness, while we invite her to send us in future any thing of this kind that may fall in her way.

Our friend, Rev. M. Sheeleigh, to whom we have already been so much indebted, has again laid us under obligations. He says:

"Please find within another straw which I have caught floating on the

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newspaper waves. Perhaps you may be pleased to lay it beside others which you have numbered and laid away in your cabinet." With great pleasure do we assign it a place. It is from the pen of F. A. Packard, editor of the "S. S. World:"

"NOW I LAY ME."

It would be very difficult to compose a verse of four lines, all but one of the words being monosyllables, that should contain as much simple, natural, devotional sentiment, as the familiar nursery stanza—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

We do not think a word of it should be altered, nor aught added to it, nor taken from it, without the general consent of all the children between two and five years of age, that can speak their mother tongue, assembled in general convention on some given day at 12, M. We have no objection to imitations or rivalries, but we insist upon it that those four lines, fragrant as they are with the breath of millions of the little ones whose lips they have passed, shall be allowed to stand by themselves just as they are.

We have been requested to publish the following six lines, which are thought to be worthy of a place beside the others; and it is intimated that they might have had one author, or at any rate that one was suggested by the other. We think the latter supposition quite plausible, but the former altogether inadmissible without further evidence.

The lines are very simple and appropriate, and we heartily commend them to parents and teachers as eminently suitable for a child's morning orison.

"Now I wake and see the light;
'Tis God has kept me through the night:
To Him I lift my voice and pray,
That he would keep me through the day:
If I should die before 'tis done,
O God, accept me through Thy Son."

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song,
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"

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'Thou'rt wrong, my friend, said king Hal,
'Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be.
For could my heart be light like thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing,
With a voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I am King,
Beside the river Dee?'

The miller smiled and doffed his cap—
'I earn my bread,' quoth he;
'I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
That feed my babes and me."

"Friend,' said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell and happy be;
But, say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy manly cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O, miller of the Dee."

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

The loved and lost! why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, but loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

And this we call a loss. O, selfish hearts! O, selfish sorrow!
Let us look around some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

They are lost. They are within the door
That shuts out death and every hurtful thing—
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God's Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

Ah! look around this dreary, desert path?
What thorns and thistles wheresoever we turn!
What love, what fear, what joy, what wrath!
What trials and tribulations this journey hath!
They have escaped from these, and lo! we mourn.

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THE STUDENT'S TRICK.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying:

"Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so. and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen on his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I shall never forget I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood: "It is better to give than receive."

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

JUJUBE.

"What is it? Where does it come from? What is it made of?"

I think five hundred times I have heard these and similar questions asked about the pleasant, palatable paste used in confections and pectoral compounds; and doubtless there are hundreds of thousands of people somewhat familiar with the commercial jujube paste of all civilized countries, who have no more definite idea of what it is made of, than a Hottentot has of a hymn book. This universal ignorance of *jujube*, and the tree that produces the genuine material, is scarcely creditable to us, who grow so many thousand tons of noxious tobacco, and make so many million gallons of murderous rum.

In reply to the question, what is jujube paste made of, I have to reply, that three-fifths of all we buy and use as pure *jujube* is a compound of poor gum Arabic, damaged flour, and cheap sugar, tinted with some villanous chemical liquid.

The little pure jujube paste we get is made from the fruit of the *jujube* tree—(*Rhamnus Zizyphus*) a common East Indian tree, or, more generally, a large shrub, growing also in the majority of the islands of Japan, and on the continent, hardy and abundantly fruitful in all the northern mountains of China, and North into Tartary, where the winter cold is so intense that no other fruit trees exist. The tree resembles most in appearance and habits of growth, the honey locusts of the United States, while the fruit is very like in size, shape and color, our smaller purplish damson plums, with a pit something similar, only smaller in proportion, rounder and more pointed. Eaten when quite ripe, the fruit has a pleasant taste, and slightly aromatic flavor. From the setting of the blossom to maturity, the fruit requires about three and a half months, though two or three pretty sharp frosts, either on the flowers or ripe fruit, does not appear to injure it.

The paste is easily made, exactly as the housewife manufactures marmalade from pears, or other fruit, simply by stewing, straining and boiling down at a very low heat.

There are a few of the *jujube* trees growing and bearing fruit in the United States, but considering that it will thrive and bear fruit wherever the apple, peach or pear will, and in some places where they will not; and considering also the very many purposes in confections and cookery to which it may be applied, as well as its valuable medicinal properties, a great many thousands of our people who have gardens ought to cultivate the *jujube* tree.

COSMO.

MONEY.

What a very monster is money! What monsters both the possession, determination to obtain, and greed for money, makes of mortals! With coffers crammed to repletion, the heart of the money-king becomes callous—cold as the northern iceberg—hard as the quartz rock, whence the particles of gold are only crushed out by the power of resistless engines.

Money makes very barbarians of the best of us by times. How often

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the greedy heart dictates, and the grudging hand gives to starving indigence the pittance so paltry that decency is outraged, and begging itself insulted! Money lays its cold, grasping hand upon the heart, chilling it into ice, hardening it into very flint; and the son or daughter thus possessed of a money devil, mercilessly kills by cruelty—neglect and absolute starvation it may be—the aged and infirm parent, who has nurtured and nursed them through infancy, educated and taught them to acquire wealth—perhaps endowed them with fortunes that they deny them the veriest pittance of.

Money—the contemptible "thirty pieces of silver"—made a disciple of the Son of God a murderer—betrayed the Saviour of mankind to a shameful death upon the cross. Money has made millions of Judases since that day, and will make millions more.

We fight, beg, plunder, steal, starve, work, slave, die, and do all wicked things for money. Some one said one day, and whoever he was, no one ever said a truer thing:—"This madness for money is the lowest and meanest of all the human passions. It is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the better attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the Eternal."

MADELINE.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

Among all our millions of books, new and old, and in the languages of all nations, the Bible stands stark alone, an unprejudiced exponent of woman's true character. There only we find woman depicted as God himself designed woman to be—not as the fine lady, patroness of fashion, proud as the feminine field marshal of *le bon ton*, the painted, perfumed, lace-bedizened female fop, worthless as a woman, and wofully miscalculated for any thing else; not as the persistent agitator, claiming the right to make herself as a man, or more than that, supremely ridiculous—not as the glib-tongued, petticoated politician, losing all sense of delicacy and decency in vituperous declamation before applauding vagabonds. We have no such women in the Bible.

Wicked women there are certainly—a few that the Bible tells us of—women wise in their wickedness mostly. I have read in the Bible of but few wicked women—fools. Lot's wife, and two or three others, were women of that sort.

Among the historical female names conspicuous in the Old Testament, we have those of Rebecca, Sarah, Miriam, Judith, Esther, Ruth and Deborah; each occupying her place, fulfilling an important mission on the grand dramatic stage of Bible history, modest, gentle, firm and womanly; consistent and feminine always, never seeking to glare and dazzle with the splendor of the meridian sun—never immodest, vulgar brawlers, prattling politicians, prating absurd nonsense: but content to shine in their true spheres, man's brightest, most beautiful stars, casting their mild, modest radiance over his morning, and shedding their pure effulgence upon his evening of life.

Coming down to New Testament times, we find women still the same—mother, wife or sister—ever loving, kind and good; combining all that is lovely and lovable in the character of woman. From Mary the blessed—mother of the Son of God, back through all historic ages to Eve, the mo-

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ther of all living, we find woman as we could love her best—nowhere the blatant exponent of monstrous isms, silly flippant politicians, or gilded butterflies, as worthless as the ephemeral moth they best represent.

COSMO.

SNEERERS.

Nothing else in this world pertaining to humanity is so utterly contemptible as contempt itself. That man or woman who falls into the silly practice of sneering at others, whether better, worse, higher, lower, richer or poorer than themselves, treads a dangerous path, and becomes a target of universal contempt themselves.

Self-conceit is the foul seed from which springs all the poor crop of pharisaical foolishness that so much curses society. The self-conceited purist, who affects to look upon his fellow-man, whatever his social, moral or intellectual status may happen to be, with contempt, saying, "Go, poor fool, I am better than you," is himself the poorest fool, and most an object of contempt.

Sneering is the most unprofitable of all callings—an investment that pays a usurious rate of interest, but invariably in the basest coin. The habitual sneerer carries on a continual war against public opinion in which he is certain to become the vanquished party eventually, though his egotism may sustain him stoutly for awhile. MADELINE.

FISH FOOD.

A pity it is, that some eloquent 1866 or '67 Peter the Hermit, or some other Peter, or Paul, or John, or any man with power to persuade, would not preach a crusade against meat—*meat* everlastingly meat as food, and ten times more fish in its stead. There would be fewer funerals, and many more healthy men and women in our country. The average annual percentage of deaths in London, with all its poverty, filth and degradation, is far below that of any of our large American cities. Look at the Londoners' fish bill of fare per annum:—200,000,000 haddock, 50,000,000 herrings, 40,000,000 plaice, 1,000,000,000 shell fish, 100,000,000 soles, 30,000,000 mackerel, 5,000,000 fresh cod, 4,600,000 dried cod, and lobsters in season at the rate of 30,000 daily. Besides these, there is a considerable consumption of salmon, smelts, bass, and other fish of which no statistical account is given.

In all fishing villages, towns and communities every where, where fish is eaten ten times more than meat, the inhabitants are healthy, hardy and robust, capable of undergoing more hardships than habitual meat eaters, and free from many diseases that afflict them. COSMOS.

GROWLERS.

A needless nuisance that ought to be abated—a pest to society and themselves—are the race of growlers who are everlastingly carping, scolding, fretting, snarling, and finding fault with every body and any thing they come in contact with, and forty thousand things imaginable and unimaginable, that they do not. With the constitutional growler, there is no peace. Every trifle offends him, and going into a growl, he manages to make war on every object he can see, hear, feel, taste, smell or think of, rendering himself, and all things animate within the circle of his baleful influence, as miserable as possible.

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The habitual growler is only happy when he has made himself, and every one he can reach with his ill-natured spleen, unhappy. If you are determined to become lean, unloved, unhealthy, unpopular, shunned, detested, and in short a social leper, take on the habit of finding fault with every thing that, in your morbid imagination, falls a hair's breadth short of the standard of excellence and perfection you have set up as the rule of life. If you are determined to kill yourself, then go about it in a sensible way, no particular objection to that. But this taking ten years to commit suicide, growling others to death the while, is wilful wickedness, and excessively foolish. MADELINE.

WATER PROOF CLOTH.

Cloth made impervious to water by the application of a solution of India rubber, is the invention of Mackintosh, a colonel in the East India Company's army. Hence, the name of such cloths—"Mackintosh." The process is to first dissolve India rubber in ether, deprived of its alcohol by washing in water. This affords a thin, colorless solution, which, treated with naphtha, swells to thirty times its original bulk. It is then triturated in a mortar, and passed through a fine wire sieve, making a homogeneous varnish, that applied to all woven fabrics with the flat, smooth edge of a wooden spatula fills all the pores with an elastic durable film, taking the color of the cloth to which it is applied, rendering it water proof without in the least injuring its texture.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT.

An excellent, cheap and lasting cement, suitable for a great variety of purposes, may be made from gutta percha as follows:—Dissolve in chloroform so much gutta percha as will make a fluid about the consistency of molasses. Spread it thinly on the surfaces to be joined, warm them a few seconds before a blaze of any kind, then join instantly, secure, and in five minutes the fragments will be solidly cemented together. This is a neat and durable method of putting small patches on boots and shoes. With a little practice one can lay on a patch so neatly that it can scarcely be detected. COSMO.

FROST AND FIRE.

Go down forty-five miles towards the earth's centre, and we should find a fixed temperature of eighty-five thousand degrees Fahrenheit—a heat that would fuse all known substances in a second. Too hot to live there comfortably. Fly outward towards the sun, and reaching a point forty-five miles from the earth's surface, we should find cold so intense that liquid fire itself would be congealed into ice in an instant. And here we live—mankind, animals, birds, forests, fruits and flowers, in a beautiful world midway between the regions of everlasting frost and fire.

—If we would take but a little of the pains to bend ourselves to the standard of truth that we do to warp truth to suit our own convenience, the race of hypocrites would very soon become extinct.

—There is no disgrace in poverty, as half the world profess to believe; only it is well to clothe our poverty always in so much piety, that we shall not be ashamed of either.

—It is well for those worldly wealthy to bear in mind always, that shrouds have no pockets, and that marble monuments are not certificates of Christianity that pass us free to Paradise. MADELINE.

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The Guardian.

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THE TWO MOVEMENTS IN WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL H. GIESY.

Worship is universal. All nations have their God, or gods. There is not a pagan people without their tutelary deity. Shrines, altars, temples, sanctuaries, houses of worship are every where. If the true God is not worshipped, false gods are. If holy and acceptable incense rises not to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, it does to rude, senseless images, worshipped and adored as God. If the sacrifices of sincere hearts are not laid upon the true altar, they are brought to unhallowed shrines. In the multiplicity of their gods and goddesses, lest some entitled in their estimation to sacred honor and homage, should have been unwittingly overlooked, St. Paul tells us, that the Greeks in Athens had an altar to the "unknown God."

The religious feeling is intuitive. It is found in all men. Wherever you find a human soul, bearing the moral impress of God, you find a sense and struggle after the idea and fact of worship. Amid the ruins of the fall, there is left this universal testimony to our divine origin, the spirituality of our being, and our immortal destiny. This longing after God—this looking outward and upward for help and comfort—this reaching out of the human soul after something worthier and stronger, like the frail vine for a sturdy, oaken support, is every where, and every where testifying most powerfully to the Being of God, and the felt necessity of some order of worship.

Lying at the foundation of all right worship is a proper conception of the true and only object of worship, and the ends to be thereby reached. Sincerity is no offset to views in these particulars radically defective. The Mohammedan is sincere, intensely sincere, but that does not make his worship the true worship, and his prophet and leader a safe and sure one. Revelation alone meets this sense of human unworthiness and weakness, directing us both to the true object and method of worship.

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Sacred worship [as thus directed on the part of the creature to his Creator] consists of two distinct and separate movements—a manward movement on the part of God, and a Godward movement upon the part of man. God, a Being of infinite purity and spotless holiness, must draw nigh to man, ere man, oppressed with the deepest sense of his guilt and unworthiness, may or can draw nigh to God. Boldness on our part to enter where angels even fear to tread, confidence to approach God in the ordinances of His own appointment, can only be felt where the sense of God's solemn approach to man in these very ordinances roots itself in the devout heart.

It is a very serious sobering thought, that in the ordinances of sacred worship, there is a drawing near to us of the great God Himself. From of old it has been so. The history of that order of worship ordained by God gives us to understand this most clearly and fully.

We cannot misapprehend the solemn truth intended to be expressed in Horeb's bush, burning but not consumed. A bush on the mountain was nothing in itself; nothing novel, nothing strange. But about this particular bush there was something very peculiar. To Moses it was a strange sight. The reason of its strangeness he himself tells us; all ablaze, yet was it not burnt. No wonder that his attention was arrested. No wonder that with proper curiosity he drew nigh to investigate, as we would say, the strange phenomenon. But how suddenly are his approaching footsteps stayed. The bush has a tongue to speak. Singular enough! A sound of words comes from its flaming midst. The words are themselves sufficiently solemn to make him stand and tremble with awe. The great God is in that burning bush. So the record tells us: "God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Draw not nigh hither: put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover, He said: I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God." "Hid his face!" Let us remember that fact. The profoundest reverence with the deepest awe seized upon him. Why? Because God, in Horeb's great mystery, had drawn nigh to him; so nigh as to hold familiar conversation with him.

Who would not have been deeply solemnized under such circumstances? The realization of God's presence then and there would have filled the most thoughtless man with awe and trembling. What a powerful proof does this incident afford us of a manward movement on the part of God!

After the exodus of Israel, in obedience to God's express command, was undertaken, we hear this same miraculously called man, saying: "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night." It is impossible not to comprehend the spiritual significance of this cloudy pillar. It was God sensibly drawing nigh to the people whom he had determined to deliver from cruel servitude. It was God in a visible, though shadowy, form leading the way in all the devious wanderings of their escape. The Lord Himself was in that overhanging cloud, now resting, now moving onward, now moving backward, now moving to the right hand, now to the left hand; but all the host of Israel following where that ocular embodiment of Jehovah's presence and evidence of His will led the way. There was God symbolically, yet really; always at hand; always in view. That cloud was not an object of worship to them, but

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the comfortable and assuring token of the presence of that God who had brought them out of the house of bondage—the divine pledge of right guidance, of perfect safety, of timely interposition, and, at length, of Canaan's full possession. How truly and strongly does Moses say: "What nation is there so great, *who hath God so nigh unto them* as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?"

The same thing we meet with further on in the history of this God-chosen people, and under a still more solemn form. Within the Jewish tabernacle there was a sacred enclosure, called "The Most Holy place," or "The Holy of Holies." Within this inner sanctuary no mortal might pass save the high priest. Access on the part even of this high and holy official was limited to one special occasion each year—the great day of atonement. And days of solemn preparation on his part preceded this annual passing beyond the sacred veil. All this goes to show with what solemnity, for the Jewish mind, the "Holy of holies" clothed itself. That inner temple—that temple within a temple—was the awful residence of the Divine Presence. There was the visible glory of God. There was the Mercy-seat, and the Cherubim bending over it; and between the Cherubim dwelt, in the form again of a cloud, the uncreated glory of God. That overhanging cloud, the recognized symbol of Jehovah's Presence, was called the Shechinah. It is impossible at this distant day to form any full and proper conception of this glorious appearance. Such, however, was this "*excellent glory*," that it was an exceedingly awful thing for sinful, dying man to look upon. The direction of God by Moses to Aaron gives us to understand this: "Speak unto Aaron, thy brother, that he come not at all times into the holy place within the veil, before the mercy-seat which is upon the ark; that he die not: for *I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat.*"

This mysterious and sacred spot is where the holy God drew nigh to the bowed and reverend high priest, the representative of the people, approaching with sacrificial blood. It was here He gave audience to the supplications of that holy and consecrated official. It was here He was solemnly inquired of, and gave oral answer. "And when Moses was gone into the tabernacle of the congregation to speak with Him, then he heard the voice of one speaking unto him from off the mercy-seat that was upon the ark of testimony, from between the two cherubims; and God spake unto him." Out of this mysterious cloud, the voice of God came. There He drew nigh to the high priest, with solemn mien drawing nigh to Him. There He held direct intercourse with that representative of the people standing without, according to His own promise: "There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat." And hence, in the 99th Psalm, the ark is represented as his footstool, above which He sits, enthroned as it were: "Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool; for He is holy."

All this was singularly anticipative of that personal manward movement on the part of God, which was accomplished in the *fulness of time.* The mystery of the Incarnation is the eternal God actually joining Himself to man. In the person of Christ, we have the infinite enshrined in the finite. God and man in mysterious, but harmonious union. "God," as St. Paul says, "was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up

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unto glory." With inspired emphasis, he well calls this a great mystery, "the mystery of Godliness." It is a mystery whose profound depth we may not fathom. The veil is as yet before our eyes. We see through a glass darkly. We know only in part. It is not for the finite mind to measure infinite realities. We must never forget that, though our powers and faculties are wonderful, they are yet limited and necessarily bounded. We know here only the fact of the union of God and man in the person of Christ. That is all we need to know. The mode of this union is beyond our ken. It is an unrevealed, veiled mystery. But veiled though it be, not to be penetrated and fathomed by our intellect, yet we do know that in it this manward movement on God's part reached its full and grand culmination. We knew, too, that it meets the great need of man's salvation. "The Word" made incarnate for us men and for our salvation. God coming down to man to lift man up to God; "God *in* Christ, reconciling the world into Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

In this great fact—God and man meeting in Christ—the struggle of the ages reached its full and gracious realization. In Bethlehem, though little among the thousands of Judah, "did that thing come to pass," towards which all the yearnings of humanity, consciously or unconsciously, went out; "the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us full of grace and truth;" the uncreated excellencies of the Godhead veiled with the whole of our common, suffering, dying humanity. Christian worship finds all its significance—and we may say its real possibility—in this wondrous fact. It is only in the name and merits of the God—man's Saviour—"the new and living way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," that we can now with acceptance approach the footstool of sovereign mercy.

The Incarnation is a *perpetual fact.* The removal of the actual humanity of Christ, in His ascension to heaven, was not the end of that divine movement, which, we have seen, was the burden of the ages—God coming to man. There is no such hiatus, no such break in Heaven's movement toward earth's elevation. The establishment of the Christian Church, in the descent of the Holy Ghost and His constant abode therein, does mean something, and does subserve a gracious end. Because we live in the times of the Spirit's plenitude and power, and there are no longer any visible tokens of the Divine presence, let us not cut ourselves off from the actual truth in the case, and the rich benefits of grace flowing directly therefrom, by supposing that our ascended and glorified Lord is at all infinitely removed from us. *Not* so; not *so.* The Church brings to us, by the presence of the Holy Ghost, the actual fulfilment of our Lord's parting words: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It brings us to Christ, and it brings Christ to us, though we see Him not with our bodily eyes.

The Church, by inspired authority, is called the "body of Christ." This is not a figure, but a blessed reality. The Church realizes to the ages, onward to the millennial period, the resources of life and salvation, which from the beginning inhered in the person of Christ. The sacraments are not empty signs, unmeaning forms, graceless ceremonies. They are as the golden pipes of the sanctuary. They are grace-bearing channels; not the grace itself, but the appointed means of grace. Their divine significance lies in the fact, that God meets us in them with His grace; brings by means of them His grace to us; draws near to us in them, as

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formerly in the cloudy symbol of His presence overhanging the mercy-seat, to bless us, to enrich us, to feed and nourish our souls into everlasting life.

The same thing is solemnly true in all the institutions of ordinary worship. If these holy services be not still a manward movement on the part of our enriching God; if they are not bringing near to us the indispensable blessings of life and salvation: if they are not an actual realizing to us of the very presence of God, as much so, yea, since the veritable Incarnation of Christ, shall we not say, more so, than even did Shechinah itself to the trembling, awe-struck high-priest?—if all this be not real and true, then all the solemn services of the sanctuary—our highest joys here, our sweet communion, our hymns of love and praise—all, all resolve themselves into idle breath, airy nothingness, "ranting expectorations" truly. If these solemn ordinances of religion do not bring God near to us—not God simply in His abstract spirituality, but more especially "God in Christ," the great and only Mediator, and that, too, with the actual presence of His grace and salvation—then, in all seriousness and soberness, let me ask the question: "What mean we by these services? And if they really do, as they are intended, actualize the very presence of God, then shall not the very thought sober and solemnize us? Is God—in His holy temple—the eternal almighty Jehovah? And shall we forget it when we come up to worship before Him, failing to demean ourselves with that reverence which becometh the presence of the great King? How dreadful is this place! "The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."

But this now is only one side of the idea of worship. If God draws nigh to bless, then must we draw nigh to receive the divine blessing. If God, through a divine order, approaches us with the needed grace of salvation, then surely ought and must we draw nigh to Him in the ordinances of His own appointment, if we would be the actual recipients of His great grace. Accordingly, the idea of Christian worship completes itself only in a Godward movement on the part of man—man coming to where God has promised to meet, commune with, and bless his people—feeding their souls upon the Bread of Life, giving them to drink of the Waters of Life, and imparting in a larger measure to them the Holy Ghost. To enjoy these divine blessings, we must put ourselves in immediate contact with them—right in the line of their communication. Hence the significance of this original sacramental act: "As they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and *gave it to the disciples*, and said: *Take, eat;* this is my body. And *He took the cup*, and gave thanks, and *gave it to them*, saying, *Drink ye all of it*, for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

This Godward movement on the part of man shows itself, first of all, and necessarily, in the erection of sanctuaries. Churches are a necessity of our religious nature. It is useless to talk about worshipping God properly without sanctuaries. No man by mere thought can get up the feelings of admiration and awe, which a sight of Niagara Falls is sure to inspire. You must be confronted by that grand wonder of nature, and then the actual presence of its sublimity will move you as nothing purely imaginative possibly could. And so you must stand in the very presence of the objective facts of faith and worship; and thus brought into immediate contact with

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them, if you have a soul that may be moved at all, your whole being will be stirred and lifted up, and it would be no marvel if, with the impulsive Peter, you should say to yourself, if not aloud, "Lord, it is good to be here." And one great mistake, I candidly believe, which we Protestants have committed in the erection of our churches, is the scrupulous and silly removal from them of all those ancient, time-honored symbols, on the altar and on the window, which in themselves are educational, and calculated silently to inspire the worshipper with a solemn sense of his present engagement, and the need of personal faith in the great facts thus touchingly symbolized. I shall never forget the feelings produced within me, when, on entering a church, I saw among other sacred emblems, an eye silently looking down upon me. There came, in the vivid impression of God's omniscience stealing over me, a sense of awe and solemnity, which to this hour has not been lost. But alas! we are so much bound in our religious thinking by mere subjective pietism, that all these silent monitors are ruled out.

Churches there must be. The Jews had their tabernacles, synagogues, temples; and none more gorgeous and magnificent in all its appointments, than was Solomon's, crowning Mount Moriah with its resplendent glory. We must have churches. They are rising on every side. The more there are, the more worshippers are gathered in. The more there are, the more persons are confronted solemnly with divine realities and brought under the power of the truth. The more there are, the wider is the kingdom of grace extended, stretching out, in manifold directions, the arms of an intensified and sanctified energy.

Churches are for a holy purpose. Primarily they are for the worship of God. The house is built for that purpose. It is solemnly consecrated to that one specific object. We call it the Lord's house. We give cheerfully and freely of our means for its erection. And after it is built, we bring it as an offering to the Lord our God, saying by this act of dedication, Henceforth let this be a house of prayer and praise, and hither let Israel's tribes for generations come up. What is all this now, but a manward movement toward God, most significant in its character and extended in its results—eternity alone unfolding the good done through many consecutive years, in the erection of every house of God.

But within its sacred precincts, we make a still nearer approach to God. Every thing within the house bespeaks its sacredness, and the great solemnity of our own movement toward God. We come to have audience with the King of kings. We come to sing God's praise, and supplicate His grace. We come to confess with penitent and heartfelt grief our manifold sins, and sue for pardon. We come to communicate with our heavenly Father our own deep conviction of our personal unworthiness and weakness. We come to worship at His footstool. We come seeking from exhaustless fulness rich supplies of grace. Hungering, we come, that we may be fed on the Bread of Life; thirsting, drink of the Water of Life. We come, not as lords and masters, but suppliants—imploring heavenly gifts. We press right into the inner sanctuary, where dwells the Shechinah—the excellent glory of God—where resides, if any where on the earth, the Divine Presence.

All these sacred acts of worship, if they be not, as man's unbelief, alas! too often makes them an empty farce, a solemn mockery, they do bring us

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most near to God. Especially true is this of that most solemn act of our entire worship—the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. In this approach to our Divine Lord, we come "into the innermost sanctuary of his Presence, the holiest of all, where," as our sacramental form teaches us, "more than in any other service, it is fit that our adoration should be joined with sacred reverence and awe."

LIFE IN HARNESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has been said, "All beginnings are difficult." There is much truth in this saying. It is, however, also true, that beginnings are interesting, and in many cases pleasant. The newness, if not the novelty of them, give them more or less of charm. We enter upon them with freshness, courage, and hope.

This interest, however, does not in all cases continue. The newness of the beginning gradually loses its freshness. The difficulties which present themselves in the course of our progress tend to tame down our ardor, and there is danger that success may be defeated by the discouragements and the lassitude that break in upon us before the end is reached. What begins well does not always end well. The wise will always reserve their congratulations and shouts of victory for the hour of triumphant close. That is a most healthful advice and warning: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Herein lies a lesson for all, and especially for the young. The beginning of life is full of interest. The path opens brightly, and the grand perspective of life stretches out toward the future gilded with hope. Life is freshened with the dews of morning, and the cool air and balmy sunlight give as yet no intimation of the coming heats and burdens of the day. Glorious is the freshness, the vigor, the courage, the elasticity, and the hope of youth. Blessed is the spontaneous and ingenuous joy of opening life. Happy are its first generous impulses and purposes, and pleasant its hopeful beginnings. Let no word of ours obscure aught of this brightness, or take away even the least from its buoyancy. This cheer belongs to youth as truly and properly as springing grass, blooming flowers, laughing rivulets, and singing birds, belong to the advent of spring.

While, however, all this belongs to the opening of life, it belongs not in the same way to the whole of life. This is the important fact to be here understood and laid to heart. To life belongs not only a fresh and cheerful opening, but also a steady and courageous progress, and a successful

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close. Let no one vainly deceive himself with the fancy that the fresh and dewy morning will extend through the burning midday and the downward sloping afternoon of life. Let those who begin life with ready and cheerful vigor, remember that something else is coming, requiring the "steady purpose and the firm resolve:" that a vigorous beginning is nothing but a flashing disaster, if it be not followed by that steady and unflinching energy and perseverance for which alone is reserved the bright crown of success in the end. In a word, let every one see well to it, that at the beginning, he take a true and full view of life as a whole. Let him gird on the harness not merely to begin, but vigorously to carry forward and triumphantly end the great and solemn work of life.

The word "harness," itself, suggests to us very clearly and impressively the nature of the vocation of life. Putting on the harness, speaks of *work*. Work, in the truest and highest sense of that word, is the mission and business of life. Even in his estate of innocency, our first parent was put into the garden of Eden "to *dress* it, and to *keep* it." He was directed to "subdue" the earth, and to maintain dominion over all beneath him. Energy and mastery were the manly virtues symbolized by his divinely inherited crown.

If it lay in the constitution of man that he should have a work to do, even in his state of primal innocency, how great is this necessity intensified now that the disaster of sin is in his nature, and the sad disorder of a fallen world around him! What infinite earnestness and solemnity does this fact give to life? In the sad circumstances that now characterize our life, idleness and aimlessness are not only folly and madness, but sin, misery, and death.

What ideas of life can those have whose only end seems to be to sport around in the sunshine of life, like gay and idle butterflies, living only in the empty flutter of fashion, and devoting themselves, without earnest purpose or aim, to the vain whims and empty fancies of the passing hour? How pitiable, in the light of man's high mission, is the crowd of drones who have never aroused themselves from that animal stupor which is fast benumbing the last energy of God's image in them! And what shall we say of that class of the young who are idling upon the inherited industry of their fathers—who make the very gifts of God, as they enjoy them in the way of letter, temporary fortune; a means for the waste of precious time and golden opportunities—neglecting their talents, and squandering the energies of life, and thus turning their very blessings into a present curse, and a future shame and wo?

Is this the *work* of life? Is this to fulfil the mission of an immortal and responsible being? Is this an obedient hearing of the solemn and startling words of God: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." No, no. Not by idleness, not by ease, not by play, not by nerveless, purposeless, droning inefficiency, can we meet the responsibilities laid upon us by Him who presents to us the solemn challenge: "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go work in my vineyard."

Properly to enter upon, and vigorously and successfully to do the work of life, requires a *girding on of the harness*. That is, every one who would truly work, must place himself in the proper condition to work, so that he

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may have the proper means of strength. This is the harness. An animal who has never been harnessed, has never worked. Or a knight who has never girded on his harness, has never performed deeds of heroic mercy and love.

Our true work in life is not a wild, unregulated, or self-regulated activity. We are called to take our places in those organized constitutions of which human society is necessarily made up, and in which, and by which its highest interests are conserved and carried forward. Every life that would be truly useful must be fitted in, or hitched into the true, divine order of human society.

The family is the first and the most rudimental of these social constitutions. Our relations to it must be first recognized and honored. In it is our first work, and from properly working in it we receive our earliest and best discipline, as well as our first and choicest blessings. He that does not docilly yield to be girded and harnessed by its disciplinary requirements, makes himself as a wild animal that will only follow its own lawless caprice.

Next comes the church. By this divine constitution of human society, our life must be apprehended. Into its organism our lives must be fitted, and to its girding we must humbly submit. Truly wild, wayward, self-willed and useless, is that life which is not harnessed by the church. He that has not learned to work in the church, and for it, and through it, for the world, has not learned to work at all with any order, or to any true purpose. His life may be active, but it is from a false base, and it must therefore be in a comparatively trivial manner, and for merely worldly ends. Like an untamed horse on the prairie, he lives and acts for himself, and is not hitched in with the true order of society, does not put his strength, in a regulated way, into the high and solid interests of the world's progress, and has no share in the labors, honors and rewards of responsible human life. What a mass of this kind of unregulated life is floating around us! It is harnessed only in temporal interests, works in them, and must perish with them.

In like manner as in the church and family, so must our lives be fitted into all other interests and orders of human society. The state, the school, the professions, and the proper business of life—these are all constitutions in which we must rightly stand, and suffer our energies to be girded and regulated by their proper claims. Into all these spheres we must come, and in them put on the harness they present, that we may be in a situation in connection with their order and laws to bear our responsibilities, and to do our work.

Taking thus a right view of the true work of life, and suffering ourselves to be harnessed for work in its high interests, it is also highly important that we enter upon the great and solemn work of life, as we thus find it, in the right spirit. "Let not him that girdeth on the harness *boast himself.*"

We must not enter upon it in a proud, boastful, self-sufficient spirit. We must not begin with an air of triumph, as if the beginning were already the end. He that boasts of his strength and purposes in the morning, is often crestfallen and humiliated in the evening. He that begins life, or any important work of life as a boaster, is apt to end in failure. He that proudly shouts when girding on the harness, will most likely be shouted over by his enemies when the conflict closes.

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So well is this fact established by all history and experience, that it may be set down as a rule, that he who begins with a boastful dash is sure to end in a sudden disaster, or a disgraceful, gradual fizzle. How many lay the foundation of towers with shoutings, which they have not the patience or perseverance to finish! Their hastily begun, but unfinished work lies around them as ruin-monuments of their boastful temper and frivolous folly. Here, too, our Saviour's deep words are applicable: "The first shall be last, and the last first." And that other word: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

An humble, quiet, modest beginning, carried forward by a steady, silent, patient, earnest perseverance, is the surest prophecy of success and honor in the end.

> Stillest streams, water fairest meadows,
> And birds that flutter least, are longest
> On the wing.

Energies that manifest themselves in sudden spasms, are always connected with an unhealthy and disordered state of the system. Starts and fits do not indicate the normal states of life. These are not the kind of energies by which life accomplishes its ultimate ends. All life begins quietly, gradually, and even feebly; but it grows in steady strength and energy as it advances. So also must we ever begin and carry forward our work. In any sphere of life and labor the smallest amount of deep moral earnestness, quiet sense of responsibility, and humble and patient perseverance to the end, is better than any amount of boast, dash, and spasm. The grand temple of the ages is not built by a few frantic strokes into the quarry, and a few boastful flourishes of hammer and chisel; but by the slower hand of patient, persevering toil, day by day, the sublime structure rises, and the steady moving fingers of slow years alone make the proud record of its history and finish.

By a like law do the wise perform the grand work of life. Oh, it is a sublime sight to observe the earnest, modest, patient and persevering youth, as with humble steadiness he begins the work of life—as he carefully and surely works among the yet almost invisible foundations of that structure which is to be. Slowly are its proportions taking form under his persevering hand. But the days are long, and often move heavily. Mountains of difficulty appear in his way, which he must hew down as it were chip by chip. His material must be dug from hard quarries, and often borne from far, over heavy roads. Mistakes which, with all his care and foresight, are made, must be taken down, and the gap rebuilt with truer material. Many strokes are made amid weary groans and falling tears. But he works on. It is a life work he has deliberately undertaken: he has counted the cost. He does not expect the end of the work at the beginning, nor yet in the middle of life, but only at its close. "He that believeth shall not make haste." He is doing a great, and therefore not a sudden work. He builds in faith, and therefore he builds patiently, and will build successfully. He is building at the great temple of God in the earth. He is building at the church. He is building for Jesus Christ, for man, for immortality, for heaven. Behold how grandly, amid a confused forest of helpful scaffolding, rises the sublime temple of his life.

So build, O ye young men! Not boastfully and in your own strength; but humbly and earnestly trusting in God. His work will succeed, and

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he who builds with Him, will at least see his work successfully and gloriously finished. He that girds himself with His armor and harness, will work to purpose. His life will become a grand plan of God. Falling in with His will and providence, it will unite with, and be a part of His own work and building, and thus his life will be a success in His success, a victory in His victory.

Let not him look for success who girdeth on the harness against God—or even he who girds it on without reference to God. Let him boast in his own self-sufficiency as he enters upon his own selfish aims and ends; he will soon learn, by bitter experience, how vain is the strength of man at war with God. Let him proudly refuse the great mission and work upon which the will and voice of God sends him, and like Jonah content himself under the shadow of the gourd which shades his head for a day; the next day will bring the worm to its root, which will cause it as soon to wither away. Vain is the work of all earth's Babel-builders; the Lord will confound their speech, and their devices; and what they designed to be a tower of strength and safety, reaching unto heaven, will be only a monument of their own folly, and the evidence of their own weakness.

Behold the young man who, setting aside the claims of God upon his life, proposes to live only for himself. Suppose he seems for a time to succeed! Suppose he wins wealth, influence, and honor, in a worldly point of view! It is but in a low and temporary triumph that he rejoices. The end will come—the sad end of a vain and useless life. This end is at the same time an evidence that neither in the beginning nor in the progress was his heart right with God, nor his life conformed to His will. Unworthy in this life, he appears at the gate of death unworthy of the glorious rewards of the next. His life is a failure. A review of it fills him with shame and confusion—and the thought of appearing before his final Judge must overwhelm him with terror and dismay. From such a cheerless, hopeless, and guilty end of life, good Lord, deliver us!

On the other hand, how beautiful and hopeful in its end, is a good and useful life! He that has humbly girded on the harness, earnestly lived and worked in it, shall lay it off at last with a proud joy, as under the approving smiles of that Divine Master in whose service he has nobly contended in the glorious battle of life. It is the consciousness of a week's earnest and faithful labor that constitutes the chief element in the sweet rest of Saturday night. How sweet is rest after toil—victory after the battle—the crown after the cross. But what is all this to the joy which comes when the earnest, faithful, toiling servant of Jesus Christ, in the evening of life, putteth off the harness, and enters upon his eternal rest and reward.

In the earnest life of the holy Apostle Paul there were perils, temptations, thorns in the flesh, warfares and strivings unto blood, bonds and imprisonments, chains and stripes; but behold how, at the close of such a dark and stormy life, the bright sun emerges from out the dark and terrible clouds, and with what a serene and unclouded joy of spirit he sends back for the encouragement of others the glad shout of final victory. What words are these to be uttered by a prisoner of Cæsar, as from the mouth of his dungeon, with chains rattling upon his feet, and with the scaffolding for his own martyrdom in full vision before him! "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good

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fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Such a triumphant putting off of the harness at the end of a glorious life, is an ample reward for all its toils and pains. As the plant, by a long and steady process, through all the heats of summer, grows toward flower and fruit as its proper, beautiful, and useful end, so must a true human life grow, through every hinderance and difficulty, toward its perfection in victory and everlasting honor. The toil is by the way, the pain is in the travail of the process, but the joy and the glory come at the end. The laying off of the harness is the signal for rest and jubilation.

The bird makes soft its shaded nest,
With down it gathered in the sun;
And so we come to sweetest rest
When toil is o'er and work is done.
Serener light, as day declines,
On the hot field of labor shines;
While memory, in this holy hour,
Asserts its reproducing power;
And to our resting heart appears
The fruit of toil, without its tears.

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY,

FOR GOOD CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ein Kind geboren zu Bethlehem—
zu Bethlehem!

Pity on you, ye poor inhabitants of cities, where there are no woods and mountains, and where, consequently, you must warm yourselves in the winter from dull-looking coal stoves, or what is worse yet, from a machine which sends heat up out of the cellar! We live near the mountains—all hail! Wood enough; and so we are sitting here, in the evening twilight, before a blazing hearth fire, with our feet upon the fender, waiting, in a kind of day-dreary mood, till it gets dark enough to light the gas?—no, the kerosene lamp. Greatly superior is this kind of lamp to the old-fashioned tallow candle.

The children are in a terrible spirit of romping to-night, and their noise breaks off the thread of my thoughts about every two inches. May as well give it up; but how is one to give up thinking? That's the rub! Well, the only thing that can be done, is to quit thinking about one thing and getting hold of something else. So here goes for an experiment.

"Children, I think we shall have snow to-night; the sky looks dark, cold, and heavy."

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Instead of listening to me, at least so far as I had any reason to suspect, they all put their heads together in a corner, like a flock of geese around an ear of corn, and whispered with an earnestness which made me think they must be in some kind of counsel. At length I heard,—

"You ask him," from one.

"No, you ask him," from another.

As they seemed a long time in fixing upon the one who should be delegate and minister plenipotentiary, and as I had nothing else to do at the time, I tried to make myself useful by saying, "Ask whom—ask what?

This brought the eldest out, who spoke as follows:

"The *children*, that's me and the rest, think that as it is going to snow to-night, we might close the shutters, and after supper you might tell us a Christmas story."

"But what has the coming of the snow and the closing of the shutters to do with a story?" we asked.

"Well, Maggie says she once read a Christmas story, which began by telling about a little boy who, some four weeks before Christmas, in the twilight of the evening, got on a chair at the window, and looked out at the falling snow, and then told his mother, when she came to close the shutters, that the first falling of snow always made him think of Christmas. And when you spoke of snow to-night, Maggie called us together, and said, 'Let's put in a petition for a Christmas story.' And she also said that you, with your feet on the fender, just look as if you were thinking one out."

"Think out a story with all your noise around?" we said, pleasantly, which they took to be dead earnest.

"Well, we'll go out, and you will be ready after supper." And without waiting for yes or no, the whole flock shot out like swallows through a heart hole in the barn on a harvest morning.

We saw there was no escape. So after supper the shutters were closed, a large back log was put on the hearth, and all gathered in. "No lamps," we said, for the blaze of the hearth fire sent the shadows spooking along the walls and over the ceiling, in a way just fitted to make one think of all those things which are needed wherewith to weave a story.

"All ready?" we said. Then, in a moment, all was so still that, to use a very original figure, "you might have heard a pin drop." Now this silence breaking, we plunged courageously into the beginning of our story, rehearsing in order our story as followeth:

The beautiful village of Schönau lies not far from the city of Heidelberg, in Germany, and was celebrated in the time when Frederick III. was establishing the Reformed Church in the Palatinate, as a place of refuge and rest, provided by that excellent prince, for Netherland and French Christians, who had been driven from their own country on account of their faith. Here lived, a little before the middle of the last century, an humble but pious young family, consisting of Gottlieb Hertztren, his healthy, rosy young wife Bertha, and two little children, of six and ten years respectively—Herman and Ada; or shall we also include the little sainted one in heaven, Gretchen, who, if they there count by years, the angels would now call her six years old!

Being industrious and frugal, the daily labor of Gottlieb at his loom,

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to afford them an honest, though scanty livelihood. But godliness, economy together with the occasional earnings of his faithful Bertha, added to the proceeds of a small garden which they mutually cultivated, was sufficient and contentment go together; and so do godliness, neatness, order and cleanliness. Hence, never was there an humble home, which, with the same lack of means and material, was made to look more tidy, neat and inviting than that of our burghers in the shadow of a large nut tree, in the outskirts of Schönan. Its chief ornaments were a large Bible, a hymn book, a Heidelberg catechism, with several other religious books, two pious parental hearts, and two little buds of promise, already far enough open to shed a fragrance of love over the whole social circle.

These main features of this humble home made all its other emptiness seem full. "Godliness with contentment is great gain;" and however much it may seem otherwise, any one looking in upon our little family would have been at once convinced, that piety, poverty and peace combine to make a much more beautiful and attractive family picture, than wickedness, wealth, and wrangling.

Into this pleasant family, though poor, you will not object to be introduced.

"No-o-o, sirr!" said Jimmie, with decided emphasis. "Is the story about them? I wonder what it is?"

"Well, just wait till we get rightly started, then the middle and the end will come by and by. I will introduce you to this family on Christmas eve, in the year of our Lord 1748.

"O, that's long ago," said Lange.

"I'll bet it is to be a Christmas story," added Maggie.

"Don't stop papa when he's teaching," exclaimed Lulu, in a tone of authority that belongs more properly to later years. But we could not but say to all it was a very sensible remark, and that I hoped they would now let me go on with my story.

"Agreed, go on," came from all.

Well, as I just said, I want to take you into this family on Christmas eve, 1748. It is just that peculiarly quiet and pleasant hour, when day has nearly gone and night has not yet arrived. The family are all sitting in the little kitchen around the small fire, and the door into the side room is shut, because that contains the Christmas tree, which the children have not yet seen. After they shall have sung the Christmas Hymn, which their mother has taught them for this occasion, the tree will be lit up, and no doubt they will let us go in also and see. Listen how they sing their hymn:

A Child is born in Bethlehem,
In Bethlehem;
There's joy through all Jerusalem;
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

Here it lieth in the manger,
In the manger;
Wicked thrones are now in danger;

Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.
The ox and ass with reverent stare,
With reverent stare,
Start back—the Holy Child is there!
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

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From Orient Wisemen grave and old,
Men grave and old,
Present Him incense, myrrh and gold,
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

His Mother is the Virgin pure,
The Virgin pure;
Pious, humble, meek and poor,
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

The Serpent could not poison Him,
Not poison Him.
He took our nature without sin;
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

Like us He is in flesh and breath,
In flesh and breath;
But not like us in sin and death;
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

Pure as He is He makes us be,
He makes us be,
hat we His Father's face may see;
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

Now for these blessed Christmas days.
These blessd Christmas days,
We give Him everlasting praise:
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah.

This beautiful Christmas Hymn their mother had taught them from the new Reformed Hymn Book, that had been published a few years before, in 1746, in Marburg, and was then used in the Reformed Churches.

"Where did you get that hymn, papa?" asked Maggie, always inquisitive.

I got the very same book that contains this hymn, some years ago, from a good old lady, whose parents had brought it from Germany. I will show it to you some time. It is beautifully bound, with gilt clasps on the corners, a gilt star in the centre, gilt hinges, that work flexibly across the back, and a gilt clasp to close it with. It is very fine yet, but it sounds funny to call it the *new* hymn book now. But I would not exchange it for any new one. Besides seven hundred hymns, it contains also all the Psalms, set to music, the Heidelberg Catechism in full, together with an abridgment of it, the Gospels and Epistles for every Sunday in the year, with their appropriate collects, prayers for every morning and evening in the week, as well as for communion days, and many other prayers for special occasions, with still other things, too many to mention. But we must keep to our story.

Well, when this Christmas Hymn had been sung, Bertha went into the side room to have a talk with Kristkindlein, and help him to fix up things a little, and get matters ready. Mean while, our good Gottleib smiled into his beard with a silent joy, and the two children's faces looked as bright as the new moon.

A knock at the door!—Who comes now to disturb the family at this moment of prepared joy? "Come in," said Gottleib, in a tone which indicated no sense of disturbance.

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"Good evening, Winkfried; grace be with you! We have been fearing you would not be here in time to see the lighting up of our Christmas tree.

Winkfried Zartman was a lad of about thirteen years, an orphan, having lost both his parents when quite young. He had been brought up in the family of a rather worldly character in Schönan, and after his confirmation, which took place on the previous Easter, he was put out to learn a trade in a village some ten miles away. Having been piously disposed from a child, and having also years ago attracted the attention of Gottlieb and his wife, by his mildness, gentle manners, and love of God, he took a special interest in the boy, and he was consequently often at his house, went with the family to church on Sunday; and thus in time seemed like one of the family. Living now at a distance, it was arranged before that he should spend Christmas in his old friend's family. Having to make the journey on foot, and starting late after dinner, it required all the short afternoon to bring him to Schönan. But the pleasure of a Christmas eve with his old friends, from whom he had received so many kindnesses in former years, and where he had especially found such a sweet retreat in leisure hours, from the somewhat rough and selfishly worldly family, in which he had spent his dependent early childhood, would repay him for his long walk and sore feet.

"Just in time," said Bertha, with a smile of welcome to Winkfried, as she came out of the side room. "Kristkindlein has been here, and the Christmas tree is in a blaze of light," she added, as she threw open the door.

The children rushed in, and threw up their hands in wonderment and delight, as the brilliant tree, sparkling with a hundred wax tapers, presented itself before their charmed vision. "O, lovely wonder tree!" exclaimed little Ada; "what a blessed joy the Holy Child of Bethlehem brings us on His happy Cristmas!"

When the first gush of admiration and wonder was over, they began to examine more carefully the wonder tree, with its adornings. The gracefully-rounded, cone-like fir tree, with its brilliant lights, had also its branches hung full of a variety of apples, cakes, sweet meats, and more permanent and substantial presents for the different members of the family—each marked with the name of the one for whom it was intended. These the children eyed with joy, giving guesses as to which ones would probably fall to them severally, as they had not gone near enough to distinguish the names.

Mean while, Gottlieb and Bertha were standing back in a kind of meditative silence, which showed plainly that some shadowy memory was passing over their hearts, and that some sadness was mingling in the cup of their joy. What this was is at once revealed by that illumined CROSS that stands half concealed in the background of the Christmas tree, the shining letters across the transom piece revealing the sacred words, "OUR GRETCHEN IN HEAVEN!" Every year, since the dear little girl had gone home to Jesus and the angels, had that sacred memento appeared on their Christmas tree, not only to keep alive tender memories of the departed one, but also to symbolize that unbroken communion which continues in Christ between those that wait for Him in the Church on earth and those who are with Him in the Church above.

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"A moment's sadness comes over me," whispered Bertha to her husband, "as I look upon that cherished name; and yet it is only for a moment, for a great hope comes over my heart, and the shadows of sadness are driven away before it."

But yet she could hardly repress her tears when little Ada exclaimed to her brother, "O, see there, Herman—Our Gretchen in Heaven! There is the cross and her name, just as they were last Christmas."

"Mother," said Herman, "our Gretchen is with the Christ-child in Heaven, and we will make her a Christmas tree. O, such a one as He will make for her! He will put golden stars in it, instead of wax lights, and make a many-colored rainbow bend over it, and little angels will sit all over the rainbow, and all the little children in heaven, whiter than Gretchen was in her coffin, will come around to see it. Won't He make such a Christmas tree for our Gretchen, mother—wont He?"

Bertha was too much moved by these child-like words to answer, but Gottleib said: "She is very happy there, and we will all see her after a while."

Let it not be thought that these tender memories of Gretchen banished the deep joy of the occasion. They were only like that mellow softening of the sky which precedes the rising sun. This was a Christian family, not only in name, but in truth and in life. The "great hope" of which Bertha spoke, was to them ever as the sun-illumined heaven, while any earthly sadness was only as the occasional, temporary clouds that roll over it.

Happy was the scene which followed. Winkfried was appointed to examine the names on the different presents, and designate the ones to whom they severally belonged, without, however, taking them from the tree, for they must hang there together till Christmas is over.

To describe them all would make a long story in our story. It is enough to say, that the children all got exactly what they wanted and what pleased them. How it came that all were so exactly suited is readily guessed by those who know that, long before Christmas comes, Kristkindlein listens at the windows and hears the children talking about what they would like to have; and as he has a good memory and a kind heart, he is sure to get the very things which he heard them speak of.

Of course the presents were not great and costly ones, for reasons that will readily suggest themselves; but when humble expectations are met, the satisfaction is just as complete as when loftier ones are met by richer gifts. The love of Christ and the kindness of their parents were in these simple gifts, and what more or better could there be in the costliest ones that great riches can bestow?

The scenes of this glorious Christmas eve closed as many had done before, leaving behind in the hearts of all a stronger love to Him whose humble birth at Bethlehem it so happily celebrated, and a sweet sanctification and elevation of the sacred ties which unite the hearts of a Christian family.

With charmed looks, with many affectionate words of mutual joy and congratulation, mingled with interludes of grateful musing, did the little company linger around the tree till the last taper expired, and then lay down to the quiet rest and pleasant dreams of the night.

Christmas morning found all happy around their simple breakfast table. Soon the church bells began to ring as only they can ring on a Christmas.

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day. All joined with the stream of human life that was flowing toward the sanctuary. Gottleib thought that their good old pastor, Brauchman, never preached better in his whole life. The familiar organ, which had for so many years led their songs of praise, seemed a living thing, trembling with the Christmas joy; and the elastic roll of the grand old Christmas chorals, made him think of the angels whose anthems greeted the shepherds with the first Christmas joy on the plains of Bethlehem.

A rare and happy Christmas was this in the Hertztreu family, and one long to be remembered, not only for reasons to be gathered from what we have already related, but also, and chiefly, for others which our story must yet gradually unfold.

Let us pass on.

The day after Christmas, or second Christmas, as it is sometimes called, is not strictly kept a holiday in the Reformed Church; still little or no work is done on this day. It affords a kind of easy transition from the solemn joy of Christmas day into the usual secular labors that follow. On the evening of this, after the children had retired, Gottleib and his Bertha were sitting together before the fire, pleasantly reviewing the scenes through which they had just passed. Perhaps no one but his observing wife would have noticed that Gottlieb's countenance indicated a more than ordinary thoughtful mood. But she ventured no inquiry in regard to it. At length, after a brief pause and silence, Gottleib said:

"Bertha, what think you if this should have been our last Christmas in Schönan?"

She turned toward him with a look of mixed wonder and alarm. "What is it, my dear Gottlieb; have you had any day-dreams, and seen castles in the air? What other village in the Fatherland will better suit our humble poverty and sweet contentment than Schönan, where, notwithstanding our straitened circumstances, it has always been so evident that our good Heavenly Father knows that we live here and need our daily bread."

"Yes, Bertha, God knows that we are here, and more than we have ever deserved has He kindly given us for His son Jesus Christ's sake. But if we could improve our condition somewhere else, would not that also please Him, and would He not also find us there, and give us our daily bread?"

"True, Gottlieb, as you say. If God will, and you will, why should my heart hang fast even to Schönan? Great and wide is the Fatherland, but where is the sunny spot, the inviting nook, that is to cast our long-loved village into the shade?"

"What if it were not at all in the Fatherland, but in the New World —in America!"

"The New World! Far, far-off America, in the primeval forests, where the red Indians are, and where the wide ocean would roll forever between us and the dear scenes of our childhood, and the best beloved friends of our life!"

"But God is there also, Bertha."

"The far-off New World! Tell me, Gottlieb, how did such a wondrous thought get into your mind?"

"What if it should come providentially? You know what our dear catechism says about God and the hairs of our head?"

"I know it well, thank God."

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"Well, my dear Bertha, through the words of friends may come to us the wink from God."

"Yes, of *friends!*"

"I think it was a friend whom I met to-day, a gentleman who, twenty years ago, lived in a neighboring village, but who has since spent many years in America. He assured me that it is a wide and fruitful country, where there are already many thousands of our countrymen; land is cheap, and an industrious person can in a short time come into possession of a good home of his own. He is, moreover, agent for some merchants in Amsterdam, in Holland, who engage to carry emigrants to America at seven pistoles and a half (about $27) for each one. This sum we could make up by selling what we cannot take with us. It really seemed in this case that Gottleib had met a *friend*, who came, to use his own expression, as a wink from God. Still, knowing what he at that time did not know, we cannot but tremble to see him in danger of falling into such hands, with his family, for such a great voyage. May God protect him against wicked devices!

I must here tell you that this friend and agent of Amsterdam merchants was what was then called a Neuländer. This was a class of sharpers, —Germans, who had lived for a time in America, and then went back to the Fatherland, having arranged with Dutch merchants and captains of vessels, for a price, to procure emigrants for them to bring over to America. These Neuländers would go among their countrymen, and, with the most extravagant stories about the golden glories of the New World, induce persons by the thousands to emigrate. These poor people, putting themselves into the hands of these plausible land-sharks, were afterwards, in most cases, betrayed, defrauded and maltreated in the most shameful manner. Though they gave them certificates at Amsterdam that their passage was paid at the rate of seven pistoles and a half, the captains with the connivance of the merchants, demanded of them more, before they suffered them to land. Besides, they packed them in great numbers into small ships, so that from exposure, want of water, impure air, and want of proper food, sickness was inevitable, and many perished. In a single year two thousand of these unfortunate victims were buried in the sea before they reached Philadelphia, and many more died after they reached shore from disease induced on the voyage. In 1751, out of 412 who left the port of Holland, only 180 landed alive in Philadelphia, and many of these died soon afterwards!

In many instances the captains of the ships would leave the chests of the emigrants behind, or separate them from their owners by putting them purposely into other ships, without their knowledge, so that the trick was not discovered till after the ship had sailed! Not only were the emigrants thus put to great inconvenience and exposed to sickness, from the fact that they had no changes of raiment, but they had to be without numerous other articles which they had provided for the voyage and for their use in a new country, after they should arrive; as, for example, medicines, dried fruits, vinegar, and such like. But worst of all is the fact, that these trunks and chests were opened and robbed of any valuables they contained, and, in most cases, even the remnant that was left was never delivered to the owners.

A still harder lot fell to that class who, having no money to pay their

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passage, accepted of the proposal which these speculating merchants made to them, to the effect that they would take them without money, with the privilege of hiring them out for a certain length of time, after they should arrive in America, to some one who would pay their passage in advance. These—and in many cases, also, such as had been robbed of their chests and money, and could therefore not pay the additional charges extorted by the avaricious and dishonest captains—these, after their arrival, were detained on the ship until a day fixed, when they were hired—it were more correct to say *sold*—at public auction to the highest bidder! The term for which they were thus sold was from two to five years, and the price paid about ten pounds, more or less. They were then taken out into the country, generally upon farms, where they served out the time specified. These were called *Redemptionists.*

Though they sometimes had a hard lot, yet they frequently met with good homes and kind treatment from the farmers who bought them, and who were, in many cases, their own countrymen. Many of them, by industry and faithfulness, after their term of service was at an end, acquired property of their own, and in the course of time were found among the best and most respectable citizens of the country.

Such being the tricks and cruelties of these Neuländers, have we not reason for feeling anxious for our good Gottlieb and his family, who seem in danger of falling into their hands. But as Burns says:

> "A correspondence fixed wi' heaven,
> Is sure a noble anchor."

In such correspondence Gottlieb stood, and God took good care of him.

To give all the conversations which Gottlieb and his Bertha had with one another, on the long evenings of the winter following, in regard to emigrating to the New World, would be very interesting, but it would also make our story very long. All that is necessary to be here told is, that the summer of 1749 found them with their minds fully made up to go. They accordingly made ready, and in one of the twenty-five ship-loads of German Palatines—in all, 12,000 souls—which in the autumn of that year sailed for Philadelphia, was Gottlieb Hartztren with his interesting little family. The wicked schemes of the Neuländer and their confederates in Holland had begun to be exposed, and through intelligent friends, who highly esteemed him and his family, he was made aware of their selfishness and dishonesty, and so kept out of their hands.

Having safely arrived in Philadelphia, Gottlieb was fortunate in at once finding an opportunity of having his family and chests taken into the country by a returning team from the neighborhood of where Reading now is. A kind, God-fearing man did Providence thus lead into his way in the person of this wagoner, who was a farmer, in good circumstances. He was so pleased with the pleasant and Christian spirit of the family, that he not only declined taking any thing for his trouble, but also insisted that instead of stopping, as they intended to do, in the newly laid out town of Reading, which had then only one finished house and several others on the way, they should go with him out to his farm, and occupy the small house which he had himself just vacated the previous spring, when he removed into the new house he had built for himself.

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"God is good," said Bertha, after the good farmer had told them his generous plans, and they were driving with light hearts out toward the farm, on a beautiful Saturday evening in October. "Just as you said, Gottlieb, God is also in the New World, and we have already the evidence that He knows we are here!"

The good farmer's wife got them a supper, and the strangers felt at home with their new friend. While they were happy in receiving this unexpected kindness, the farmer and his family experienced in full measure the truth of our Saviour's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Before they retired for the night how were the hearts of Gottlieb and his Bertha filled with joy to hear the farmer read the "Evening Blessing," as our forefathers used to call the prayers provided in devotional books for the family, and then line out for singing the hymn:

Befiehl du deine Wege,
  Und was dein Herze kränkt,
Der allertreusten Pflege,
  Desz, der den Himmel lenkt:
D r Wolken, Luft und Winden,
  Giebt Wege, Lauf und Bahn,
Der wird auch Wege finden,
  Da dein Fusz gehen kann.

This old and familiar hymn expressed exactly that of which their hearts were full. But how much more was Gottlieb rejoiced to find, after the service was over, that the Evening Blessing had been read and the hymn sung out of the very same Marberg Reformed Hymn Book which they had used in Schönan. "Oh, Bertha!" he exclaimed, as he leafed through the book, "here is the very same dear hymn book from which we sung at home in the Fatherland!"

"Thank God," said Bertha, while a tear of joy coursed down her cheek; "and we have one in our chest."

"Yes," said Ada, "and it contains the hymn about the dear Christ-child, which we always sing on Christmas eve before we see the Christmas tree. You know, mother."

How God, through the Church, her solemn associations, her prayers, hymns and blessed memories, can reach across continents and seas, bind together the blessed scenes of childhood and home with the most earnest experiences of after-life in distant lands, and make the devout and anxious heart feel that God knows us, is near us, and will do us good at all times and in all places.

"He giveth his beloved sleep." And sweet was the rest of our strangers that night. The next morning the children, Herman and Ada, were out early. How delighted were they to see the barnyard full of cattle and fowls. And as they looked on the large forests and distant mountains, robed in all the yellow glory of autumn, they thought it was almost true what the Neuländer had told their father in Schönan about the "golden mountains in America."

"We have church to-day," said our good farmer to Gottlieb, after breakfast; "but it is three miles to the place where we attend."

"Thank God!" said Bertha. Is our Reformed Church also here in the New World? That is the best of all. We will all go; the children too."

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The farmer caused his horses to be hitched in the wagon, which was their usual way of going, and all went to church. It was a log church, on an elevated site, with forests all round, and there were only here and there to be seen the signs of clearing and the beginning of future farms. There was no organ, as in Schönan; and many other things were missed which they had been accustomed to in the Fatherland; but the hymns, the prayers and the glorious gospels were the same. This edified their hearts and made them feel at home.

Who can tell all that passed through the hearts of these new comers on this happy day? Not quite one week in the New World, and now already not only at home among Christian friends, but also worshipping in a Reformed Church! How often did Gottlieb think in his grateful heart what Bertha so frequently and heartily expressed: "Thank God!"

In a few days the newly-arrived family was fixed in their new home. The old house was a little repaired, some necessary furniture extemporized, and the large chest opened and its contents put in place. Though this beginning of housekeeping in the New World was necessarily at first on scanty means, yet the tact, taste, order and cleanliness of Bertha soon made it comfortable and really inviting.

Fortuanately the good farmer had plenty of work for "all hands." In a few days they were all in the corn field husking corn, into which they soon learned to suit their hands. Even little Herman and Ada made themselves useful in picking it up for the wagon; and they had great fun when they found a red ear, holding it up with a shout, and saying to each other that it was pretty enough to hang on the Christmas tree.

Then, our farmer was getting ready to build a new barn the coming summer, and he needed help in getting ready the timber through the winter. The grain had to be threshed and wood sawed for shingles. The hands needed, also, made more work in the house, and here Bertha was in demand. It was wonderful how the coming of the new family fitted into the farmer's circumstances; and the feeling all around was, that the whole matter was clearly providential.

A few years passed round, and such was the tact and skill with which Gottlieb and Bertha suited themselves to farm work and farm life, and such their pleasure and interest in it, that our good farmer proposed to get Gottlieb located on a farm, where he might work for himself, with the prospect of securing it as his own in due time.

A suitable *location* presented itself, near at hand, in the shape of a tract of land owned by the farmer himself. You notice we do not say a suitable farm, but only a *location* for a farm. For you must know the country at that time was new, and what the people called "back woods." The ground was there, but the trees were still holding the right of possession, and had not yet been notified to vacate! So it was what the philosophers would call "a farm in possibility, but not yet in actuality."

In the bosom of the primeval woods, with the farmer's assistance, a respectable cabin was erected in the fall of 1751. When the next spring opened, Gottlieb had already made a hole in the forest around his cabin to the extent of four acres. This served him for corn and potatoes; and when the coming August arrived he had several acres more ready for wheat and rye. Thus the new interest progressed from year to year. By industry he ever widened his little empire, and increased his comforts around

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him. It must also be remembered that Herman and Ada grew gradually in years and strength, and learned to manifest the industrious and frugal spirit of their parents.

You should have seen how in a few years things changed under the oft-times weary, but always cheerful and hopeful strokes of Gottlieb and his family. Had you gone there but a few years after they laid the foundation of the new farm, you would have seen life all around—chickens cackling, geese and ducks quacking, dogs barking, cats mewing, cows lowing, sheep bleating, and swallows building their nests under the cabin-eaves, and even a wren in the corner part of the garden. And had you gone there on Christmas Eve, you would have seen, as ever before in distant Schönan, the Christmas Tree blazing with a hundred lights.

But we cannot let our story grow into the length of a book, and hence must omit telling a hundred things which are just as interesting as that which you have already heard, and which we know you would like to hear. We must leave you, from what we have told, to let you imagine how pleasantly and prosperously all things went on. You may be sure that none of the family ever got "on the Township,"or were put to jail, or expelled from the church.

We must now pass over some considerable space of time, and meet our family again about twelve years from the time of their arrival in the New World. We will then see what they have been doing all this time.

Here we are, 1761. How quickly the time passes! We will call upon them a few weeks before Christmas, perhaps there may be something more than usual going on.

It is Saturday evening, and the family are all sitting around the hearth fire. You see we do not say *cabin fire*, because Gottlieb had the year before built himself a good two-story log house, with four rooms below, four above, and a kitchen back; and they had moved into it the previous spring. Thus they were sitting in a comfortable room, before a large hearth-fire, indulging in a little review of the past, gratefully recognizing the comforts of the present, and looking cheerfully into the future.

We must also mention that as they had added field to field, so there had also grown up from time to time new "olive plants around their table." The fact is the family now numbered in all six children, and the smaller ones had for some time been speaking of the older ones, as the "big boys," and the "big girls."

It was on a Saturday evening, a few weeks before Christmas, as we have said, when they were thus sitting around their cheerful hearth-fire. One could easily see, from the peculiar tone of the mother, that some unusual thoughts and feelings were struggling for utterance. A little earlier than usual she directed the children to retire. As they all knew how to carry out promptly the wishes of their parents, they were soon all snugly laid away for the night, and the house was still.

"Gottlieb," said Bertha, "I have been thinking that this coming Christmas will be in some respects one of special interest in our history, and we ought to make it a season of special joy and gratitude to God."

"How, Bertha?" said Gottlieb; "in what respects?"

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You know, my dear husband, that on the first day of April last, you made the last payment on our farm. It is now all our own, by God's help! I am not yet able to realize it; but it is so. Then, besides, our new house is furnished, and all the bills are paid, and we are living in it."

"Yes, truly," said Gottlieb; "and I have been thinking of the same thing, especially since our dear old Christmas is coming near. God has surely known that we are in the New World; and how kindly He has dealt with us!"

"How often," said Bertha, "while sitting in our new house, or looking over our fields and flocks, have I thought of Jacob's words of gratitude, when he said: 'O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant: for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.' Yes, my dear Gottlieb, let us make our next Christmas a day of high thanksgiving and joy!"

"You speak out of my own heart, Bertha, and so far as I can help it shall be as you desire," said Gottlieb, rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief!

"Gottlieb," continued Bertha, "you are going to Philadelphia next week with a load of wheat, and that will afford us a good chance to get nice things for our Christmas Tree, and presents for the children."

"Just so," said Gottlieb; "and I will have the money, too, when I get the pay for my wheat. Besides, it will be particularly pleasant to devote a part of this first money which falls into our hands, after the farm and house have been paid, to so sacred an object. It seems to me we might look upon it a little as the wise men from the East looked upon the good which they poured out at the feet of the Holy Child! Indeed, I will try to give it in the same spirit. Bertha, let us present the first-fruits in this way, as it were to ours and to our children's blessed Saviour, by hanging it before Him upon the Christmas Tree in the holy night of His Nativity!"

"So it shall be, with all my heart," said Bertha, her eyes glistening with tears of gratitude and joy. "Thank God, so it shall be!"

How well, and with what a liberal hand, all this was carried out, need not here be particularly told. You may be sure that when the holy night came, the first Christmas Tree that stood in the *parlor*,—we might now call the fine, though carpetless room, of the new house,—far outshone any thing of the kind that was ever seen in the cabin, or in the humble home at Schönan.

The day before Christmas was a busy day in the farm and in the house now all owned in full by Gottlieb Hertztren! Such baking of cakes of all kinds, sizes, and shapes—hearts, horses, rabbits, stars, birds, and other devices too many to be told. Ah, that was a great day.

Early in the day Bertha told Gotlieb that Mr. Guthertz—we should have mentioned his name long ago—the farmer who had brought them from Philadelphia, at first, and had been such a kind friend to them ever since—must be invited, with all his family, to be present on Christmas eve. Here again she spoke as out of her husband's own heart, and he at once carried the invitation to them in person. He took his gun with him and on the way shot a large, black, glistening, wild turkey, and some prairie fowls, which were as plenty at that time in that region, as they are now on the western prairies. These were prepared, and nicely roasted for supper.

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In the twilight of the evening the Guthertz family all came. The table had been set, and the preliminaries for the supper are attended to. The hearth-fires were blazing in several rooms, and the whole house was free to all—except the one which contained the Wonder-Tree!

After the guests were all warm, and comfortable, and it was fairly dark, Bertha disappeared into the mysterious room, while Gotlieb said:

"Come now, children, sing the Christmas Hymn, and then we shall see the Christmas Tree." All joined in. It was the same they had sung at Schönan, when there were none but Herman and Ada to sing it—the same also which they had sung year after year in the cabin. It no more grew old than Christmas itself. The same blessed story is ever new and fresh, in the old world and in the new—in a cabin or in a palace, in adversity or in prosperity.

"A Child is born in Bethlehem—
In Bethlehem."

Just as the children had finished the Hymn, and Bertha was already holding the room-door in her one hand ready to fling it open, as she had always done before, there was a knock at the front door! The company looked at each other as if they felt there might be an unpleasant interruption by some visitor just at this interesting moment. But Gotlieb said; "No one comes at such a holy hour except by God's sending!"

And Bertha said: "True; bid him come in."

Gottlieb opened the door, saying: "God bless you! Come in."

"God's peace be with you!" was heard from him who entered. All eyes were turned toward the modest-looking young man, as if to say, Who can it be?

"God's peace be with you!" he repeated, "I have found you at last!"

"O, it is Winkfried! It is Winkfried Zartman!" exclaimed Bertha. "Thank God! Yes, it is!"

"Yes, it is," said the young man. And then such a rushing together, and hand-shaking, and words of welcome—who can describe the confusion of gladness and love that followed? Herman and Ada, who were the only two of the children that knew, or had once known Winkfried, danced for joy; and he looked at them staringly, as if he were trying to see whether any thing, or how much, of the children at Schönan, he could see in the countenances of the now grown-up youths of the New World.

"How did you get here?" said Bertha,—but no, not now—the Christmas tree is already lit up, and we must all go in, or Kristkindlein will grow lonesome. We shall hear afterwards. Let this mystery mingle in as a part of the mystical sacredness and wonder of this holy eve." But she could not help, in all the solemn joy of the moment, to make a playful allusion to his arrival at Schönan on the evening of their last Christmas there, just as the tree had been lit up, and to her remark on that occasion, by adding: "Just in time, Winkfried!"

All now went into the other room. What a blaze of Christmas glory flashed upon them from the mystic tree! Imagine all that we described as belonging to the Christmas tree in Schönan, and then add to it a hundred fold, and you will still be far short of the beautiful reality.

There was one object prominent, though in the back-ground of the tree,

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at which all looked with tender eye, but no one ventured a word of reference to the sacred memorial symbol, except Winkfried, who, rather whispering in a subdued tone to himself than speaking to any one else, was heard to say: "Sweet, sainted Gretchen, in heaven!"

"Kristkindlein has spared neither pains nor expense this time," said the good farmer Guthertz to Gottlieb and Bertha.

"Ah," said Gottlieb, "it is also a great occasion, and worthy of it all; for not only is it the holy Nativity festival of our glorious Saviour, but it is also the first fruit of our thanks offering after our farm and house are paid. For this reason, also, are you here agreeably with our earnest desire; for, under God, to you are we indebted for our present happy fortune. God give you long life, and a great reward in heaven, my dear and beloved Guthertz!"

"Amen! Amen!" responded Bertha, full of the warmest emotions of joy. "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these, my brethren, you did it unto me!" "You know who said that, friend Guthertz," she added, pointing to the Christmas tree; "you know who said that!"

Guthertz hung his head with a modest blush: and if ever any man understood the deep and glorious meaning of the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Guthertz had at least some glimpses of their blessed sense in that moment; and he wondered in his own heart of hearts, whether heaven could bring with it much more than he now experienced.

"Gottlieb," said Bertha, "in addition to what you have enumerated on this extra occasion, also now celebrate the arrival of Winkfried."

"True; though that could not, of course, be in our mind or design."

"But it was in God's mind; and as He has always put His share into the cup of our joys. He has, at this time, graciously added this to all His other goodness. Thank God," she again added, and turning to Winkfried, with a smile, in a tone of pleasant wit, repeated: "Just in time, Winkfried; just in time."

With many other words did they mutually congratulate each other around the beautiful tree. What all the children did and said, who can record? Now on this side, now on that side; now pointing up, now pointing down; it was "O look here! O look there! What is this? What is that?" All that their glad hearts felt, their lips uttered; and their actions expressed in just such free, spontaneous, harmonious and beautiful confusion as belongs to the way of children.

At length Bertha said: "Winkfried, you must again read the names on the presents. You need not be afraid; letters, words and names read the same way here as they do in the Old World," she added, playfully."

Winkfried began to read. What all was on the tree; who got this and who got that—all this would be a long story to tell. Guess and imagine. But be sure that there were dresses there for all the girls good enough to go to church in; and suits for all the boys, as good as were worn by the boys in Reading. There was a new Bible, hymn book and catechism for each one. There were pocket knives and scizzors. There were shoe buckles and pocket handkerchiefs. Then there were all manner of sweetmeats and nuts, not even omitting German nuts, just the same as those which grew on the tree before the door at Schönan. Besides, there were specially appropriate presents for each member of the Guthertz family.

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"God bless them all!" said Bertha, as the names of these last were read out.

"Amen!" said Gottlieb; "it is my turn to respond this time. How good must be that God, that Saviour, that Church and that grace, which can make hearts so open and so kind to the poor!"

"We have done no more than what was our duty, for Christ's sake," said Guthertz, blushingly.

"But we would *not* do *our duty*, if in the day of prosperity we failed to remember, with grateful hearts, those who befriended us in our adversity. From all ingratitude, good Lord, deliver us!"

The tapers began to flicker to their last, and the glorious symbolic vision began to fade before their eyes, but only to leave its own image in the spirit and heart of every one that had looked upon it, where it served to revive, if not to further, that process of glorification which is at last to be consummated in the beatific vision of Christ's personal glory in heaven.

Supper was soon ready, and all sat down to enjoy it. The table groaned with plenty; but above and beyond it all was that flow of joy and love, which alone can truly make the feast. This over, though it began to be late, Bertha, all joining her, insisted that they must not sleep until they have heard from Winkfried how he got here, and especially how he got here "just in time."

"Well,' said Winkfried, "after you left Schönan, I never heard a word from you."

"But we wrote you a letter, and wondered why we did not hear from you in return," said Gottlieb.

"I supposed you had written; but such has been the uncertainty of the mail across the sea, that thousands, beside myself, have been disappointed in the same way. I never believed that you had forgotten either me or your promise to write; and therefore felt sure that the mail was at fault. And so it was.

"Well, as I was about to say, after I had served out my time at my trade, I went abroad in the Fatherland, as you know all journeymen must do, to perfect their skill in the larger towns. Thus passed three more years. Then I worked in Heidelberg till I had money enough to bring me over; and late last summer, after I had once more visited our beloved Schönan, I left for Amsterdam, from whence we sailed the latter part of August. After a long voyage, we arrived safely in Philadelphia, a little more than a week ago."

"But how did you find us?" said Bertha.

"Perhaps God led me, for I asked him often and earnestly to do so. But I did not expect He would whisper it directly into my ear, so I came on this plan: I determined to go to all the merchants who buy produce from the country, and to all the taverns where people from the country put up, and ask. I hoped in this way to hear something that might lead to the discovery. At length, after a busy day's walking and asking, I came to a wheat merchant, who, when I asked him, began to scratch his head and say: 'Hertztren, Gottlieb Hertztren. Let me look at my entry book' He went back into a little room, and soon returned, saying: 'I thought so; he was here with a load of wheat a few days ago. He lives near Reading.'

"Good," said I. Thank you. How far is that?

"About fifty miles."

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"It was now night, and I had hard work to sleep before starting. The next morning I was early on the way, and yesterday I arrived in Reading."

"Yesterday!" exclaimed Bertha; "and why did you not come out at once?"

"One reason was, that I had to find out first where you lived, and that took me awhile. The second reason was, I knew that it would be Christmas eve to-night, and that wherever you are, Christmas eve would be celebrated as of old. So I resolved to be here '*just in time!*'"

"Well, we can forgive you this little trick of surprise," said Bertha; "but we wanted you to be here as soon as you could, and not to linger so near without our knowing of it."

"I have no doubt," he replied, pleasantly, "that you *wanted* to see me sooner, but as you did not *know* that you would see me, but I knew I would see you, it was I that had the hardest time of it! Be assured, last night and all this day was a long time to have such fruit hanging before your lips without tasting it. But I held out stoutly against my feelings, because I thought you would not be pleased if I did not come 'just in time!'"

"We are glad you are here," said Bertha; "and it has added not a little to our happiness that you have come on this holy Christmas eve. May our kind Heavenly Father deal as gently with you as He has with us in this New World."

There would be yet much more to tell, but it is time to close our Christmas Story. We must, however, yet mention that Winkfried found a home in the Hertztren family for the remainder of that winter.

Also, that Winkfried Herman was now twenty-four years of age, and Ada was going in her twenty-first year. It is further said that during the winter they were often seen to look at one another in silent tenderness. An old lady, who used to come to the house occasionally, selling pins, needles, thread, and such like, once noticed something of the kind between Winkfried and Ada; and she afterwards, in a very mysterious whisper, assured Bertha that it "meant something," and that she believed *something* was going on.

"I suppose there is," said Bertha, playfully; "at least the people say the world is going on."

"What do you think, children?" we asked our little audience.

Nearly all spoke at once: "Didn't they get married, papa?"

To which the only reply we could make was, "I suppose they did."

Now go to bed, children, and don't forget to say your prayers, if you want to enjoy pleasant dreams about the holy Christmas. Good night.

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

SAURIANS.

Many evidences brought to light by recent geological and archæological research, prove that a monstrous order of animals inhabited this world of ours in pre-Adamite periods, so remote that no history or tradition reaches back to the date of their existence; so that while modern geology and archæology prove conclusively the validity of scriptural history by filling hiatuses, and making it more consecutive, it is also proved that ages before our earth was fitted for the maintenance of man, it bore upon its surface innumerable monsters, who tell us in their fossil remains of their form and habits, as plainly as though they stood before us living witnesses, speaking modern English.

These are the Saurians or lizards of the pre-Adamite periods, some of whom have survived all the vicissitudes and mutations of time, presenting themselves to us to-day in the modified forms of the crocodile family, *Lacertinidæ* or lizard, the Iguana family, Gecko, Chamelions, *Scincoidæ*, or Skinks, and *Chalcidæ*, or glass snakes.

In Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous rocks of various portions of the world, are found fossil Saurians, wonderful in structure, and many of gigantic proportions as compared with the reptile races now inhabiting our globe. Among these were the *Megalasaurus*—immense land lizards, thirty to fifty feet in length, graminivorous in habit, subsisting on the coarse herbage of that early period, and probably living to the age of three hundred years.

The *Iguanodin* was an herbivorous reptile, forty feet in entire length, with ten feet of head, and twelve of tail, four-legged, the short limbs in size like stout trees, three-toed, with immense curved claws, and rows of teeth measuring twelve times larger than the largest of the modern ox, the whole, in both jaws, making a line of teeth twenty-two feet in length.

Then there were *Hylæosaurus*, twenty to thirty-five, the *Ichthyosauri*, forty, and *Mosasaurus*, forty feet long, semi-amphibious, living in and under water, as well as on land, some of them with jaws seven feet in length, and eyes the size of an old-fashioned fifteen inch dinner pot, and provided with paddles by which they propelled themselves through the water with astonishing velocity.

There was another numerous swimming family called *Plesiosauri*, thirty to forty-five feet long, more than half the length of the entire animal being head, neck, and tail, the latter resembling that of the modern alligator, and the former most like that of the snapping turtle. The *Pterodactyli* were a sort of aquatic bat, the size of a Newfoundland dog, with wings four feet long, the frame work of bone, covered with a dark greenish skin, smooth, and cold as a serpent's hide, instead of feathers. These flying saurians flew out of and into the water, and lived as the fancy led them, in the forest, fields, or floods.

As the Bible history tells us nothing of these singular creations, and as their fossil remains, found scattered broad-cast through wide territories of the Old World, both in Europe and Asia, the reasonable conclusion is

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that the monsters must have existed long before the rise of any traditionary history to which any writer of the Old Testament could have had access, and that many ages before this world of ours was made fit for the habitation of mankind, it was populous with races of monsters that, set before us to-day, taking us by surprise, would very nearly frighten us out of it.

COSMO.

LIVE TO LOVE.

Impromptu in a Friend's Album.

Annie, while the flight of time,
Fleeter than the eagle's wing,
Bears us towards a happier clime,
Life's young dreams around us cling,
Bright as radiance of the dawn—
Heaven-tinted as the dove—
Peaceful as the slumbering fawn;
Love for life, and live to love.

Not the gift that Midias won,
Changing all the precious gold,
Nor brave deeds by heroes done
In brilliant tournaments of old;
Such pure heavenly joys impart
As the love of thee and thine
Have flung around the grateful heart
Of, yours truly—MADELINE.

TIME.

Taking our own estimate, what an unreasonable old reaper it is—the bearded, bald old scythe bearer. Methodical and even paced as his footsteps always are, we make him by our morbid imagination more laggard than the slow-creeping snail, or swifter than the flight of the sped arrow.

In childhood we look longingly towards the period, such a long long way in the dim distance before us, that is to emancipate us from parental authority, and make men and women of us, saying testily in our foolish impatience:—"Fly faster—*faster*, old gray beard."

The longed-for period attained, freedom blinds us for a little while, and then fixing our eyes on some brighter period beyond, at which arrived, the acme of all human happiness awaits us, and again we impatiently chide the loitering footsteps of the old reaper of humanity. In waiting the return of absent friends, or looking forward to some period from which we anticipate pleasure, how we scold and fret because Time will not heed us, and hurry us along with accelerated speed. In middle age, we would call Time to account for so running ahead of us that he has led us half way to the grave with so little done—so few preparations made for the future. In old age Time flies like the fleet-winged wind, hurrying us forward breathless, heedless of all our remonstrances against being led such an unreasonable race. We so often forget that it is ourselves, not Time, that lengthens or shortens periods.

INDIAN POUND CAKE.

Having an idea that among the readers of the Guardian there are many who are fond of properly made and well cooked corn bread, cakes, puddings, &c., I give here my formula for making an Indian pound cake, that, if made according to order, will be found equal to any cake ever made of any material.

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The proportions are, one pound coarsely ground yellow corn meal, one-quarter pound wheat flour, one-half pound light brown sugar, one-quarter pound butter, four eggs, one quart of sour milk. Warm the milk about as warm as it came from the cow—melt the butter, beat up the eggs well, and add both to the milk, stirring all thoroughly together. Pour the liquid gradually into the bowl containing the meal, which has been salted with a dessert spoonful of fine salt—stir vigorously with a paddle, or strong iron spoon, into a stiff batter. Then dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of good saleratus in a gill of tepid water, and stir it in. After all, stir in the sugar, which should be clean and free from lumps. Bake in round pans, either tin or earthen, in a moderately hot oven, till the crust is a nice delicate brown, and the cake done thoroughly through. MADELINE.

COSMO'S CONFESSION.

For Miss Annie H's. Album.

I am not a poet—neither scholar,
Or a wight of ready wit—
You may safely bet a dollar
I shall never make a hit
At album writing,
Soft rhymes inditing,
Pretty nonsense lies—
Birds and butterflies—
Failing that, I make pretence
Only to simple common sense.

I've seen the dusky Indian maid
Within her glossy ebon hair
The snow-white water lily braid—
Brilliant contrast—bright and fair.
The lily you,
Pure and true,
Joyous, bright
As the light
Of beams celestial—Love and Peace
Be thy guerdon till life cease.

COSMO.

JEWELS.

Not a fiftieth part of the gems worn are genuine. All the mines and diamond districts in the world would not yield a tithe of the material that is sold, worn and displayed to attract the eyes of admiring fools. Glass, brass, paste and pretence is every where paraded in ornaments as pure gems or gold, just as hypocrisy in so many instances assumes the features of Virtue, covering all that is base and wicked with the bright jewelled robe wrought for the good alone, by the hands of Mercy, Love, and Charity.

CHILBLAINS.

Please bear in mind until the time of need the following remedy, which, if made properly and applied faithfully, will undoubtedly cure chilblains and all ordinary cases of "frost bites."

Spirits of hartshorn, one ounce; liquid acetate of lead, two ounces; and one ounce of laudanum, shake up well together in a bottle, keep well corked, and in applying, rub on with soft flannel and dry in well by the fire. It will cure, and that quantity will likely last a family five years, saving many dollars in cash, besides much loss of time. COSMO.

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GO ON.

Only observe Davy Crockett's motto first, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Push along; keep moving—don't stand still in your own and other people's way. All standing and sitting idle is absolutely lost time. Don't sit waiting for good luck. Go out, make a conquest of it. Then it will be yours in fee simple. Move, move: action, progress! That's the motto. The world is getting very wide awake, and expects every man and woman to do his and her duty. It wont do to sit down and doze in these days. If you do, there is danger of your being run over, trampled into the mire—left behind and forgotten in the race. Sir John Bowring comes nearest our true position in the concluding stanza of his "Progress:"

Progress! in thy service we
Pledge the hand and bend the knee;
Duty has no higher claim;
Life can have no nobler aim.
Progress! watchword of the good!
Progress! earth's beatitude!
Progress! is the gospel road!
Progress! is the will of God!

DYSPEPSIA.

Quack medicines taken to cure dyspepsia, have probably killed twenty nine times more people than dyspepsia ever has; so, if you please—having the dyspepsia—before resorting to quack nostrums to cure it, try faithfully the following, and you will probably have no need to resort to such expensive admonitions:

Take calf's rennet, prepared precisely as the dairymen use it in cheese-making. Cut every evening from it, about a half ounce, more or less, soak it all night in just enough tepid water to cover it in the bottom of a tea-cup, wine glass, or any convenient cup. Take a dessert-spoonful of the liquid as a dose, before eating, three times a day, continuing the practice until cured, or convinced that rennet will not cure dyspepsia. I believe it will in ninety cases out of every hundred.

EARACHE.

May always be cured by three or four drops of a mixture of equal parts of oil of almonds and chloroform, then plugging the ear with cotton. The cost is but trifling—keep it on hand, and try it. MADELINE.

IMPROMPTU IDEAS.

—When I have conquered my own passions, I am prepared to combat successfully with all other enemies.

—In prosperity all our friends wear masks: in adversity every enemy flings off his disguise.

—When a true friend frowns—know it is for your benefit. When a doubtful one frowns, know it for his own.

—If flattery could make merit, what a world full of beauties, and angels, and heroes there would be!

—The professional thief is preferable to the professional friend, who wins your confidence but to betray it.

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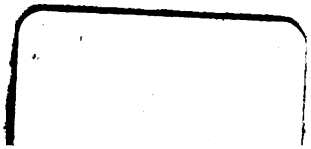
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